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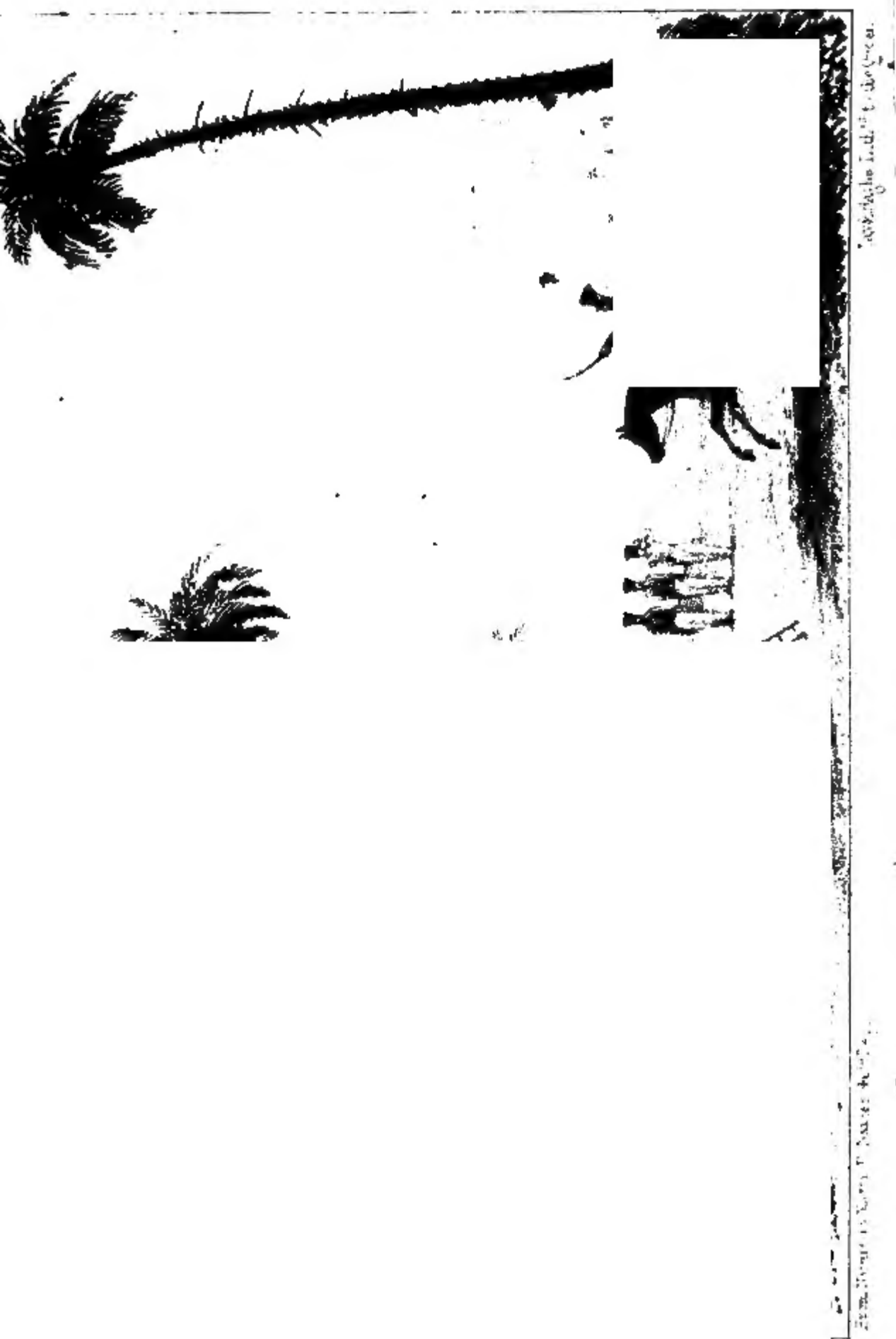












# SCENES AND SPORTS

IN

## FOREIGN LANDS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH

A SERIES OF DRAWINGS TAKEN FROM NATURE.

BY

MAJOR E. NAPIER,

46TH REGIMENT.

"Seriously, that same *shooting* is a most barbarous amusement, only fit for majors in the army, and royal dukes, and that sort of people; the mere walking is bad enough, but embarrassing one's arms, moreover, with a gun, and one's legs with turnip tops—exposing oneself to the mercy of bad shots and the atrocity of good—seems to me only a state of painful fatigue, enlivened by the probability of being killed." — *Sir E. L. Bulwer's PELHAM*.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON:

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1840.

630.



TO

HIS BEST AND EARLIEST FRIEND,

TO THE FRIEND OF THE BRITISH SEAMAN,

AND THE PRIDE OF HIS PROFESSION,

TO

**"OLD" CHARLEY NAPIER, C.B.**

COUNT CAPE ST. VINCENT, ETC. ETC.

**Is Dedicated,**

THIS FIRST PRODUCTION

FROM THE PEN OF HIS ATTACHED

AND GRATEFUL ADMIRER,

THE AUTHOR.





## P R E F A C E.

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THE following pages, a portion of which appeared originally in the "Old Sporting Magazine," record some of the incidents which befel the Author and his companions in arms in his and their younger days, during a long residence in "foreign lands," whither he had been led by the duties of his profession. Written amid the din of arms, the bustle of a camp, the uproar of a barrack-room, or the confusion of a troop-ship, these sketches of adventure abroad can prefer little claim either to scholarship, elegance of language, or brilliancy of style.

Should the public, however, be dis-

posed to look with indulgence on this first essay of the Author, his Sporting Muse, warmed by the sunshine of their approving smiles, may in her next flight take a bolder course. If this work be void of any other merit, it can at least lay claim to that of authenticity. The incidents related are those which actually befel the parties engaged therein, given in nearly the same language as the rough notes from whence they are taken.

The drawings are from sketches made on the spot. In the wild and adventurous expeditions herein recorded, the pencil and portfolio ranked in importance only second to the rifle and boar-spear. That the "pen" is not so familiar as the latter in the hands of the writer, and that he cannot direct the flow and expression of his thoughts with as much ease as the course of his charger, may be his misfortune, but not his fault.

*Merchiston Hall, Hants,*  
*Oct. 1st, 1840.*

**CONTENTS**  
**OF**  
**THE FIRST VOLUME.**

---

**INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER - - - - - p. xi**

**CHAPTER I.**

**Antelope Shooting—The Night Start—Sporting  
Party in the Deccan—Ghorawallahs, the Rumnā  
—The Ruins of Surroo-Nuggur—Chennoo—  
Hints on Shooting Antelopes—The Chase—  
The Death—Bringing Home the Deer - p. 1**

**CHAPTER II.**

**Coursing in the Deccan—Horses and Dogs in  
India—The Lamplighter and Black Bess—  
Pariahs—An Adventure—The Baubery Hunt  
—The Painted Dog—Hard Run—In at the  
Death—Dead Alive—Fox Found - - p. 23**

## CHAPTER III.

Sporting at Gibraltar—The Cork Wood—The Almoraima—Conflict with a Mad Dog—Effects of a Scratch—Symptoms of Hydrophobia—Don Juan Rodriguez—Scenes in the Cork Convent—Old Martha—The Story of the Novice - - - - - p. 52

## CHAPTER IV.

A Day's Hog-Hunting at Ellora—Fertile Plains of the Upper Deccan—Peafowl and Tigers—Aurangabad—Aurangzebe's Mosque—Shah Sahib Tukeah—Dowlutabad—Rosah—Plains of Candeish—Wonders of Ellora—Abundance of Game—Lacy's Misfortune—Cotton Ground—The Lamplighter—The Brave Pig—The First Spear—A Purl—The Death—The Feast - - - - - p. 95

## CHAPTER V.

The Cantonment of Secunderabad—Society at Secunderabad—Amusements—The Sporting Commanding Officer—Old Mac's Stud—Tricks of Arab Horsedealers—Mowlh-Ali Races, p. 122

CHAPTER VI.

A Moonlight Night in the Jungle—Mowlh-Ali Hill—Game in the Neighbourhood—Vulture Shooting—Bait for a Tiger—Hindoo Girls—Ingenuous Trap—The Caged Cheetah—The Hunting Cheetah—The Nautch - - p. 153

CHAPTER VII.

Universal Insanity of the English—A Foreigner's Ideas of English Fox-Hunting—How to get a Firm Seat—Going too Fast to be Pleasant—Prince George of Cambridge at Gibraltar—First Day of the Season with the Calpe Hounds - - - - - p. 181

CHAPTER VIII.

Deep Jungle Shooting—An Indian Forest—Encounter with a Tiger—A Touch at a Wild Buffalo - - - - - p. 237

CHAPTER IX.

Deep Jungle Shooting—The Spirit of the Lake—The Ambush—Winging a Little Grunter—Disappointment—The Sportsmen's Banquet—Story of the Hookah-Burdar - - - p. 256

# ILLUSTRATIONS.

---

## VOLUME I.

A Griffin's First Day's March in India . . . . .	<i>frontispiece</i>
Antelope Shooting near the Ruins of Surroo Nuggur . . . . .	p. 13
Sporting Party in the Ruins of Surroo Nuggur . . . . .	20
Tia Martha at the Almoraima . . . . .	81
A Day's Hog Hunting at the Caves of Ellora . . . . .	96
Tomb of Chunda, at Mowlh Ali . . . . .	153
Mowlh Ali Hill, from the East . . . . .	154
Meet of the Calpe Hunt . . . . .	199
Too Close to be Pleasant . . . . .	247
A Touch at a Wild Buffalo . . . . .	254

## VOLUME II.

Introduction to Bruin . . . . .	<i>frontispiece</i>
A Pic-Nic Tiffin in the Deep Jungles . . . . .	p. 9
The Goundum Pagodah . . . . .	18
The Phantom Man-Eater . . . . .	39
One of the Tombs at Bedér . . . . .	98
Encampment of the Sporting Club . . . . .	117
Tombs of the Kootub-Shah Dynasty . . . . .	153
One of Meer Alum's Serais . . . . .	187
Snake Charmer . . . . .	225

## INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

THE AUTHOR JOINS HIS REGIMENT IN INDIA—PROGRESS OF THE NEOPHYTE—A YOUNG “GRIFFIN”—WONDERS THAT BURST UPON HIM—THE FEATHERED TRIBE—THE ADJUTANT—EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTES—TREES AND ANIMALS—TODDY—AN EASTERN NIGHT—NATIVE BARBER—HINDOO GIRL—SUMPTUOUS BREAKFAST—SPORTING PARTY—A DISAPPOINTMENT.

ON first entering the army at an early age, I joined my regiment in India. A strong natural taste for the sports of the field was here brought to maturity, and steadily followed up in that “seventh heaven” of the sportsman.

It would be tedious to trace during its whole course the progress of the neophyte, in the “cunning of his craft,” in that far land, from the moment when



having crossed the “surf,”\* a green, beardless, and red-cheeked novice, he displays his budding propensity to imitate the mighty hunter of old, the great Nimrod, by knocking over long-tailed parrots amongst the groves of tall cocoa-nut trees at Poonamallee, or stalking for grey Paddy birds amidst the swampy expanse of the surrounding rice fields, to that proud era of his sporting career when he beholds extended at his feet, pierced by his now unerring rifle, the kingly carcass of the royal tiger; or when, with foot firmly planted on the reeking body of the bristly savage, he exultingly withdraws from its bloody sheath the sharp head of his well-tried boar-spear.

Through all the different acts of these intervening stages did I pass during a long

\* An expression equivalent to entering or leaving India, as a person is never *supposed* to venture across this tremendous barrier of the Coromandel coast, unless on such momentous occasions.

and Bedouin-like residence, principally amongst the jungles of the Deccan, a life endeared by the most pleasing associations; and if tried friends, boon companions, and a perpetual recurrence of spirit-stirring adventures, when accompanied by the enjoyment of health, and freedom from all cares, tend to promote happiness, then most undoubtedly did I enjoy that “*ne plus ultra*” of the day-dreams of the philosopher; for never, on the whole, could time have been more pleasantly spent.

Although I purpose not to tire the reader with the whole initiation into the mysteries of the chase, of a young griffin\* on first landing in India, still I must put him *au fait* as to the first *début* of our youthful friend, in scenes and amongst objects so entirely new to him; and although he does not, like Hercules, start

\* Until a man has been a year and a day in India, he retains the appellation of “griffin,” equivalent to greenhorn.

from his cradle and throttle a boa constrictor or cobra capello, yet in due imitation of that worthy of old, I will in time describe “as how” he gored the savage boar, bagged I know not how many brace of snipe and royal tigers before breakfast, had them all curried together, with a variety of other equally authentic and interesting narrations, in this our story of “Scenes and Sports in Foreign Lands.”

Nature, which within the tropics is so luxuriant and prolific in the vegetable kingdom, is no less bountiful and lavish in the animal one; and the first things which strike the uninitiated European, on putting his foot on the sunny shores of India, are the numbers and familiarity of the animals unreclaimed, and free from the sway of man.

The young officer marching his detachment to its first station, Poonamallee, has not left the gates of Fort St. George ere he is astonished at seeing crows (in his

own land that most wary of the feathered tribe) fearlessly and gravely pacing along the verandahs, almost under the feet of the soldiers ; whilst numerous large kites hovering about on the wing, and wide awake to everything going forward, will occasionally carry their boldness so far as to sweep past the cook boys carrying in large wicker baskets the meat destined for the use of the soldiers, and should a detached and portable morsel meet their glance, it is instantaneously carried aloft in their serried claws. Besides the above crows and kites, numerous vultures are the usual visitors and scavengers of the barrack yard. These disgusting-looking birds are of two species, one of a dirty white, the other of a dark brown colour, the face divested of feathers, and of a most bilious-looking dark yellow hue.\*

\* These revolting and obscene birds sometimes gorge themselves to such a degree, that the author

In Fort William, to these gentry are added the “adjutant,” who, from his greater bulk and capacity of stomach, is a still more efficient scavenger. I have often heard the *Qui-Hy’s*\* relate curious anecdotes of this extraordinary bird, which appears to belong to the stork species. I remember C——d, who is an old Bengalee, vouching for the truth of the following:—“When I was a youngster,” said he, “at my father’s quarters in the Fort, I used to play the adjutants all manner of tricks; on one occasion, I remember getting a couple of large marrow bones, and, after fastening them both together, charging the cavities with gunpowder well rammed down, we applied a slow match,

has galloped up to a party feasting on the carcass of a bullock, and singling out one, ere he could soar out of reach, has, whilst skimming along the ground, driven the spear through his back.

\* The Bengalees are so nick-named.

and threw them in this state into the midst of the adjutants which were stalking about in front of the barracks. A couple of them immediately pounced each on a bone, which was as soon swallowed, but the connecting string had on them the same effect which the leash has on two dogs wishing to go opposite ways. After a short tussle on *terra firma*, our Siamese twins betook themselves to the regions of air. In the meantime, their internal enemy, the slow match, had not been idle ; scarcely had they soared to the height of a few dozen yards, when a tremendous explosion took place ; the fragments of bone and a piece of singed rope fell to the ground, but the adjutants had disappeared in a cloud of smoke and feathers !”

Thunders of applause rang from every side of the mess table, which, from the manner in which they were expressed, ap-

peared to give the narrator little satisfaction, as impugning the veracity of his youthful exploit. “Go it again, ‘Childe Harold;’ another yarn!” re-echoed from all sides, when, as soon as the “Childe” could make himself heard, he said, “Well, gentlemen, you no doubt think it a very tough fellow; you shall now have one of a more soft and pathetic nature. Shortly after this occurrence, wishing to carry on my experiments with the adjutants, I chose my opportunity, and enticed a favourite little Blenheim lap-dog, belonging to one of the ladies of the family, into the square, in view of the adjutants. The latter appeared at first undecided what course to pursue, a real Blenheim being a delicacy to which they had probably not been accustomed. In the meantime, the poor little dog, nothing abashed at the attention bestowed upon him, was sauntering carelessly and fearlessly along, as he might,

under similar circumstances, have done at home, in a barn-yard well stocked with turkeys and fowls. At this moment, a huge adjutant gravely approached, and only moving the muscles of his countenance to yawn destruction on the unhappy little animal, took him quietly up, and the next moment he disappeared down the deep abyss opened to receive him. A piercing shriek warned me, in my place of concealment, that other eyes had beheld the metamorphosis of the dog into a 'swallow.' The next instant, a fair form, with dishevelled locks, was rushing across the square; but 'twas too late. The adjutant majestically soared aloft, and I beheld him alight on the highest pinnacle of a distant building, where, like 'patience on a monument smiling at grief,' he leisurely and complacently appeared to await the progress of digestion."

"Very soft, and very pathetic," said



the grim-looking Colonel W——, depositing his claret glass at the conclusion of the story, “and having been myself long at Fort William, I can vouch for the wonderful feats occasionally performed by these remarkable birds. I one day saw a live bandycoote\* swallowed by one of them, but the next instant, to our surprise, he emerged from amidst the feathers of the bird’s paunch, having evidently *eaten* himself out of limbo, and was taking himself off with all speed. The adjutant, however, was too quick for him ; he was again bagged, and again made his escape, and the process was continued till the poor bandycoote died of sheer fatigue and exhaustion, was once more swallowed, and no longer burst the cerements of his living sepulchre.”

This story was a poser : I however

\* This is a very large species of rat, about the size of a guinea pig.

heard it suggested to a confirmed *bon vivant*, that a valuable hint might be from this taken, to enable the epicure to enjoy a frequent repetition of repasts, without any danger of suffering from surfeit or indigestion.

But I have been digressing, having left our young officer gaping at the crows and kites in the “bomb-proof” at Fort St. George, instead of keeping his eyes about him to see that none of his detachment of recruits were surreptitiously supplied with arrack. The consequence is, that before he reaches the gardens of Vepery, all the doolies which follow the detachment are occupied, not with sick and wounded, but with jolly patients reeling under the influence of a more “spiritual” deity of drink than that of the rosy god.

The poor young man is in a dreadful state of alarm lest he should be brought to a court-martial and broke for neglect

of duty; but, in all his trepidation, he cannot help stopping occasionally to watch the green parroquets amongst the waving branches of the graceful bamboo; the pretty little striped squirrels, as they nimbly bound up the banyan and tulip trees which border the road; or the brilliant and variegated plumage of the beautiful “neil-kānth,” or blue-throated fly-catcher, pursuing its prey in rapidly revolving circles over his head.

All these, and a thousand other novelties fix his youthful attention; and, as he rides along on the broken-down old Arab, the elegant specimen of horse-flesh from Mr. Moore’s livery stables, he, wishing his responsibility and detachment together at the devil, longs to be trying his new double-barrelled fowling-piece on the strange-looking creatures around him.

He leaves behind him the gardens, and emerges into the plains, when new ob-

jects crowd on his bewildered ken. Flocks of buffalos wallowing in the mud of a tank, natives passing and repassing, messengers on Hurcarah camels, graceful-looking Hindoo girls drawing water from the well, all make him fancy himself in the land of dreams, or reading the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. And then the scenery, so different from that of the frozen north ! The tropical palm in all its varieties, the waving and voluptuous-looking cocoa-nut and date trees sleepily nodding their leaf-crowned heads, the smooth broad-leafed plantain, the tall and fan-like palmyra. But stay ; what are those creatures swarming up its tall and naked trunk ?—they are not monkeys—they surely cannot be men. Here, bugler, sound a halt ! We will give five minutes to the stragglers to come up, whilst we rest under the tall and leafless stems of these skeleton trees.

But the figures going aloft towards their green and waving summits with such apparent facility *are* human beings : a hoop encircles their bodies and the trunk of the tree ; their feet, fastened together with thongs of coir rope,\* rest against the latter, whilst, with successive jerks of their bodies, and by the help of the hoop, they are rapidly carried upwards to their destination. When arrived at the leafy canopy above, the swarthy figure, naked as Adam, with the exception of two slight folds of linen, one enveloping the head, the other the loins, detaches a large vessel, which fastening behind him, he descends with as much celerity as he ascended. The recruits crowd around him, and he appears busily distributing, for a *consideration*, the contents of his earthen vessel. Still, something must be wrong ; for behold

\* A strong cordage made out of the fibres of the cocoa-nut tree.

the bronzed face of the old sergeant, the only one who has been in India before, kindles with wrath, and, after in vain attempting to put a stop to the “long pulls and strong pulls” which the young votaries of Mars are taking, he hastens to his equally juvenile commander with the following appeal, delivered in a rich Milesian dialect:—“Sure, your honour, ’tis toddy the boys are *afther dhrinking*, and if your honour does not put a stop to it, in two minutes the whole detachment, bugler and all, will be *dhrunk*.”—“The devil! Well, sergeant, break all the crockeryware of those niggers; and tell the bugler to sound the ‘fall-in,’ whilst he is sober enough to do so.” Our novice, in the meantime, who is a great admirer of Byron, recalls the following lines:—

“The palm, the loftiest dryad of the woods,  
Within whose bosom infant Bacchus broods,  
While eagles scarce build higher than the crest  
Which shadows o’er the vineyard in her breast.”

The thought flashes across his mind that he has been guilty of the imprudent act of halting his detachment in the very spot where they are the most exposed to the temptation of imbibing an intoxicating liquor,\* and he hastens to repair his error by getting them under *weigh* as soon as possible, amidst the vociferations of the poor “tar-wallah,” who is clamouring about his broken *chatties*.

\* This liquor, which is called by Europeans toddy, and *tar* by the Natives, is extracted from the date, the cocoa-nut, and palmyra tree, by making an incision in the trunk of the former, and cutting off a leaf from the two latter trees, to the stump of which is applied at night an earthen vessel, which in the morning is found to contain two or three quarts of what, before fermentation takes place after sun-rise, is a sweet, cool, and refreshing beverage. But the heat of the sun soon converts it into an intoxicating liquor, in which state it is eagerly drunk by the soldier, and proves the source of as much crime as the potheen cabins in Ireland, or the wine shops of Gibraltar. Every *toddy* tree pays a regulated tax to government.

It is getting dusk ; a large banyan tree marks that they have completed half their march ; a “ cornacopolly ” is here awaiting them with refreshments, when a biscuit and glass of arrack are distributed to every man, and they again move off in the dark, for the short twilight of a tropical clime is speedily covered with the sable mantle of night. Our griffin is now more astounded than ever by sights and sounds totally novel ; he goes along amidst a moving firmament of glittering stars, which, in the shape of fire-flies, dance around him in endless mazes ; the vampire-like flying fox flits slowly and gloomily overhead, and his ears are assailed by a Babel of sounds proceeding from innumerable reptiles, insects, and creeping things, rejoicing in the mild dews of evening and the descent of burning Sol.

He at last arrives at the wished-for



haven of Poonamallee ; his forces are duly installed in barracks ; a hearty welcome and plentiful supper await him at the mess-house ; and he concludes his *first* day in India nearly stunned and stupified by such a variety of novel sights, and scarcely aware whether he is in the land of fiction or reality.

Such were *my* impressions on the first day of my arrival ; and now to try the readers' patience by pursuing a little further the infant career of the embryo sportsman, for "sporting," be it remembered, is the pith and marrow of our tale.

Next morning, he is awakened by a strange feeling about his face ; he starts up, apprehensive of finding himself within the jaws of a boa-constrictor, when, to his surprise, he is already well-lathered, not with the mucus of the foul reptile,

but with a genuine composition from the soap-nut tree,\* and under the hands of a native barber, so skilful as to be removing a beard where no symptoms of one ever existed before.

He frees himself as soon as possible from the man of soap-suds, when a dark, though pretty, female form, whose beautiful contour is still better developed by her graceful dress and attitude, is seen gliding past the ante-room door with a huge, but classically shaped earthen vessel on her head, shaded by raven locks and garlanded with fragrant white flowers. This is the "tawny-catch." Our poor young man has scarcely time to compare this dusky apparition to Neuha, "in growth a woman, though in years a child," ere he

\* The berries of this beautiful tree, after undergoing a certain process, are made to answer all the purposes of common soap.

is forcibly seized by his self-constituted "dobash," stripped of his clothing forcibly, conducted into a bathing apartment, and nearly drowned by numerous chatties of delightfully cool water being poured over his head by an obsequious "maty."\* He is then rubbed down like a horse, re-conducted to his sleeping-room, dressed like a child by the aforesaid dobash, and finds a good breakfast and a jovial party awaiting him at the mess-room, that low, long building, overshadowed by tulip trees, on the opposite side of the green, and fifty yards from his own quarters.

\* The dobash, or butler; the maty, or under servant; and the tawny-catch, or girl, whose business is to furnish the requisite supply of water, are the nucleus of a young officer's domestic establishment in India; where the number of servants is proverbially great; but, in this respect, on the Madras side, it is not carried to anything like the extent that it is in Bengal.

He here meets with many young men of his own age, all intent on enjoyment, and in the full excitement of novelty ; a sumptuous breakfast is speedily devoured, followed by noyeau and other liqueurs, and they adjourn to the verandah to digest with a cheroot their morning repast, and settle the occupations and amusements of the day. Some saunter over to the stables to admire their new purchases ; others try their unpractised hands with the pellet bow\* on the numerous honey birds† which, constantly flitting on the wing, are draining sweets from the pale yellow cups of the tulip-tree flowers ; or direct their bullet

\* The pellet bow is generally made of a piece of bamboo, kept bent by a double string, which is separated by a small piece of wood ; on a tape connecting the two strings are placed small sun-dried clay balls, about the size of marbles, which are discharged with great force, and often wonderful accuracy, by the practised *pellet* archer.

† The *honey bird* is a species of the humming bird.

archery against some grave-looking old blood-sucker,\* who, with red and swoln face and nodding head, is quietly basking on that old decayed branch.

A third party, amongst whom is our young neophyte, determined on a day's shooting, don their traps, get out their new doublebarrels, and, being duly equipped, sally forth. About Poonamallee is to be met capital snipe ground ; but our griffs know not where to seek it ; they blunder into the green rice-fields up to their knees in mud and water, blazing away at everything which comes across them, from a paddy bird† to a blue-jay.

\* The blood-sucker, a large kind of lizard, though perfectly harmless, is so called from his ferocious appearance and blood-stained countenance. He has some of the properties of the chameleon in changing his colour, and, like the latter, feeds on insects.

† A small species of stork, very common in the rice grounds.

See, one of the latter has been bagged by our friend ; how he admires its beautiful plumage ; it is carefully enveloped in brown paper, and consigned to the care of the attendant “ maty,” to serve as a subject for his brush and pencil ! Listen to the exulting cry of yon tall youth with the flaxen hair ; he has just successfully performed a brilliant military manœuvre, taken in flank a long row of sand-larks, philosophising on one of the serpentine ridges of the rice-fields, and is now dashing through pool and quagmire to secure his killed and wounded.

But, tired of this aquatic sport, they are determined to try the jungle : let us follow them to yonder clump of bāhr bushes, to which they appear to be attracted by the monotonous cooing of the numerous doves. It is a regular race between them to see who shall first reach

#### XXXIV DOVES AND OTHER BIRDS.

the favoured spot. The long-legged fellow in the flaxen locks has it all his own way, pulls up, brings the but to his shoulder, pulls the trigger, rushes in amidst the thorns, and bears out in triumph the poor dove,\* whose soft yet brilliant eye discloses a thousand beauties ere it shuts for ever. Jealous of this successful shot, they hasten to yon green mangoe tope :† here is rare work for powder and shot ; minahs, king-crows, cherubims,‡ and mangoe birds, all indiscriminately swell the bag,

\* Nearly every bush is occupied by its cooing tenants, who, in the heat of noon-day, to one encamped in the jungle, and languidly reposing in his tent, furnish a concert of sweet though monotonous sounds, peculiarly soothing to the mind and pleasing to the ear.

† A tope means a grove.

‡ A very small owl, which is often known by this name, because, during the day, whilst ensconced amidst the shady branches of a tree, they “ continually do cry.”

which at last can contain no more, and is brought back in triumph.

But only imagine the mortification of the party when, after mess, on the aforesaid bag being produced, instead of eliciting admiration, its contents only cause peals of laughter amongst the old hands, who are ready to drop off their chairs with merriment at the very idea of good powder and shot having been so wantonly wasted ! Crest-fallen and dejected, our poor griffins hide as soon as possible their diminished heads, by sneaking off to their respective quarters. Here our young friend next morning finds himself laid up with a sharp attack of dysentery, and during a fortnight pays, with sundry applications of leeches and doses of calomel, for this his first day's experience in the sports of "foreign lands."

He however recovers, joins his regi-



ment, becomes by degrees seasoned to the climate ; and now, tough as leather, and inured to every fatigue, witnesses and participates in, at different periods, the “ scenes and sports” herein described.

# SCENES AND SPORTS

IN

## FOREIGN LANDS.

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### CHAPTER I.

ANTELOPE SHOOTING — THE NIGHT START — SPORT-  
ING PARTY IN THE DECCAN — GHORAWALLAHS,  
THE RUMNĀ — THE RUINS OF SURROO-NUGGUR —  
CHENNOO — HINTS ON SHOOTING ANTELOPES —  
THE CHASE — THE DEATH — BRINGING HOME THE  
DEER.

DUKE S. — “Come, shall we go and kill us venison?  
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools.”

SHAKSPERE.

It was at ten o'clock on a fine moon-  
light night in the month of March that as  
convivial a party as ever carried cup to  
lip, or foot to stirrup, set out from the  
extensive cantonment of Secunderabad, in  
the Deccan, on the shooting expedition of  
which I am about to give an account.

“ A strange hour for a start !” will, no doubt, exclaim the gentle or gouty fire-side reader ; but know, most sapient Sir, that India is not England, and that it is there a common circumstance thus to cheat bright Phœbus in his own domains, by stealing a march on him in the dark. Besides, we had had a good dinner, perhaps a little claret or Hodgson’s own pale, qualified maybe by some of Gordon’s best Madeira : but these points I cannot distinctly certify. All that I *can* venture to state on the subject is, that after settling all with a good glass of brandy-and-water to keep out the night air, we deemed ourselves sufficiently strong, both in body and *spirit*, to set at defiance any *sheitan*\* that might attempt to oppose our nocturnal progress.

Our party consisted of five, three of

\* *Devil*, or *evil spirit*, supposed by the natives to inhabit dreary and desert places.

whom only could boast of being Sportsmen in the true sense of the word ; men who would not hesitate to lose a night's rest in the jungle to have a shot at a porcupine or dumulgundy ;\* who would break their necks to secure the brush of a fox, or *bark* their faces, during a long day's fag in the hot winds, to bag a brace of florikin.

The remainder of the party was composed of a couple of *good fellows*—a term better understood in India than anywhere else, where a man is weighed, not by his rank and the length of his purse, but by the sterling good qualities which render him estimable. Such were our two non-sporting friends, men who would perhaps rather draw a cork than a trigger, or sing a jovial song than sing out “tally-ho !” These were certainly enormities which, in a sporting circle, might have gone hard against them ; but with their many re-

\* The large hyæna.

deeming qualities, they stemmed the current of popular opinion, and were always welcome at the camp of the "Sporting Club." Alas ! they are no more, one having fallen a victim to climate, the other to matrimony ! Peace be with their ashes !

Our steeds and *ghorawallahs*, who had long been waiting and wondering at our protracted delay, were at length relieved by our appearance, as I before said, at about 10 P.M. ; we therefore mounted in high spirits, and proceeded to our destination, which, as the crow flies, did not exceed eight or nine miles.

As we are jogging along, I shall endeavour to give to the uninitiated griffin\* the meaning of the above curiously-constructed word. It means neither more nor less than, *Anglicè*, "groom"—literally

\* A person just arrived in India, or one who has *never* been there.

translated, “horsekeeper.” In Bengal they give them the more euphonous Persian appellation of “sai’s;” but the Bengalees are affected fellows, and if there be “anything in a name,” I prefer the unassuming “*ghorawallah*,” or even the less pretending Malabar sound of “*cuddre-carrah*.” After the palankeen bearers, they are certainly the most useful hard-working servants in India; their *pluck* and *bottom* are truly wonderful, and, would, if recorded, shame many of the pedestrian feats in our own land. They consider it their duty to keep pace with their horse, wherever he goes, either in harness or the saddle; and to accomplish this they have frequently to undergo what would inevitably destroy any other men whose lives had not been passed in similar training. In the hottest weather, I have often driven out five miles and back with a very fast trotting horse, and the horsekeeper has al-

ways been at his head on my alighting. I have rode into cantonments fourteen miles from a shooting excursion at a good hard canter, and *Mr. Chennoo*, loaded with my fowling-piece, has not on my arrival been much behind me.

But to return to our party, whom we left, not quietly, but perhaps rather vociferously, wending their way towards the old ruins of *Surroo-Nuggur*, the very headquarters of antelopes, being in the midst of the "Rumna," or preserve of His Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad, and which we intended to make our abode for the next few days. It may perhaps be necessary to state, that in order to obtain leave to shoot antelope in this part of the country, it was requisite to make an application to the minister, *Chundoo Lall*, through the British resident, when a *hookum*, or order, was given for permission to shoot so many days. But under this

system it was found that the slaughter was too great ; and, latterly, the *permit* only signed the death-warrant of a couple of bucks, the *does* being held in too great contempt to waste a charge on.

But I am again digressing. We succeeded, by the help of the moon, in traversing without accident the arid and broken country extending between Secunderabad and the river Moussa, at this time of the year an insignificant stream, but even at this season difficult to cross, owing to its precipitous banks and rocky bed. After much trouble we discovered the ford, and half an hour more brought us to the cavern-like abode we had chosen in the Ruins. All was dark as Erebus : the servants whom we had sent on had despaired of seeing us that night, and had fallen asleep. They were, however, soon roused up, a light struck, and we were gladdened by the sight of a table ready spread, our



camp-couches in apple-pie order, our spare nags comfortably picketed at a short distance in the vaults, and the scene further *enlivened* by a score of niggers in the shape of *coolies* and *grass-cutters* snoring around, wrapped in their dark-coloured blankets. We shortly followed their example, and after giving strict injunctions to be called before day-break, were soon dreaming of the morrow's sport.

The dawn found us equipped for the chase; but before we had completed all our arrangements the sun had risen; and scrambling to the top of the old buildings, I eagerly looked out for the enemy, as at this hour it was not the first time I had knocked over a fine buck within a few hundred yards of the Ruins; but far as the eye could reach, nothing living appeared, and it rested on naught save the brown and already parched-up ground, broken here and there by dry water-courses and

ravines, dotted with abrupt rocks, and bounded in the distance by a chain of steep hills. The only thing to relieve the aching sight was the verdure of an occasional custard-apple bush, whose bright green shewed like a small oasis in the desert. At length we were on our steeds, and, each taking a separate path, put our faith in the good St. Hubert and a steady hand.

I made for the hills, intending to pursue my old system of destruction, of which there are several approved methods. The first is, to be enveloped in a cumlay,\* and thus, under false colours, to represent a native, whom being more used to behold, they suffer to come nearer than a European. Another plan was to approach under a leafy screen, which, like "Birnam's Wood," was carried before you,

\* A coarse brown blanket worn by the poorer natives.

often successfully. I have also heard of stalking up behind a bullock, but never saw it practised. But my favourite mode of getting within shot, and the one in which I found most sport, was on my well-trained pony Kangaroo, a true little Mahratta, small, but strong as a lion, a good one to go, and as steady as a rock under fire. My trusty horsekeeper beside me with the "double-barrel," and, armed myself with a spur on the left heel, and a bamboo spear in the right hand, I jogged along quietly until in view of a buck. If no covert were at hand, I rode on without taking any notice of him, but carefully reconnoitering the "terrain" as I made an extensive circle round him, and, as soon as covered by a third object, such as a rock, a clump of date trees, or an inequality in the ground, within from 80 to 120 yards of the quarry, I used to make for it at a gallop, jump off, and give him

right and left as he was bounding off, in which case he was either “kilt dead,” missed altogether, or wounded. The first case seldom happened, as nothing but a bullet through the head or heart will act as an immediate quietus to an antelope: the second was very common; and in the event of the occurrence of the third contingency, you had every prospect of a good run—that is to say, if your horse were on the spot.

I will take this opportunity of giving a hint to young hands and tyros at antelope shooting. I shall never forget the delight I felt on flooring my first buck, nor my subsequent disappointment, nay, almost despair, at his final escape. I had been toiling unsuccessfully in this, my first attempt, during the greater part of a grilling hot day, and felt sick with “hope deferred” and the excessive heat of the sun on my griffin frame. At last I got a shot at a fine animal, who, after bounding off for a

few yards, fell, and was apparently at his last gasp. I ran up, almost breathless with delight at my unexpected success, stood for a second to admire my beautiful prize, and was in the act of grasping him by the horns, when, to my utter horror and dismay, with one bound he gained his feet and went off like a shot: unfortunately, I had not another to send after him, as I had been using a rifle, which, in the excitement of the moment, I never dreamt of reloading. This is one reason for my preference of the "double barrel" even for ball firing.

On the morning on which the reader has accompanied us to Surroo-Nuggur, I was particularly unfortunate in not getting shots; at last, when just about to return to the Ruins and to breakfast, I espied a fine black buck, quietly grazing at a few hundred yards distance. There was good covert within range, and I easily got a shot at him as he was bounding off. I



Day & Night Letters to the Queen

AN WLOPE SHOOTING at SURROO NUGUR  
near Hyderabad

Yuan. 1460 R. 1460 R.

missed him with my first barrel, but from the *swerve* he gave after my second attempt, together with a peculiar sound, (which I know not what to compare to, unless to the noise made by suddenly expanding the lips after keeping them compressed,) I was aware he was hit, most probably between the hip and the ribs, and accordingly prepared for a tough job, nor was I disappointed.

*Chennoo* was at hand with the spear, and the next moment *Kangaroo* was doing his best. My friend was making direct for the hills, and I well knew that unless I could change his course, my chance of a nearer acquaintance with him was slight. I determined, therefore, to try his paces, and gave the pony his head, and then a taste of the spur. *Kangaroo* was as good a tit for his inches as ever pounded *gram*,\*

\* A species of pea on which horses are fed in India.



was in capital galloping trim, and had the bottom of the devil; still the *interloper* was too much for him, had given up his “*pranks and capers*,” and had settled into a steady long gallop; this in itself proved him to have been hit hard, and made it more provoking that he was rapidly nearing the hills, and at the same time increasing the distance between us. At this critical moment, some natives emerged from a clump of date-bushes immediately before the terrified animal, and caused him to veer off, and change his course from south to due west. This was a lucky hit for me. I also went on another tack, and not being equal to him in speed, was determined to try his bottom. The full view I had of him at the turn gave me such an itching to possess his fine spiral horns (mind you, I am not *married*) that I determined to make it a “*guerre à outrance*.”

Keeping, therefore, the strong pull on the snaffle, I regulated my pace so as to keep him in view. He still carried it on bravely; when, coming to the brow of a ravine, he disappeared from my sight. Now or never, thought I; he will never venture to breast the opposite bank; and I again applied the persuader, in order to be with him in the hollow. I was, however, out in my calculations; for as I reached the brink of the *nullah*,\* which was both deep and broad, he was gallantly crowning the opposite brow, down the dip of which he vanished, and left me in a pleasant predicament, on a blown horse, with a deep chasm between us. But it was a time to act, and not to think; so getting to the bottom of the nullah as I best might, I crammed my steed up the opposite sides; but, alas! poor little Kan-

\* Dry watercourse, formed during the rains.

garoo's sobs too plainly told me that *he* was nearly done, and on reaching the crest of the eminence he could not raise a canter. Here I pulled up to look after the chase, which I expected to see a quarter of a mile a-head. A vast plain extended before me, bounded by Aurungzebe's Mosque, with its lofty minarets shining in the now blazing sun. At a great distance I saw a flock of antelopes grazing, but *mine* was evidently not of the party. A gleam of hope shot through my breast, which was raised into certainty, when, on looking along the banks of the ravine to the left, I perceived at about fifty yards a thick clump of custard-apple bushes. I knew enough of the fleet-footed race to be perfectly sure he was ensconced under their friendly boughs.

My game was now quite the reverse from what it had been at starting: every moment's delay which went to the repair

of my nag's bellows told in an equal ratio against the buck, who, if not actually losing blood, must be getting stiffer and weaker from the effects of his wound.

Still I did not venture to put foot to ground, but, keeping a sharp look out on the clump, waited till both man and horse had recovered their wind, of which they both stood nearly equally in need. Then, and not till then, did I approach the covert: it was as I had anticipated: my old acquaintance did not wait for me in his hiding place, but, determining to die game, made for the open.

The five minutes' check had had all the effect I anticipated: he no longer looked the same animal; even the glossy hue of his back appeared dimmed; a narrow streak of crimson shewed distinctly on the white of his flank; his tongue hung out, and he went off with sobs, and at a most crippled pace—

“ For, jaded now and spent with toil,  
Emboss'd with foam, and dark with soil,  
While every gasp with sobs he drew,  
The lab'ring *buck* strain'd full in view.”

Even in this lamentable state he gave me more trouble than I could have thought possible. I was now within so short a distance of him that I saw there was not the slightest probability of his escape, and was anxious to make short work of it, as I was dying with thirst and heat. At any other time, his plaintive sobs and cries might have moved me to pity ; but my blood was up, and heated in every sense of the word. I lifted the pony with bit and spur, and we certainly gained on him, but slowly : this could not last for ever ; the buck's last hour had arrived. We were all three *done*, but he was so, past recovery : a few strides more brought Kangaroo alongside of him ; as we gave him the “ go bye,” the spear aimed at his shoulder-blade went through him like

butter, and the next instant my knife was across his throat.

In this first moment of success, mine was not the most enviable situation in the world. The Mosque served me as a landmark, by which I calculated I was five or six miles from the Ruins, with a jaded steed to carry home both the deer and myself—to say nothing of an empty stomach, a broiling sun over head, and sundry hot puffs which shewed the setting in of the land-winds. The idea of abandoning my prize never once entered my head; my only hopes rested on *Chennoo*, who I knew would endeavour to track me: nor was I mistaken; I saw his form emerge gradually from behind a swell in the ground at about the distance of a mile. I raised my hat on the end of the spear; he saw the signal, hastened towards the spot, and on arriving must have thought us rather an interesting group—the antelope now

stark and stiffening in his gore, the pony still *wagging* his tail from the effects of the run, whilst, panting and exhausted, I was crouching down under him to avoid as much as possible the scorching rays of the sun.

After leaving directions with *Chennoo* to get a couple of natives to carry home the deer, I mounted, and made the best of my way back to Surroo-Nuggur, when I found all the party assembled, and very comfortably established on their cots after a good breakfast. The amount of killed and wounded on that morning, exclusive of my share, amounted to four bucks and a fawn, three of the former brought in by Campbell, the remainder by Lacy. The non-combatants had been engaged all the morning in baiting a mongoose with a terrier, and in superintending the arrangements for breakfast.

Campbell started out again during the day

From Nagasaki to Nagasaki, 1892

# POPING PARTY IN THE RINGS

By the author of "The Poping Party"





to try for hares and red-legged partridge. I had had enough for pleasure, and contented myself with strolling about in the cool shade of the vaults, and watching the exertions of the coolies, horsekeepers, &c. in dissecting the slain, of which they always come in for a share. During these proceedings I saw a ball extracted from an antelope in a remarkable manner: it had struck the animal in the shoulder, taken a diagonal direction, and was lodged in the opposite side between the skin and the ribs: the operator said he would take it out of the same aperture it had made. I must confess I was rather puzzled to know how this was to be done; he, however, accomplished it immediately, by guiding it with his finger and thumb between the skin and flesh until he brought it over the back, down the shoulder, and out of the original bore.

As fawn-curry, hare-stew, and antelope-

broth were the order of the day for tiffin, there were no absentees on that important occasion. The performances of the party were talked over till a late hour; and in hopes of as good sport the following morning, all retired to rest.

## CHAPTER II.

COURSING IN THE DECCAN — HORSES AND DOGS IN  
INDIA — THE LAMPLIGHTER AND BLACK BESS —  
PARIAHS — AN ADVENTURE — THE BAUBERY  
HUNT — THE PAINTED DOG — HARD RUN — IN AT  
THE DEATH — DEAD ALIVE — FOX FOUND.

“Remember’st thou my *greyhounds* two?

O’er holt or hill there never flew,

From slip or leash there never sprang,

More fleet of foot or sure of fang.”

MARMION.

IN the stillness of the yet unborn day, the distant morning-gun of the cantonment faintly awakened the echoes of the old ruins of Surroo-Nuggur; but although its sound glided like a spirit through its darksome and gloomy recesses, scarce startling the prowling jackal or hyæna in their

nocturnal course, it passed not unheard by the present inmates of those ruins, who only awaited its welcome sound to take the field again with renewed vigour.

All were immediately on the *qui vive*—the hasty toilette was soon performed, horses saddled, dog-boys roused up, and the morning cup of coffee swallowed, the whole with such good will and alacrity that the “*Warming-Pan*” had scarcely had time to peep over the eastern hills ere we were mounted and admiring its jolly red countenance, whose smiles we all prognosticated would not fail on that day to warm the tender susceptibilities of old mother Earth, and her “flame” was very likely to be increased by the scorching breath of the land-winds now setting in. Æolus, before he could belch forth such whiffs, must surely have supped on devilled grill, or on his Infernal Majesty himself, who being thus cast adrift in these regions,

accounts for there being so much of the devil's own fun in these "*here Heastern Hingies*" than in any other part of the globe.

However, here we all were, ready for a start, and as we had committed enough havoc the preceding day amongst the horned tribe, we determined to vary our sport, and try the paces of the foxes, with which this part of the country abounds. We accordingly discarded the rifle and spear, and, mounted on our No. 1 nags, put our faith in a couple of very handsome Arab greyhounds, who understood their work right well.

By No. 1 nags, the reader may perhaps imagine we had tip-top ones ; but we possessed nothing of the kind. We rode too often and too hard to be able to carry much ballast in rupees, and therefore the highest-priced horse in our stud was not more than

a five hundred rupee touch. This was a powerful but slow Persian horse, ridden by Lacy, and yeleft *Surry*. Campbell had a tolerable coast Arab ; and a small Mahratta called *Lamplighter* was my *baad-ghier*—a name frequently given by the Persians to a horse, and meaning “ catcher of the wind ”—thereby implying great speed.

Poor little Lamplighter ! never do I recal thy memory without lamenting thy wretched fate ! After so many gallant runs, in which hog, jackal, and fox have all succumbed to thy speed and bottom, which has even astonished one fleeter than them all, the gaunt wolf, whom thou hast before now forced to drop his long lobbing pace, and put his best foot foremost—after thus carrying me over flood and field, rock and nullah, to be purloined from thy stall by some vile Nigger for the

purpose of carrying, maybe, the bloated carcase of an old Mussulman, his wife, or other baggage !

But it is too true—such was the finale of Lamplighter ! and as his beauty was his least recommendation, it is but too probable that his new master, ignorant of his worth, is subjecting him to all the drudgery of the pack-saddle. Lamplighter had certainly an unprepossessing appearance, to say the least of it. His colour alone would have been sufficient to d—n him in India, where four-legged *duns* are as much disliked as those of the biped species. In the first place, the dun is branded as a plebeian, the aristocratic Arab never wearing this livery, and a plebeian he often proves of the sulkiest and most perverse disposition. Then his shape ! if ever a hybrid between a cow and a mule were animated with the noble spirit of the horse, that hybrid was Lamplighter ;



he was goose-rumped and cat-hammed, carrying his tail, which nearly reached the ground, well between his legs ; and then his head ! ye gods ! what a soap-box was spoiled ! but to a judge, in the forehand, were several redeeming qualities : the shoulder well thrown back, the shortness between the knee and fetlock, which, though scarred with thorns and rocks, was firmly placed on a sound foot, and shewed that there was more in the *baste* than appeared at first sight. Such was our cavalry ; and now for a peep at the *kootahs* (dogs).

These were a couple of very handsome fawn-coloured Arab dogs, as large as English greyhounds ; perhaps not shewing quite so much breeding, but of great strength and power. In addition to these, we had a nondescript black devil, somewhat like a lurcher in shape, and, though not so fast as the others, was strong enough for a fox, possessing the

quality so unusual in a greyhound, that of scent. *Black Bess* by this was often of much use, whenever a jutting rock or thicket, in the heat of the chase, hid the enemy from our view.

As the greyhound is the only dóg which can be reared with success in this part of India, considerable pains are taken with them, and they often fetch high prices. They are of two kinds, one the smooth short-haired animal, called the Arab greyhound, and often scarcely to be distinguished in shape and appearance from the English dog of the same description. They are usually brought from Arabia by horse-dealers, who visit at certain seasons this part of the country. Their price varies from fifty to two hundred rupees ; but it is customary to buy them in couples. The other kind is covered with long shaggy hair, particularly about the feet, which is a great

protection to them in a rocky soil. They bear some resemblance to the rough-coated Scotch deer-hound, but considerably smaller. This description comes from Persia ; and although the Arab dog is perhaps the fleeter of the two, in rough stony ground he is frequently much lacerated about the lower part of the legs, which after a hard run I have often seen perfectly raw.

I believe the only sporting dog indigenous to India is the Polygar, which comes from the southern provinces, where, being of great strength and ferocity, he is employed by the mountaineers of the Coimbatore districts in hunting the bear and wild hog. They attach so much value to a particular breed of these dogs, that it is only with the greatest difficulty they can be induced to part with them.

The Polygar has anything but a handsome appearance ; he is built in a much

coarser mould than the greyhound, and is entirely denuded of hair; from this circumstance, in cold weather he looks miserable in the extreme, but is at all times fierce, and often unmanageable, except by his keeper.

This part of the country (the Deccan), and in fact India generally, does not agree with European dogs; like their masters, their livers often get affected, they grow sickly, linger for some time, and die. I am not at liberty to mention whether these symptoms are accelerated by indulging in their English habits, or from being as much addicted as their lords to *brandy-panee*, (brandy and water.) Be this as it may, there is certainly a great resemblance in the diseases, and also in the remedies, sometimes successfully adopted — the former, liver and dysentery; the latter, calomel, calomel, and calomel, to the end of the teeth and

chapter ; and I have no doubt but that a *run* at Cheltenham would prove highly beneficial to any *lucky dog* fortunate enough to revisit his native land after a protracted residence in India.

The rough-haired terrier is the hardiest importation ; he suffers least from heat, and may occasionally be made useful in jungle-shooting.

The spaniel sometimes takes kindly to the climate, and, if well trained, will afford good amusement in quail-shooting.

The pointer is the most *bilious* of the set, and more frequently on the doctor's list than out of it.

In some parts of Bengal they have fox-hounds, but I understand it is necessary to renew the pack from England every two or three years.

In the treatment of English dogs in India, the two *vital* principles to be observed are, never to expose them unne-

cessarily to the sun, and strongly inculcate abstemiousness in diet. Seven days in the week should be *banyans*—in fact, the dogs should become Brahmins, 'forswear animal food, and live on boiled rice softened with a little broth to give it a *relish*. The same regimen might be followed with regard to the Persian and Arab dogs, with the addition perhaps of occasionally a little boiled mutton mixed with the rice.

All this may appear a hoax to a John Bull griffin, as much as that of its being requisite to have one person to take care of every brace of greyhounds, to feed them, rub them down, walk them out in their clothing, with as much ceremony as is used towards a racer in training. But stop a bit, my lad—I mean you with the phiz like a full-blown peony or a bunch of raw meat; none of your "half-grins and purser's laughs!" wait till a few land-

winds have taken some of the blushes out of your baby-face ; wait till you have made away with as much calomel and claret as your humble servant, and you may then perhaps laugh on the wrong side of your mouth, and believe what I am telling you.

I think I have now enumerated every species of sporting dog in India ; but imagine not, gentle reader, that the canine species here is confined to these ; would to heaven it were ! and that the wretch called the "*pariah*" dog had never seen the light of day, or propagated its species.

Every bazar swarms with these curs ; every heap of ashes is occupied by its slumbering Cerberus ; and these disgusting animals act the part of scavengers-general to the natives, for which service they perhaps meet with so much patronage and protection. It is only astonishing that

more cases of hydrophobia do not occur. However, in the very hot weather, to guard against accidents, war is generally declared against these vermin; orders are issued for the destruction of all stragglers, and a reward of one *anna*, or the sixteenth part of a rupee, is given for every *tail*.

I was one day much amused at the manner in which a soldier got possession of the latter appendage. The man, who was at the time on duty, was seated on the steps of the verandah of the guard-house, discussing some bread and cheese, at which a large pariah was looking in a very wistful manner, but still keeping at a respectful distance. The soldier was using the kindest expressions of endearment to induce the half-famished creature to approach and share his frugal meal—whereupon I immediately put him down as a philanthropist; one so overflowing with



the milk of human kindness as to have a spare drop even for a poor *parry*. After a great deal of coquetting, the *baste* approached, and was about, not in the politest manner, to make a grab at the tempting morsel; but the tempter was evidently an old soldier, and too much for him; whilst the right hand was extended with every token of friendship, the left was gracefully resting on the left hip: nothing like attitude! thinks I to myself. The dog made a dash at the cheese, but there is much between the cup and the lip: the soldier's bayonet was out like lightning, and buried to the hilt in the chest of his confiding friend. The ruffian then, with the greatest *nonchalance*, finished his meal, took out his pocket-handkerchief, carefully wiped the deadly weapon, and with the identical knife he had just using, "*docked*" his still quivering in a masterly style, and, the wag-

ging tail in one hand, and a *waggish* salutation with the other, asked the officer of the guard for permission to go and claim his *anna*. All this was done without moving a muscle of his countenance, on which was depicted the self-satisfied look of having accomplished a meritorious action. So much for my philanthropist !

This recals to my mind a ludicrous circumstance, which, however, was likely to have had a fatal termination, in which case, O Phyllis ! thou wouldst have had much to have answered for. Phyllis, thou must know, beloved reader, was a little female dog, commonly called a . . . . . I really forget the name ; *mais n'importe*—her charms, however, constantly attracted to the house legions of gallant pariahs from the neighbouring bazar, in such numbers that they nightly disturbed my slumbers. One night in particular—and I well remember it, close and sultry, and

swarms of mosquitoes were buzzing about—on this said night the *parrys* were more assiduous than ever in their attention, disturbed me more than usual, and I was less than usual in a mood to endure their intrusion. Every time I got into a doze I was awakened by a snarl, or the more obvious signals of a pitched battle. I lay for a long time in hopes that they would at last take up their slippers and depart in peace, but I awaited in vain, till at last tottering Patience fell from her throne ; vengeful Ire took her seat ; I arose in wrath, grasped my sword, and vowed death and vengeance against all the canine tribe. The night was overcast, dark, and sultry ; not a breath of air was stirring, and the young moon, masked by a mantle of lowering clouds, shed but a dim uncertain light. I crept stealthily of my room, crossed the hall, and ed into the verandah, on the floor of

which I saw something white : I glided gently along the wall, and approached the object ; it was one of my deadly foes, the disturber of my rest, and a pariah of the largest description ! Blind with rage and vengeance, I took one more step towards my victim, and made a deadly thrust at him with the sword : to my horror, the supposed dog rose up, uttered a human groan, and fell at full length on the floor. It was my faithful *chokrah* (servant-boy) whom I had stabbed !

“ Where are you hit ? ” cried I, running up almost breathless to the poor fellow, who lay quivering on the floor like a galvanized frog. “ Ah ! Sahib, in my . . . . ” He could say no more, but applied his hand to his nether parts. By this time the other servants had made their appearance : I lost no time in further inquiries, but, running to the stable, got on a horse, (*en chemise*,) and galloped off for the

doctor, whom I roused up, and soon brought to the scene of slaughter. By the time we arrived, Kishnah was sitting up ; he had bled profusely, which had lessened the pain, and the doctor pronounced the wound, which was in the fleshy part of the thigh, not to be dangerous, although deep, and within a hair's-breadth of the vital parts. The night, as before mentioned, was dark and sultry ; he had, as servants in India generally do, taken up his abode in the verandah, with no other clothing than his *cummerbund*, or cloth that goes round the loins ; the rest of his body, being of the colour of darkness, was invisible, and to this may be attributed his escape. Three weeks saw him again on his legs ; and the next time I was more cautious in waging war with the admirers of Phyllis.

Whilst on the subject of dogs, I cannot forbear mentioning a pack which we at-

tempted to set on foot, and which, from the variety of curs of which it was composed, went by the name of the *Baubery*\* Hunt. Our ambition did not extend beyond bagged foxes and jackals ; however, on one occasion, after circulars had been issued to all the members of the Baubery, stating the time and place of the meet, no fox was to be had for love or money ; we were completely *nonplussed*. At last a brilliant idea struck me : I sent my servant to the bazar, with directions to catch a dog that bore the greatest resemblance to a jackal ; he returned with an animal certainly in shape not unlike what we wanted, but not at all tallying in colour, our captive being perfectly white : it was, however, too late to replace him ; our only plan was to *disguise* him as best we might. There happened to be some red paint at

\* *Baubery* means noise or disturbance of any kind.

hand ; we set immediately about his toilet, and no lady ever applied rouge with more effect : in five minutes he looked so beautiful that his mother would not have known him. But it was not in the power of paint to change the shape of his tail ; therefore, having supplied ourselves with the brush of a defunct jackal, we cunningly fitted this to his spanker-boom with sundry pieces of whipcord ; and putting the finishing touch to his dress by anointing him with oil of aniseed, he was carefully deposited in a sack, placed on the shoulders of a horse-keeper, and conveyed to a bit of jungle about a quarter of a mile from the meet, and four or five from the cantonment.

We mustered on that day a strong field ; it was moreover cloudy, and promised good scent. Ten minutes' law was allowed to the " painter ;" the dogs were then put on his track, and went off full cry. Every

one swore it was likely to be the best run we had yet had. I—n, an old Yorkshire breakneck, was in ecstasy. “D—n it, you know,” cried he, as we viewed the brute, “there he goes! a fine fellow he is, and what a pace he keeps up! but hold hard, gentlemen; for God’s sake don’t ride over the dogs.” I—n was the oracle of the hunt, and the *parry* was put down as a jackal of the first water. At first his long legs had the best of our little mongrel terriers, but their bottom soon began to tell. We were now running in view; and as we gained on him, several of the knowing ones began to be sadly puzzled; for although the paint was good paint, and had moreover been laid on thick, it was not entirely proof against bushes and water, and a piece of swampy ground we had just crossed had done a great deal towards softening the tints. “He must be a devilish old one,” said I—n, with a



hard pull on his snaffle ; “ see ! he’s quite grey ! ” — “ Then, by G—d,” cried B——, “ it must be through funk, for I’ll swear he was not that colour before we crossed the hollow ! ” However, to make short of a long story, the poor *parry* died the death amidst shouts of merriment from all who witnessed his *rouge* and false feathers. I said *all* who saw the fun, but no ; there was *one*, our oracle, who did not enjoy the joke : he said it was a boyish trick, withdrew his patronage, and never more risked his reputation by joining the “ Baubery Hunt.”

But, behold ! I headed my chapter with “ Coursing,” and find myself flying off at a tangent in a “ dog-hunt.” I shall therefore “ hark back,” and try to bring up my lee-way, by saying, that on the morning in question we started in capital riding trim, our nags fresh and in good condition, and the dogs scarcely to be held in the

slips. We made for the eastward, skirting the rising swells about Munsherabad, the minarets of whose Mosque we soon lost sight of as we reached the rugged ground at the foot of the hills, where we had a fair chance of falling in with a brush, cutting off Reynard's retreat from his rocky fastness, and obliging him to take the comparatively level ground below ; though even here it was in many places break-neck work enough—

“ Where oft both path and hill were torn,  
Where wintry torrent down had borne,  
And heaped upon the cumber'd land  
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.”

The *nullahs*, or dry watercourses, worn deep into the hard soil from the flow of the waters during the rainy season, would in themselves have proved puzzlers to a young horse or inexperienced rider, to say nothing of the rocks, occasionally rugged and jagged, and then extending in large

flat horizontal strata in the intervening spaces.

I am convinced that many a Leicestershire man and horse who never *craned* at ox-fence or bull-finch would pause ere he rode at full speed over these "dry and stony places;" and here no other pace will suit, as, to keep dog and fox in view, both of which are absolutely necessary, you must not spare your own neck or your horse's pins.

We were creeping quietly along one of these nullahs, when suddenly the joyful sound of "Kolah, Sahib! Kolah!" (a fox, Sir; a fox!) burst from the lips of Moutou, the little dog-boy. He was, however, too well trained to slip without orders, and had besides made a slight mistake: it proved to be not a fox, but a fine jackal.

There was a moment's pause as to whether we should risk the safety of our noble greyhounds with such a sturdy an-

tagonist, jackals having the ungentleman-like practice of occasionally snapping a dog's leg whenever they can lay hold of it. But prudence gave way: we cried "havoc! and let slip the dogs," and then followed as best we might. The jackal in the meantime had made the most of our consultation, and we had to ride like "bricks" to regain the distance we had lost. The Arabs were well laid in, and the lurcher close at their heels: our object was of course to cut him off from the hills, to which the nearer we approached the worse became the ground. After about half a mile of fair riding at the best pace, our wily antagonist luffed up suddenly, and made a desperate effort for the hills. We were now obliged to go it in earnest, and the ground was rugged and broken in the extreme, but our nags were old stagers, and scrambled over it at a

clipping pace. The Lamplighter was famed for his cleverness in crossing this sort of country; he took the lead, and kept it. But accidents will happen to the best of horses: whilst at the top of his speed, in crossing one of these confounded watercourses, he leaped rather short, and we were the next instant rolling in its bed. But no mischief was done; the Lamplighter in a jiffy was on his legs, and I on his back, *gently* persuading him to make up his lost ground. We were now getting very near the hills, rapidly gaining on our foe, and straining every nerve. On crossing one of the flat masses of rock already mentioned, Campbell's horse's legs flew from under him, and he fell on his side with tremendous violence. As I shot past him, I had only time to cry out, "Are you much hurt?"—"All right!" was the answer, and Campbell was left

to his fate, thereby strongly exemplifying the fact that equal sympathy is shewn in a hunting-field in India and England.

We were all pretty well winded ; but *Jack* was completely blown, and, although within a stone's throw of his strong-holds, was fain to turn to bay, which he did in gallant style, and fought like a hero. The greyhounds, which were up first, rolled him over several times, and Black Bess arriving must needs have a finger in the pie, but paid dearly for her officiousness, and got terribly mauled : however the odds were too great, and Jack at last remained apparently a lifeless corpse—game to the last.

The dogs were now secured, and we were examining the injuries which they and our nags had received during the chase, when Campbell came up, leading his horse—himself rather *shuck*, and the grey a good deal cut, but no bones broken.

Whilst thus dismounted, and engaged in discussing the merits of the run, one of the horsekeepers, who by this time had come up, suddenly cried out, "Gheah, Sahib ; gheah !" (he is gone, Sir ; he is gone), pointing to the jackal, who, probably taking little interest in our conversation, had effected a case of resurrection, and was very quietly taking himself off. The villain had too much the start of us, and was too near the rocks, to render further pursuit of any use : philosophy and resignation were therefore the order of the day ; and as it was still young (i. e., the day), after sending back to headquarters the wounded, Lacy and myself followed up our sport.

We were not long before we found, and this time it was a *raal* fox and no mistake. He took us over ground very similar to that already described, and, after a sharp run of a couple of miles, was *picked up* in

masterly style, and his brush added to our former trophies of horns, hides, &c.

The sun was now high—our dogs and horses had had enough for one morning's work—we were moreover quite ready for breakfast; therefore, turning northward, we jogged on towards the Ruins, and did justice on our arrival to a substantial and well-earned repast.



## CHAPTER III.

SPORTING AT GIBRALTAR — THE CORK WOOD — THE  
ALMORAÏMA — CONFLICT WITH A MAD DOG —  
EFFECTS OF A SCRATCH — SYMPTOMS OF HY-  
DROPHOBIA — DON JUAN RODRIGUEZ — SCENES  
IN THE CORK CONVENT — OLD MARTHA — THE  
STORY OF THE NOVICE.

"But still there's method in his madness."

SHAKESPEARE.

It was on a bright April morning that our party sallied forth from the grim-looking old Rock of Gibraltar: the sun, already powerful, was felt, in its full force, in the sheltered parts of the town, and it was not til after emerging from the archway of Landport, crossing its draw-bridge, and reaching the open space of the Neu-

tral Ground, that we felt the cooling effects of a fine north-westerly breeze. It was a delightful day even for this Elysian clime, where mists and clouds are not quite so plentiful as in Old England—a day in which the wretched might rejoice, the Atheist fall down and worship his Maker, and the cynic feel some of the milk of human kindness towards his fellow-man : it was, in fine, a day peculiarly adapted to our purpose, and we all felt its genial effects on our spirits.

Our party consisted of five, two of whom were strangers who were on that day to view the lions in the neighbourhood of the Columns of Hercules ; and from our apparel, it might easily have been fancied that we were about not only to view, but to engage in deadly conflict with, the kings of the forest.

Shooting jackets were the order of the day, and the rifle or fowling piece slung

over the shoulder might either be for sport or protection ; but the holsters, from which might occasionally be seen protruding the butt-end of a pistol, smelt strongly of the latter.

In fact, the Cork Wood, about ten miles from the Rock, is in these Carlos and Christinos times anything but safe to the unarmed traveller ; and as we were determined to be equally prepared for a “ladron” or a deer, we were equipped accordingly, presenting indeed so formidable an appearance that we might easily have at first sight been mistaken for some free sons of the forest or a party of guerillas.

We passed the Spanish lines, the ruined fort of San Felipe, cantered gaily along the shores of the Bay for a couple of miles, when, turning inland, we made for the town of San Roque, situated on a hill three or four miles from the sea. After satisfying the curiosity of our stranger

friends by giving them the sight of a Spanish town, we turned towards the Hills, and crossing the beautiful valley which runs at the foot of San Roque, we made our way between hedges of the aloe and prickly pear, till we reached the Pine Wood, where, with one accord, we all drew in our reins to contemplate the beauty of the scene: and to one accustomed to the tame although rich landscape of England, the present view has peculiar charms. The hills, covered with the palmetto, wild lavender, and enamelled with flowers of a thousand species, offer a marked contrast to the gloomy foliage of the pines, the lighter tints of the cork trees colouring the back ground, whilst the picture is closed by the white towers of Castellar, brought out in strong relief on the blue of the hills in the far far distance, which gradually melt and lose themselves in the horizon.

With such scenes as these before our eyes, it is not to be wondered at that time fled quickly, and we soon found ourselves in the shades of the Cork Wood. Here scenery of a different kind presented itself, which, though more confined, was equally beautiful. As we wound through the valleys, we lost the sea breeze we had hitherto enjoyed, but in exchange had the grateful shade afforded by the old cork trees and gigantic oaks, which, meeting over head, were more closely united by the wild vine, the ivy, and many other creepers, forming a bower impervious to the rays of the sun, under which we journeyed on till we came in sight of the Almoraima, better known as the *Cork Convent*, from its romantic site in the depths of the forest, composed principally of these trees.

Don Juan Ventura Rodriguez, the Padre or Spiritual Director of the esta-

blishment, was an old friend of mine, and received our party with his usual attention and hospitality. After taking us through the different cells, the chapel, &c., we were returning to the old man's sanctum to get some refreshments, when, on crossing the patio, or yard, our attention was attracted by what is always interesting to the lover of the Chase, viz., five or six couple of sporting dogs, which he told us were employed for hunting the wild boar. "But, alas!" said the old gentleman, who appeared to possess some of Friar Tuck's sporting propensities, "it is a *lastima*, a thousand pities, that the best dog of the pack is now so old as to be unserviceable; and of late years has been so fierce and intractable, that it has been necessary to keep him tied up, and he is to be destroyed to-day." We sincerely sympathized with the Padre on the death of the poor *perro*.

A couple of bottles of the Padre's good wine, with some bread and cheese, soon diverted our thoughts from this melancholy channel. The Padre was a great politician, and over our wine we were learnedly discussing the events of the time, talking of the respective merits of Espartero, Iriate, the Count de Negri, and a whole host of Spanish heroes, when our attention was suddenly called by the sound of a shot, followed by the cries of a dog, which were immediately succeeded by the confused and mingled sound of voices in the long corridors and galleries of the convent. This rapidly approached, and we had scarcely time to conjecture the reason, when a dog, foaming at the mouth, and covered with blood, bounded into the room. There was no time or space for retreat: the infuriated animal rushed at the spot where stood the Padre and myself; *his* cloak was off his shoul-

ders in the twinkling of an eye ; I received the brute on its folds ; a pistol was at hand on the table, and its discharge sent my friend to the land of shades. It was the old hound ; and never shall I forget its dying appearance. His eyes, sunken and bleared with age, but blood-shot withal, rolled on me with a malignant glare ere they closed for ever ; whilst from his distended jaws was issuing blood mingled with foam, which partly concealed the time-worn and decayed stumps of what had once been his fangs.

During the fray, I had somehow received a slight scratch on the hand, but it was trifling ; and soon after, mounting our horses, we returned to Gibraltar, and in a few days the whole circumstance was nearly forgotten. Days and weeks passed on ; the scratch I had received had closed, but still looked irritated and inflamed ; to this I at first paid little attention, but



an unaccountable gloom overspread my spirits, which in vain I endeavoured to shake off. Day by day this feeling increased, and weighed on me like a leaden mantle, clothing my day-thoughts in the darkest hues, whilst my nights were passed in disturbed and broken slumbers, from which I was frequently startled by the most appalling visions. Haunted in this manner, I at last dreaded equally the light of day and the shades of night. In this state of mind it is not surprising if my looks and actions betrayed my feelings: I became pale and emaciated, sullen and morose, to such a degree that it could no longer escape the observation of my friends, and to them it appeared the more unaccountable as I could assign no reason for the change.

In these circumstances I had recourse to the bottle, under whose influence I frequently experienced the wildest bursts

of animal spirits, but which would again sink in an inverse ratio the moment they were no longer sustained by the generous fluid.

It was at one of these orgies that a light flashed on me which had nearly scorched up at once life and madness in the bud—would to Heaven it had been so! The wine had flowed freely, and not only myself but most of the party had already felt its effects. I had filled a bowl to the brim, and was raising it to my lips, when an unaccountable sensation overcame me,—a feeling of the greatest repugnance and aversion for the liquid, mingled with a sentiment of fear and horror which I cannot describe, but which contracted the muscles of my throat, and arrested my already upraised arm. I tried in vain to overcome it, and was at last obliged to replace the glass on the table.

Could it be so? were these the incipient

signs of hydrophobia? In an instant my thoughts recurred to the convent: the old hound in his last agonies was before me; the wound on my hand; I cast my eyes on it; the scarcely-healed scar was still there, looking more angry and inflamed than ever. This was conclusive, the Demon of Madness had *marked* me for his own in ineffaceable, undeniable characters!

For a moment I buried my face in my hands to collect my thoughts, and then hurried from the apartment: my friends, alarmed at my action, followed me. Though madness was now with all its fearful images boiling in my blood, I can perfectly remember that with the cunning peculiar to insanity I assumed an appearance of composure, and, merely saying that I felt unwell, desired to retire to my chamber.

When there, I was still sufficiently collected to know what I was about, and also

to be aware that this self-possession would soon vanish, when God knows what might ensue! On this I dared not reflect, lest it should hasten the catastrophe. No time was to be lost; therefore, writing a few hasty lines to a friend, I informed him of my state, and begged him by all that he most valued, when the fearful paroxysm took place, which I felt to be fast approaching, not to suffer me to linger in dreadful agonies, but to remove me from a world of pain and horror.

All this I can perfectly recollect: I remember also, but more faintly, and as an object seen through a mist, that mischief was brewing in my mind, and I still had perception enough to *know* that it was brewing, and that I should soon not be able to resist its impulse. My mind with still more dimness retains the impression of having locked my door, and throwing the key out of the window.

More I cannot recal ; body and soul appeared henceforth rolled up together in a chaos of horrors ; time and space were from this moment unknown, unmarked, unheeded by me.

At last *one* gleam of reason lit up this fearful void ; I found myself fettered and bound down on a pallet. I heard footsteps approaching ; some figures appeared bearing a huge mattress : I instantly foresaw my doom, still I could neither move nor speak, fly nor call for aid, and . . . . . with the cold drops on my forehead I awoke !

Reader ! 'twas but a dream ! I had that evening returned from an excursion to the Cork Convent, ate a hearty dinner, read the article of the mad poodle dog in the Sporting Magazine, and the result of my late repast and lucubrations was a night-mare in the shape of the above hydrophobic dream.

The Cork “Convent” (I love the monastic sound) was frequently the rendezvous of many a sporting and jovial party, who, freed from the military restraints of a garrison life, were glad, some to throw off the irksome load of command, others the no less galling yoke of obedience ; and all, under the auspices of the old Padre, and the cheering influence of his stock of Malaga, either “dulce” or “seco,” or maybe the additional stimulus of his “muy particular y precioso” aguardiente, to say nothing of a good “olio,” or some forest-fed bacon, flanked with the newest and freshest laid poached eggs,—all, I say, from the grey-headed veteran of a hundred hard-fought fields, to the beardless and smooth-faced boy, whose glory and sorrows were, like young Bruin’s, all before him,—all felt disposed to make themselves comfortable, their “compaños” happy ; and to prove how completely

we felt so, the peaceful inmates of the once holy building have been more than once startled from their noon-day siesta, as the sounds of our joyous song rang through the long and reverberating galleries, and penetrated the inmost cells of the venerable edifice.

On such occasions, the old Padre's rigid features would relax into a grim smile, his sunken eye would brighten up with a ray of gladness, and as he opened the massive oak beaufet to obtain a fresh supply of his "precioso y particular," he would good-naturedly exclaim, "Que alegre son los Ingleses, pero son todos locos." "What merry fellows are these Englishmen ! but they are all mad."

Old Don Juan was a great politician, and on paying him a visit, I made a point of always putting in my pocket two or three of the latest numbers of the Gibraltar Chronicle ; and our social repast over,

the expression of the good old man's countenance would have been worthy of the pencil of Hogarth, as, when, after many unsuccessful endeavours to catch my eye, he would at last, on doing so, give the well-known signal for me to follow him ; and throwing his ample cloak over his left shoulder, glide silently out of the refectory, and mysteriously lead the way to that holy of holies, his own sanctum.

Well do I remember the small cell, in extent scarcely nine feet square, with its homely pallet and crucifix, the low antique chairs and small but massive ancient oaken table, the venerable " armoire " of the same material, on which was the well-thumbed breviary, and a few dark and patriarchal-looking volumes, containing, in the Latin language, the lives of the saints and apostles ; whilst its interior contained, (and we blush to record it of



the holy anchorite,) sundry vials, holding anything but holy water, and serving probably to soothe the sorrows of the fair penitents whose sins brought them to confession, or maybe to give strength to their spiritual adviser in the arduous duties of inflicting penance or granting absolution to the frail sinners.

However, albeit I came not to be shrived of my sins, nor did the old priest even attempt to make a convert of me, yet the Gibraltar Chronicle, to say nothing of my own winning ways, had laid "a mi disposicion" both the keys of his goodwill and of the mysterious beaufet, whose inmost recesses were ransacked on these occasions ; and then, after having placed on the table abundant supplies of "dulces" (sweetmeats) and raisins, flanked by a small flagon of that most luscious of wines, "el vino de Mansanilla," the old gentleman, taking a seat opposite to me,

and looking stedfastly in my face, would inquire earnestly what "noticias" I had brought.

I invariably replied by "deploying" the newspaper, and translating from its "columns" such passages as I thought would interest him most, and which related chiefly to the progress of the civil war in the northern provinces; for although the celebrated Gomez had made a short time before a rapid "marche militaire" through the fair province of Andalusia, only stopping at the gates of Gibraltar, still his meteor course had been evanescent as it was rapid; the Moorish blood of the south is not apt to be damped by anticipating misfortunes, and the peasant had resumed his labours, forgetful of the past, and careless about any future calamities.

Although my friend the Padre never expressed himself to that effect, and I refrained from pressing him on the subject,

still I had strong suspicions of my own that at heart he was a stanch "Carlino ;" nor, circumstanced as he was, could I blame him for favouring that party which afforded its countenance and support to his vocation, rather than to the one which, by upsetting the monastic institutions, had reduced the Cork Convent and its spiritual director to their present abject condition.

On the expulsion of the friars, Don Juan Ventura Rodriguez was allowed to remain, in order to officiate as cura, or curate, to the neat little chapel attached to the edifice, whose numerous cells became tenanted by new inmates, the basquina and mantilla succeeding to the cowl and sackcloth ; not that we mean to insinuate, the place was either converted into a nunnery or boarding-school for young ladies. Although it was now the residence of a numerous female tribe, the

wives and daughters of the hardy carboneros, who, either engaged at their dingy vocation of making charcoal in the neighbouring mountains, or of conveying it when made in huge loads on mules and donkies to the markets of Gibraltar or Algesiras, were seldom to be seen here during the day-time ; and the only male occupant of the convent appeared to be the padre and an “espiegle” lad named Pedro, who officiated in every capacity of a servant, and who no doubt assisted his reverend master in keeping in order the *carboneritas* entrusted to his charge in the absence of their lawful protectors.

After discussing the news of the day, and the progress of the different belligerent parties, the padre’s next greatest pleasure was to exhibit the neat little chapel, which was the delight of his soul, the apple of his eye. How often have I listened to the old man’s dissertations on its

foundation, antiquity, history, and the numerous miracles for which it had subsequently become celebrated—of how it was founded by the Marquises of Moscoso y Castellar, who built it on the site of an ancient Moorish castle, called Almoraima, and richly endowed it,—of how powerful and wealthy its monks afterwards became, of how the virgin of the Almoraima took it under her particular patronage, of how a noble Castellan lady, performing a pilgrimage to this place, was attacked in the depths of the neighbouring forest by “ladrones” (banditti,) of how her attendants were put to death, and how her affrighted horse carried her from amidst the robbers to the gates of the convent, where, suddenly stopping, she pitched over his head, but, by calling at this critical moment on the Holy Virgin for protection, escaped without injury. “Y aqui está todo pintao,” said he, proud of being thus

able to prove his assertions by pointing out to me the vilest daub that ever disgraced a sign-post, in which the artist had attempted faithfully to record the whole event. The finale, or somerset of the lady being most gracefully executed.

In a recess thickly hung round with offerings in gratitude for miraculous cures effected by her supernatural agency, clad in sky-blue silk, and covered with tinsel ornaments, sat, as large as life, the image of the patroness of the convent, the "Santa Virgen del Almoraiïma." The old padre approached most reverentially, and, bowing down before the "graven image," devoutly made the sign of the cross, and muttered a short prayer. I however thought, nor do I believe I was mistaken, that he would not have the worse opinion of my piety, if, in lieu of the above operations, I dropped a "pez-

zetta,"\* into the receptacle destined to receive more substantial tributes than prayers, at her holy shrine.

But besides alms and prayers, other offerings attracted the attention ; on recovering from any disease, the sufferer, as a token of gratitude, causes an effigy in wax to be made of the part affected, which is suspended before the altar of the saint whose assistance he has received during his illness. This little recess, in consequence of the number of these presentations, had a most singular appearance,—arms, legs, fingers, and noses, being displayed in the greatest abundance, and variety of shapes and sizes. Several long thick plaited tresses, of what, at some former period, had no doubt been beautiful specimens of luxuriant raven locks, but which now bore evidence to the depredations of time, mould and moths,

\* About ninepence.

shewed that even female vanity could not save the greatest adornment of the person from the inroads of bigotry and superstition.

Amongst other things, I observed the shattered stock of an old gun, separated from the barrel, and occupying a conspicuous place in this collection of curiosities. I was informed that this had belonged to a "Caçador" (hunter,) who, in pursuing his vocation, had been attacked by a ferocious and hungry wolf; he fired his piece at the infuriated animal, but in the discharge it burst; he however retained sufficient presence of mind at this critical moment to invoke the patroness of the Almoraima, who not only preserved him from any injury attendant on the accident, but laid his savage assailant dead at his feet.

The next "beat" of my reverend friend, and to which he was very fond of intro-



ducing strangers, was the vestry—where, within strong massive coffers, were deposited, in all the splendour of damask silk and gold embroidery, the pontifical dresses he wore on state occasions; the reader would be astonished at their richness and number, which I shall not attempt to detail, lest I should tire his patience as much as my own has more than once been, by attending at the display of the old gentleman's finery. Suffice it to say, that their inspection generally lasted a full hour, and by the time it was over, his reverence and the unfortunate person whom he might have been victimizing felt both equally inclined for their after-dinner siesta.

Whilst he indulged in this, to a Spaniard, most essential operation, (if so it can be called,) I generally paid a visit to some other friends I had within the holy precincts. It may perhaps, however, be neces-

sary to state how I formed the above acquaintances, and who were the objects of them.

I before mentioned an "elfin" page of the padre, ycleped Pedro, a very Flibbertigibbet for mischief of every kind. On one occasion, he had ciceroned me to an old Moorish tower in the vicinity of the convent, of which I was anxious to get a sketch. It was in the month of July; the weather was oppressively hot; I had languidly thrown myself on the grass, beneath the refreshing shade of an old cork tree, and was endeavouring to wile away the sultry hours till the coolness of evening should enable me to mount my horse and return homeward.

Between the puffs of my havannah, I was exchanging a few broken sentences with Master Pedro, amongst other things inquiring as to the present inhabitants of the convent. He said that they consisted

entirely of carboneros, who were all day engaged in the hills ; but that if I had any wish to see the señoras of the establishment, he could gratify my curiosity by parading them all in a “lump.” I gladly acceded, and following my guide, he entered the shady “Patio,” or court-yard, cooled by the fine orange-trees which adorned it, and crossing the verandah, or gallery, by which it was surrounded, stopped opposite a wide folding door, and said, in a low tone of voice, “Caballero, entre usted. As soon as I throw open the door, do you boldly enter. Sin cuidad.”

I suspected, from the manner of the urchin, that he was about to play me some trick ; but being ripe for a “spree,” I did as he directed, and never did the simple act of opening a door display to me a sight more calculated to awaken astonishment — what I saw is more easily imagined than

described. The door led into a spacious hall, on whose floor of hardened clay, stretched on rugs and pallets, lay, at their "siesta," in every attitude of languid repose, the forms of about a dozen (ladies, pray shut the book) nearly naked nymphs. Never had painter a better opportunity of scanning the forms of the fairest of nature's creation, though *fair* is scarcely applicable to the nut-brown complexions, warmed into a ruddy glow by the desert blood which circulated in their veins—the long and sleepy eyelash and raven locks bearing evidence to their Moorish origin.

This was all seen much quicker than related, the noise of the opening door awakened one dark maiden ; she gave the alarm ; and, since the days when Diana was surprised by Actæon, never was there such a hubbub in a female coterie. To say that they were merely en deshabille, would not be telling the "naked" truth ;

to say that they were entirely so, would be vile defamation ; but, if taking a “*juste milieu*,” which would place them with a chemise (and some were very scanty ones) as their only garment, it would probably come nearer the mark.

A shrill cry, and a movement not at all according either to Dundas or Torrens, which brought them in a confused and irregular mass at the further end of the apartment, was the work of a minute, whilst I stood open-mouthed on the threshold, and the young blackguard Pedro was standing behind me, and giving vent to immoderate peals of laughter. I was not, however, doomed to the fate of the unhappy hunter, nor was their wrath so vehement as that of the buskin'd huntress and her virgin train ; they immediately detected the cause of my intrusion, and loading Master Pedro with “*malditos*” and “*demonios*,” though, at



**Daryl Hagbe-Litch** to the Queen

Not a student of the University of Reg.

L'AMERICA E LA MORALITA

the same time, they could not help joining in the laugh, requested me to retire, which I immediately did.

This little scene served to put me on a footing of great intimacy with the “Carboneras” of the Almoraima. I used always to joke them on the siesta scene, and on my visits to the convent invariably beat up their quarters. My particular ally was an old lady of the name of Martha, who, with spectacles on nose, as she sat knitting the coarse woollen hose worn by the mountaineers of the Sierras, and surrounded by many of the “mozas,”\* would spin most interminable yarns, principally relating to the “milagros” (miracles) performed by the tutelar virgin of the spot. I was frequently an attentive auditor of the old lady’s wonderful relations, one of which, and I well remember the oft-told tale, ran nearly as follows :—

\* Maid—unmarried woman.



*The Story of the Novice.*

“ You well know, Hijas, the small cottage on the other side of the Guadrانque, at the bend of the torrent, where the large chaparros (cork trees) overhang its boiling waters; this for many years, and before any of you had seen the light, or even before you, Caballero, had breathed the breath of life,” added she, turning to me, “ was long the abode of my poor ‘ defunto ’ and myself. He, good man, cultivated the small patch of barley which stretches down towards the river, tended a few sheep, and occasionally, though very seldom, took a hand in the contrabanda.

“ In those days, bendito sea Dios, I was younger than I am at present, and prettier also, Senor,—God forgive my vanity!—and this convent was also far different from what it is now. The portly abbot,

cowled monks, and stout lay brothers, were something to look at—even Don Juan was in those days ‘buen mozo;’ but alas! we must all grow old. Well, when my husband was engaged in the Sierras, or on some smuggling expedition, I would often come here to supply the holy brotherhood with fresh milk, eggs, or, maybe, a fat kid; for the poor creatures—may they be blessed!—liked the good things of this world; and, ‘povrecitos,’ they required them, to sustain their spirits under the severe penances often imposed on them by the superior.

“As I before said, my children, I was often here, though at the time I little dreamt that I should ever be an inmate of the holy edifice, nor would such a thought have been safe in those days of the Inquisition. Besides taking provisions, I sometimes went to the confessional, and the ‘frāile’ who used to

shrive me of my sins was a stout, good-natured, good-looking person—ah, picaras, I see you smile—of some fifty-five or maybe sixty years of age; but years sat lightly on his robust frame and easy temper, which led him often to amuse me by relating tales which had happened within these walls in his younger days—you may therefore guess how long *that* must have been ago—as far back as he could remember.

“A young man was admitted to the convent who was said to be of high rank and ancient lineage, but from his reserve, nay, moroseness, nothing could be elicited, as during the first year of his residence Antonio never mixed with the brotherhood, except during the attendance at chapel, after which he rigorously shut himself up in his cell. At the end of that period, a youth, whose cheek was not yet shaded by the slightest down,

and appeared scarcely to have passed the age of childhood, but whose pale features and deep melancholy boded early misfortune, was admitted to his noviciate.

“An intimacy, apparently caused by a similarity of taste and disposition, was quickly formed between him and Antonio, till at last they became inseparable. Frequently would they visit each other’s cells; still no suspicion existed amongst the community of anything being amiss, till one evening an old wretch,—who by playing the spy over the monks sought to ingratiate himself with the superior, and had for that purpose long narrowly watched their motions—discovered, by listening at the door of Antonio’s cell, that the pale-faced boy was—oh! horror!—a woman in disguise, who had been long before the betrothed of Antonio, and had taken this means of enjoying once more his society.

“This fact once ascertained, the ‘espionante’ ran to retail the news to the superior, who lost not a moment in going himself to ascertain the fact, which, on entering the room, was put beyond all doubt. Antonio saw that but one road of safety existed ; the Inquisition and all its horrors rose before him ; he instantly took his resolution ; with one blow he felled the superior, and calling to his ‘querida’ to detain the friar, rushed out of the door, turned the key on the prisoners, and in five minutes after was wandering at large amidst the mazes of the boundless forest.

“This happened in the early spring ; days and weeks passed away and embodied themselves into months ; the November blast sighed through these long galleries and stripped the yellow leaves from the waving oaks ; twilight was fast melting into darkness, and a few detached

and heavy drops, together with the inky blackness of the sky, proclaimed an approaching tempest. Under these inauspicious circumstances, a cavalcade was seen to issue from the portals of this house; it consisted of a closed litter, surrounded by a well-armed party of cavaliers, who, slowly entering the forest, took the road to Castellar. Half an hour had scarcely elapsed since their departure ere the threatened storm burst in all its violence, and amidst the loud peals of thunder, the report of fire-arms was heard echoing through the wood; and shortly after a dying man was carried to the convent gates on his affrighted horse, his remaining strength barely enabling him to state, that scarcely had they entered the thickest part of the wood, when they were surprised at the same moment by the storm, and suddenly beset by a large party of armed men with visors on their

faces, whose leader, whilst the rest were engaged in deadly conflict with the party of the Inquisition, after felling those who had the particular charge of the litter, and disengaging from it the slight form it contained, threw it and himself on his foaming charger, and exclaiming—‘*Mi vida eres mia para siempre!*’ dashed down the rocky steep and disappeared amidst the torrents of rain and surrounding darkness.

“ ‘ Ever shall I remember the morning following that stormy night,’ would continue my worthy confessor. ‘ To the warfare of the elements had succeeded a perfect calm, and the autumn air had assumed a vernal mildness. The universal theme of conversation amongst the brothers was the rescue of him whom they had known as the Novice, and who, on his way to the dungeons of the Inquisition, had been thus sacrilegiously taken

out of the hands of Mother Church by, it was at once concluded, the proscribed and daring Antonio.'

"Tempted by the fineness of the weather, and absorbed in thoughts arising from the events of the preceding day, the 'confessor' stole from his cell, and wandering amongst the spreading oak and cork trees of the forest, found himself at last on the banks of the Guadrunque.\* The waters had partially subsided, but

\* This mountain torrent, which discharges itself into the Bay of Gibraltar, is affected immediately by any considerable fall of rain, and rolls down a large volume of turbid waters, whose course may be distinguished by the colour to a considerable distance in the "blue" Mediterranean, if Gibraltar Bay can be so called. During the summer season, at the height of the Almoraima, (which is not far from its banks,) it is a mere gurgling brook, whose picturesque sides are overshadowed by the greatest variety of beautiful shrubs and trees; amongst the former of which the oleander and large gum cistus are very conspicuous.



still retained their turbid hue, the result of their conflicting waves on the preceding night, whilst ever and anon the crumbling bank, and the uprooted trunks of the ilex and the oak, or masses of oleander and gum cistus, now floating lazily down the stream, or left at intervals on the wreck-covered shore by the receding waters, bore evidence to the ravages committed by the angry torrent.

“ Still the Frãile strolled on, when suddenly his attention was arrested by an object which riveted him to the spot. On a small islet, covered with flowering oleander, in the centre of the stream, and half-buried in the sand, lay a white and indistinct mass. Not able to reach it alone he returned to the convent for aid, and on arriving at the place it proved to be, closely locked in each other's arms, the lifeless and lacerated bodies of Antonio and the Novice.

“You see,” added the old woman, “had it not been for our Lady of the Almoraima, on whose protection he undoubtedly threw himself at the time, he would never have been able to carry off the young lady from the midst of the guards and Inquisition.”

“Very true, *tia*,”\* replied I; “but it appears to me, ‘Lastima,’ a pity that she should not have extended her aid a little further, and landed them safely on the other side of the Guadrarque, instead of drowning the unfortunate couple in its troubled waters like a litter of blind puppies.”

“That,” replied the old lady, nowise disconcerted, “is easily to be accounted for. Every one knows that our Lady’s influence only extends as far as the river,

\* “My aunt;” a familiar term very frequently used in Spain in addressing an elderly woman.

after entering which they could no longer count on her assistance ; whereas the spot where the affray took place was decidedly under her protection ; and I dare say, Hijo, you who are so well acquainted with the whole neighbourhood, know the place, which is at the old wooden cross, nailed against the large oak, just after you cross the brook which, winding round the rock, falls into the Guadranque.”

Her description instantly brought the place to my mind's eye ; on my way to Castellar I had often noticed it ; indeed, its romantic situation would not admit of its escaping the most unobserving traveller. I was aware that, like other mementos in this troubled land, it had marked where some erring soul had for ever taken flight to other and, it is to be hoped, better regions. Still, until I heard the peculiar transactions connected with

the scene, it was devoid of that interest with which the narrative of old Martha henceforth invested it, nor did I ever pass the spot without recalling the "Story of the Novice."

## CHAPTER IV.

A DAY'S HOG-HUNTING AT ELLORA—FERTILE PLAINS  
OF THE UPPER DECCAN—PEAFOWL AND TIGERS  
—AURUNGABAD—AURUNGZEBE'S MOSQUE—SHAH  
SAHIB TUKEAH—DOWLUTABAD—ROSAH—PLAINS  
OF CANDEISH—WONDERS OF ELLORA—ABUN-  
DANCE OF GAME—LACY'S MISFORTUNE—COTTON  
GROUND—THE LAMPLIGHTER—THE BRAVE PIG—  
THE FIRST SPEAR—A PURL—THE DEATH—THE  
FEAST.

“Spears tough and horses healthy,  
Beaters active—*pigs* in plenty.”

DECCANEE TOAST.

READER, hast ever visited the upper part of the Deccan during the delightful months of December, January, or February—I mean that part extending from Jaulnah towards Aurungabad and Ellora, and bordering on Candeish? If thou hast not,

all my efforts will give but a faint idea of one of the richest and most beautiful countries I ever beheld ; but mind you, I make the proviso that it be in the afore-said cold season. At that period, the traveller may for miles and miles traverse plains covered with the richest crops, in which barley, Indian corn, tobacco, and the graceful sugar-cane vie with each other in luxuriance ; whilst ever and anon a wheat-field proclaims a more temperate clime than that in the lower parts of the country. The vine likewise grows in this favoured soil, but not to an extent sufficient to supply that generous juice, the solace of the heart of man. Another, and maybe a less harmless, assuager of human woes holds its place ; and the beautiful appearance of large crimson fields of poppies proclaims the presence of the opium-eater—of him who makes unto himself a paradise of this world of woe ! The

bright patches where the red chili is cultivated, plains covered with long waving grass, tenanted by the graceful antelope, the florikan, and bustard, and occasionally broken by a grove of date-trees, imperfectly complete the picture of this garden of nature.

It was in scenes like these that our party, bound to the Everlasting Caves, the great remains of Ellora, daily pitched our tents in the beginning of 183— ; and to the advantages of sociability, good fellowship, and such delightful scenery, were added in full perfection the sports of the field.

The barley-fields abounded with that beautiful bird, the painted partridge, as superior in delicacy as it outvies the common one in the brilliancy of its plumage. The large brown quail was the tenant of every cultivated spot ; and if we chanced in our perambulations to stroll

10 DAYS HOG HUNTING AT THE CAVE OF ...  
From Nature No 15 Napier, 4th & 18th ...  
... Great Marlborough ...



1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses. The names are written in a cursive hand, and the addresses are written in a more formal, printed hand. The list is organized into two columns, with names on the left and addresses on the right. The names are: John Smith, James Brown, William Jones, Robert White, and Thomas Green. The addresses are: 123 Main Street, New York, NY; 456 Elm Street, Boston, MA; 789 Oak Street, Philadelphia, PA; 101 Pine Street, Washington, DC; and 202 Cedar Street, Baltimore, MD.

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along the wooded banks of a nullah overshadowed by flowery shrubs, the sharp whirr of the rising peacock often announced the proximity of larger and more dangerous game, made clearly manifest by the distinctly-marked impressions of the tiger's footsteps, retained on the sandy bed of the watercourse, to warn the traveller of his danger, or excite the adventurous sportsman in his perilous pursuit. It is a remarkable circumstance that wherever pea-fowl abound, the tiger generally lurks in the vicinity: the only way to account for this is, that these animals, so different in disposition and pursuits, are fond of similar localities, as the same depth of foliage which conceals the bird from its enemies serves often to screen its ferocious neighbour from its victim until within reach of the fatal spring.

We rose with the lark, and, after shooting until the heat became unplea-

sant, mounted our horses, and cantered off to the next halting-place, generally fifteen or sixteen miles distant, where a tent and some of our people sent on the night before ensured us shelter from the sun, and a good breakfast, to which we did ample justice, after a previous ab-lution in one of the many deep and cool *bowries*\* which are always to be found in the vicinity of the smallest hamlet. With all the parching heat to which India is subject, of water there is seldom a scarcity; *without* it, the climate would often not be endurable.

Forty days spent in this manner, with an occasional halt at any place possessing particular attractions, brought us in sight of the once flourishing city of Aurungabad.

, \* A *bowrie* is a large well cut in the rocky soil of this elevated part of the country; the descent is by steps, often to a great depth; and the water, even at the warmest season, is always delightfully cool.

This town, which was named after its founder, Aurungzebe, eclipsed for a period the imperial Delhi, and became, during the latter years of that conqueror's reign, the capital of his extensive dominions. But, alas ! the hand of decay and neglect, more than the ravages of time, are fast reducing to crumbling ruins and neglected wastes the noble buildings and princely gardens of this pseudo capital of the empire of the Moguls ; even the celebrated tomb erected to the daughter, or, as some say, the favourite sultana, of Aurungzebe is undergoing the fate of all sublunary things. One of its marble minars is now scarcely accessible ; and unless speedy steps be taken to put a stop to the evil, this noble building, raised on the model of the Taje at Agra, together with the beautiful gardens in which it is situated, will in a few years become the abode of the jackal, hyæna,

and other beasts of the wilderness, with which the surrounding mountains abound. Amongst the many things worth seeing at Aurungabad is the pretty mosque of the Shah Sahib Tukeah, in the gardens of which is a reservoir of water presenting the unusual spectacle of a living mass of fish, some of a considerable size. These are considered sacred, are daily fed with the greatest care, and from this circumstance have become so tame as to eat crumbs of bread from the hand. Our cicerone gravely assured us that misfortune would inevitably befall any one sacrilegious enough to injure one of their favourite fishes; that some years back, an unusual quantity of rain having caused the tank to overflow, some of the fish were washed into the adjoining road; a poor man passing by took several of them, of which he and his family made a hearty meal; but death and disease were

the consequences of their impiety, till all who had partaken of the forbidden fish went to an untimely grave. Of course we expressed our entire belief in the miracle, and at the same time disclaimed all idea of supping off the *loaves* and *fishes* of the Shah Sahib Tukeah.

Aurangabad is a station for a force of the Nizam's troops, disciplined in the European manner, and commanded by officers in the Company's service ; and a more hospitable set of fellows I never met with. Though years have passed away, and I have probably been long forgotten by my worthy friend Dr. Giraud, I am glad to have this opportunity of assuring him, should these lines ever meet his eye, that time has not erased from my memory all his kindness, nor what I may truly call his fatherly care of one of our party, who for weeks was under his roof, and confined to his bed by a dangerous illness.

Indian hospitality is proverbial, but here it outdoes itself; and as Aurungabad is a complete thoroughfare between the Upper Provinces, Bombay, Hyderabad, and Madras, they have abundant opportunities of exercising this virtue to its full extent, and frequently on extraordinary-looking objects. Men who for years have not seen a European face, whose long residence among the savage Bheels or other tribes on the banks of the Tapti or Nerbuddah has rendered them nearly as wild as their associates, by their remarkable dress and appearance often astonish the "Natives" on their way through this station. An Englishman, after being bronzed by the suns and land-winds of twenty scorching hot seasons, during which he has probably associated principally with the wild tribes amongst which it has been his lot to be thrown, with a beard of many years' growth; and a cos-

time with few remnants of the European dress, is an object likely to attract attention, but one frequently to be seen here, and always sure of meeting with a kind and friendly reception.

It was not without feelings of regret that we quitted our friends in the cantonment of Aurungabad, and, leaving a high range of hills on our right, made for the far-famed fort of Dowlatabad, or the "Abode of Riches." The fort lies about nine miles to the N.W. of Aurungabad, and is an isolated conical mass of granite, unconnected with any of the neighbouring range of hills, from which it is about two miles distant. The best description can give but a faint idea of this stupendous natural as well as artificial fortification. The reader must imagine a cone rising in an extensive plain, the slopes of which are scarped at some distance from the base, so as to leave a perpendicular wall



of living rock to the height of a couple of hundred feet. The scarping, being continued below the level of the adjoining plain, forms a deep ditch, across which is a moveable narrow bridge leading to an aperture in the perpendicular side of the rock above-mentioned. The aperture is the entrance to a gallery cut in the very heart of the granite, and which can be entered by only one person at a time, and then in a stooping posture. This leads to a vaulted hall, or place of arms, where light is only obtained by torches. The passage continues ascending for about two hundred yards, till it terminates in a second chamber, whence access is had into the fort through an aperture in the ceiling, protected by an iron grating, which in times of danger is covered with a fire, easily kept alight by the draught through the passage acting on it as a bellows. The passage then merges again into the light of

day, a steep and rugged ascent (during which are passed several tanks cut out of the rock, and well replenished with water) leads to the summit of this extraordinary specimen of what can be effected by the ingenuity of man. Here there is barely room for the flag-staff and for a gun of enormous calibre, placed there by Aurungzebe, and which our guide assured us had before now sent its stone or iron messengers as far as Aurungabad, though, from its rusty and honeycombed appearance, I must confess that were such an experiment tried at present, I should beg to retire to the gallery below.

It was through the kindness of Mr. Martin, the British resident at the court of Hyderabad, that we were enabled to make this visit to Dowlutabad, to which strangers are not admitted without the especial permission of the Nizam. On remitting our *hookum* (order or licence) to

the Kelladar, or commandant of the fort, he sent us all manner of salams, and, what was better, a basket of the finest grapes I ever tasted, the peculiar growth of this place, and which are sent to many parts of India, to the distance of several hundred miles.

We were now rapidly approaching the term of our journey—the Wonders of Ellora! A paved road, up an almost continued ascent of several miles, brought us to the plain on which is situated the village of Rosah, immediately above the Caves. We stopped here for a few minutes to examine the tomb of Aurungzebe: a plain marble slab, with a few officiating 'fakeers, is all that remains to the memory of the conqueror of India—of him who built palaces and overthrew empires! But we had not time to moralize; so, pushing on a few hundred yards, we reached the pretty Bungalow,

on the very verge of the descent where the excavations are formed, and whence we obtained a splendid view of the plains of Candesh, stretching far and wide at our feet.

We swallowed our breakfast, and lost no time in exploring these wonders of time immemorial, to which, although so many have made the attempt, no pen can render adequate justice. I shall refer the reader, amongst other works on the subject, to Seeley's "Wonders of Ellora;" and the following extract from that author gives some idea of the feelings with which these gigantic specimens of human labour are viewed for the first time by the almost stupified spectator:—

"Bruce's emotions were not more vivid or tumultuous on first beholding the springs of the Nile, than mine were on reaching the temples of Ellora. I at once rushed into the wonders and glories of these immortal works; but it is totally

impossible to describe the feelings of admiration and awe excited in the mind upon first beholding these stupendous excavations. On a close approach to the temples, the eye and imagination are bewildered with the variety of interesting objects that present themselves on every side. The feelings are interested to a degree of awe, wonder, and delight, that at first is painful, and it is a long time before they become sufficiently sobered and calm to contemplate with attention the surrounding wonders. The death-like stillness of the place, the solitude of the adjoining plains, the romantic beauty of the country—the mountain itself, perforated in every part—all tend to impress the mind of the stranger with feelings quite new, and far different from those felt in viewing the most magnificent edifices amidst the busy haunts of man. Everything here invites the mind to contemplation,

and every surrounding object tends to it of a remote period, and a mighty people, who were in a state of high civilization while the natives of our own lands were barbarians, living in woods and wilds. Conceive the burst of surprise at suddenly coming upon a stupendous temple, within a large open court, hewn out of the solid rock, with all its parts perfect and beautiful, standing proudly alone upon its native bed, and detached from the neighbouring mountain by a spacious area all around, nearly 250 feet deep and 150 feet broad!—this unrivalled fanè rearing its rocky head to a height of nearly 100 feet, its length about 145 feet by 62 feet broad, having well-formed door-ways, windows, and staircases to its upper floors, contains five large rooms of a smooth and polished surface, regularly divided by rows of pillars; the whole bulk of this immense block of isolated excavation being upwards

of 500 feet in circumference, and, extraordinary as it may appear, having beyond its areas three handsome figure-galleries or verandhas, supported by regular pillars, with compartments hewn out of the boundary scalp containing forty-two curious gigantic figures of the Hindoo mythology. Within the court, and opposite these galleries, stands Keylas the Proud, wonderfully towering in hoary majesty—a mighty fabric of rock, surpassed by no relic of antiquity in the known world.”

This description is by no means exaggerated; and though Keylas here mentioned is considered the most stupendous of the excavations, there are many others equally wonderful. The day was intensely hot, but we stopped not until we had explored every recess of the twenty odd caves—from the Adnath to the Dhairwharrah—which extend along upwards of a mile and a half on the face of the hill, or

rather the abrupt slope between the table land on which stands Rosah, and the lower plain, where are situated the temple and village of Ellora, whence the excavations derive their name.

Bent on having our fill of Hindoo antiquities, we resolved to take up our abode in the cave called the Teen Thal, because consisting of three stories; and this we accordingly carried into effect the following day, probably much to the annoyance of the bats and silent deities who for so many centuries had here slumbered undisturbed, at all events, since the villainous attempt of Aurungzebe to rouse them from their dreams.\* Here, though the atmosphere was close in the extreme, and the smell, and fluttering of the bats

\* Aurungzebe, in the true spirit of Mahometanism, is said to have unsuccessfully attempted the destruction of these remains of Hindoo worship by filling them with straw, which was then ignited, and also by directing cannon against them.



very disagreeable, we persuaded ourselves that we were extremely comfortable, enjoyed at night the most sombre horrors of the scene, and, during the first five or six days, were indefatigable with our pencils and portfolios. But, alas! the fine arts were then destined to receive a sad overthrow. At the expiration of that period we were apprised of the arrival of a party of sportsmen from Bombay, by the reception of the present of a magnificent boar's head, together with a polite note, requesting us to dine with them that evening, and join them in their sport on the following morning—the princely chase of the wild boar to be the day's amusement. To keen sportsmen this appeal was irresistible: we cast aside the pencil, poised the spear, and the next morning saw us start in company with our friends the *Ducks*,\*

\* A Bengalee has the nick-name of *Qui Hy*; the Madrasites are called *Mulls*, from their fond-

who appeared devilish good fellows. They were all better mounted and appointed than ourselves, but for the credit of the *Mulls* we resolved to "do or die" in getting a first spear.

The party, consisting of six, after swallowing an early breakfast, left the village of Ellora, where our new allies had taken up their quarters, and, accompanied by as many beaters as we could muster, skirted the bottom of the hills to the north, in order to cut off our game from their mountain fastnesses. Never did I behold a country so abounding in game of every description. As the beaters proceeded, they put up birds and beasts of every kind, from the pea-fowl to the quail, and

ness for *mullagatawny*; whilst the Bombay man is denominated a *Duck*, from, I believe, a small fish caught off that part of the coast, which are called "ducks," and which, being dried, are sent to all parts of India.

from the neel-guy (or "blue-cow," a very large species of deer) to the beautiful small goat-antelope, which, as it went gracefully bounding off with impunity, often made us regret that we were not provided with our rifles instead of the spear.

As we were near the hills, the ground, covered with low jungle, was much broken by watercourses, often so deep and abrupt as to be impassable. We were beating along the bank of one of these, Lacy alone being separated from the rest of the party by a ravine which at this spot it was impossible to cross: an enormous boar suddenly sprang up immediately under his horse's nose, which, to the great amusement of the "Ducks," turned tail and went off at full speed in the opposite direction, much to the annoyance of his rider. But it was the first time the brute had seen a *doker*, (the Hindostanee for wild hog,) and this was such a formidable look.

ing fellow that there might be some excuse for his being in a bit of a funk. We, however, came to the conclusion that we were too near the hills to have any chance of a spear on such break-neck ground, and accordingly, throwing forward the right of our skirmishers, we felt our way towards the plains.

The sun was beginning to ride high in the heavens and to be scorching hot, and a feeling of despondency began to pervade the party, when both riders and steeds were put on their mettle by the reiterated cries of the head shikaree, (and God knows he had been bawling enough all the morning,) "Dekho, Sahib ! dekho ! dokeran, dokeran !" ("See, Sir ! see ! hogs, hogs !")—and our optics were indeed gladdened by the noble sight of a fine sounder (herd of wild hog) breaking covert and scouring along the plain. It is always a rule to single out and ride at the largest

bear in the herd : some of them attain an enormous bulk, which, however, considerably abates their speed, but amongst our present friends there were no such corpulent gentlemen. The largest ones appeared to belong to Pharaoh's lean kine—thin, flat-sided, and leggy—and promising to try the best paces of our nags ; nor was this promise belied. Away we started, cotton-ground to begin with, and of the worst description—dry and cracked, with deep fissures, into which if a horse got his leg, the chances were that he would come on his nose ; but the Lamplighter knew a trick worth two of that, and crossed the ugly spot at the top of his speed, and without accident. I had marked for my prey a fine long-legged grunter, who went over the ground like the devil in a gale of wind. What became of my companions I neither knew nor cared : methought at one time that I saw

a fine grey horse, which was nearest to me at the start, rolling over a "Duck," but I only remembered their *quacking* in the morning at Lacy's misfortune, and gave my little dun an extra taste of the Brummagem: he answered it bravely. We were now off the infernal cotton-ground, and bowling along over pretty level country at a killing pace—a pace which I knew could not last. My long-legged friend seemed to think so likewise: he suddenly changed his course, fortunately for me, to the right, and made for the hills. I say fortunately, as thereby two of the best mounted of the Bombayites, who had kept to the left of the cotton-ground, in hopes of a good cast, were thrown out: for although I put every dependence on the pluck and bottom of the Lamplighter; *still* I must confess I thought the noble Arabs, my competitors were mounted on *might* be too much for him.

But this unfortunate turn saved his bacon, though it had quite another effect on friend doker : he, however, succeeded in getting amongst the watercourses and nullahs near the foot of the hills, when, although hard pressed, I am fain to acknowledge he had the best of me. Still I urged on the Lamplighter, the more so as I saw my two friends of the cotton-field fast making up their leeway. We had to cross not only dry nullahs, but several brooks ; and piggy, who began to feel rather "gurum" (warm), invariably would lie down in these *en passant*. He thus lost much valuable time, and I at last winded him so completely, that he stopped suddenly, put his hinder parts into a bush, and turned to bay. I relied on the Lamplighter not being so completely beat but that he would answer the helm, and accordingly made a charge at my grim antagonist, who was eyeing me with foaming

mouth, blood-shot eyes, and bristles erect, even like those of the "fretful porcupine."

The pig was a brave pig, and awaited not my attack; but with the prelude of a most unmusical grunt made a dart at me. The *kittle* dun was *greatly done*; and before I could turn him, received a wound in the flank, and the next second I saw the monster's snout over my shoulder. I was horribly *afear'd*, but escaped unscathed: piggy again took to his trotters, and I after him.

The two "Ducks" were now close at my heels, and screwing hard for the first spear. The doker was evidently on his last legs, and our nags could scarce raise a canter. A lift with bit and spur was tried, nor tried in vain: the Lamp-lighter answered it: another stride brought me alongside the enemy, and my spear head was buried in his ribs. On feeling



the steel, he suddenly turned to charge, and in so doing he lifted me out of the saddle : I flew over my horse's head, and was dashed motionless on the ground, a few paces from the infuriated animal, with the broken shaft of the spear in my hand, the violence of the shock having severed it within a few inches of the ferrule, which remained firmly planted in the monster's back. I now thought it was all *up* with me, for I was too much *shuck* to move. He made one or two strides towards me—I fancied I already felt his burning breath in my face, and his tushes in my small ribs : but the wound he had received was mortal, and baffled his revenge : he suddenly staggered, fell over on his side, and with something between a grunt and a groan gave up the ghost.

My Bombay friends had come up, shaken me into life again, and by the time the rest of the party joined us I was ready

for another bark. But our prads had had enough for the day. We returned slowly to Ellora, and, surrounded as we were by Infidels, proved ourselves on that evening good Christians, and much edified our Mahomedan followers by washing down the unclean beast with bumpers of rosy claret.

## CHAPTER V.

THE CANTONMENT OF SECUNDERABAD—SOCIETY AT  
SECUNDERABAD—AMUSEMENTS—THE SPORTING  
COMMANDING OFFICER—OLD MAC'S STUD—  
TRICKS OF ARAB HORSEDEALERS—MOWLH-ALI  
RACES.

“ Rude am I in speech,  
And little blest with the set phrase of peace ;  
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used  
Their dearest action in the *tented field*.”—

OTHELLO.

SOME few years ago, the Cantonment of Secunderabad was certainly the pleasantest quarter I was ever stationed at. The subsidiary force which occupied it consisted of a large body of troops—I think, four or five regiments of native infantry,

a European battalion, horse and foot artillery, and a regiment of light cavalry. If to these be added the Nizam's troops at Bolarum, at the distance of five miles, who were, or professed to be, disciplined according to Torrens, and commanded by officers in the Company's service, we could at any time muster between 6000 and 7000 men, with all the "pomp and circumstance of war." Besides this, the station of Jaulnah, or, as it was denominated, "The Light Field Division of the Hyderabad Subsidiary Force," was under the orders of our Commandant, making it, on the whole, one of the most extensive and desirable commands in India.

Whence Secunderabad (literally meaning the abode of Alexander) derived its nomenclature I could never ascertain. It is usually called by the natives Houssain Saugur, from its vicinity to a large artificial lake of that name, and is more fre-

quently known by them as the *Lushkur*, or camp, which was, in fact, its original form when first established in 1798 to protect the Nizam against his Mahratta foes. However, John Company finding it answer his purpose to keep up a force whose expenses were defrayed by his friends, the camp by degrees assumed the appearance of a stragglng town : barracks and places of arms were constructed : the officers' tents, first covered in during the rains with matting or thatched roofs, by degrees assumed their present appearance, though many of them retain to this day the shape of the canvass tenement on which they were first moulded : and a large town has insensibly sprung up on the rocky and barren spot, which some years ago was only tenanted by the cheetah and jackal, who, even to this day, leaving the shelter of their rocks, frequently wander through the roads and

streets of the Cantonment during the hours of darkness.

We have now (or rather *had*, for I know not what alteration the march of intellect may have made in a few years) in this once “tented field,” public and private edifices of all kinds, spacious barracks, hospitals, a library, freemasons’ lodge, mess houses, public rooms and theatre, a racket court—in fact, all that can satisfy the wants, and administer to the amusement of the most fastidious. The Cantonment may, in fact, be said to consist of four distinct stations, of which it is the centre, the radii extending from four to six miles. In the first place, close to the city of Hyderabad, and near the banks of the Moussa, which washes its walls, is the residency, the magnificent abode of the representative of British power at the court of the Nizam. Next, at three miles to the north of Secunderabad, is Boam-

pilly, the cavalry station ; and about a league in a more westerly direction lies Bolarum, at which are stationed the Nizam's troops.

In so large a force, where all were inclined to be on friendly terms, there was no lack of society and amusement, and, in fact, whatever were a man's pursuits, he was sure to find full employment for them. To the indolent and voluptuous, the hookah, with the accompaniment of a novel, was an interminable source of delight, whilst lolling on a couch, under the cool influence of a cuscus tatty, he could alternately read and smoke, and smoke and sleep, with all the delights which the Prophet holds out to the faithful in his seventh heaven.

The tiffin hunter or the lady's man was quite at home : he might kill every day in the week, a dozen ladies or dinners per diem, to say nothing of

horses, if he chose to call on his different acquaintances at the four different Cantonments. I well knew a jovial little fellow who used to boast that he kept three horses in constant work, and ate regularly every day three tiffins, or dinners, to say nothing of breakfasts, stray suppers, and occasionally a *second* supper and a grill to wind up with.

The man of letters had abundant scope ; for, independent of a large and well-stocked library, he might from morn to evening pore over, with the assistance of his Moonshee, learned works in Hindoostanee, Persian, or Arabic, from the Char Durvaish or Tuti Nameh to the Koran ; or, if particularly ambitious, might try to penetrate the inexplicable mysteries of the Sanscrit mythology.

The sportsman—but oh ! 'twas the paradise of the sportsman !—he might ride out in the morning and bag his couple of



antelope, or, sallying forth with his greyhounds, return in triumph with a brace or two of brushes, or knock over quail by dozens, and snipe by twenties, ay ! and without sleeping out of his own bed or dining from his own mess.

Then we had two or three very good billiard tables—a public one kept by a Parsee,\* called Bomanjee, who likewise retailed goods and chattels of every description,—nankeen, regulation swords, broad-cloth, hookahs, brandy, and rose-water—all were to be had at his emporium. Poor old Bomanjee ! often do I recall thy jovial rubicund phiz. If thou wert not in reality a guebre, a Parsee, a fire-worshipper, truly thou deservedst to be one, for with thy shining countenance thou wert a very second Bardolph !—the most amiable of duns, the wittiest of cheats, presenting

\* The Parsees are descendants of the ancient Persians, and are Guebres, or fire-worshippers.

thy bills with a smile and joke, and having always a repartee at hand on receiving part payment, or, what was more frequently the case, on not receiving any at all.

Neither were our racket-court or public-rooms to be scorned. Our balls could boast a plentiful sprinkling of beauty ; and though the parterre were not always entirely composed of roses and lilies, still, if a yellow-faced *primrose* or dusky dahlia occasionally sprang up amidst their fairer sisters, they only shewed them off to advantage, like ivory set in ebony.

Our dramatic performances and performers were likewise good in their way. We certainly occasionally would convert tragedy into comedy, and the latter to a farce. A *Lydia Languish* has certainly appeared on the stage as if (mind, I only say "as if") a *leetle* the worse for liquor, and

looking for all the world as if she had at some period of her life worn a beard. But then it was out of the hum-drum-every-day-Covent-Garden-and-Drury-Lane-way of doing the thing, made us laugh, and amusement, not criticism, was our object.

If to all this be added that we had at our head the kindest-hearted and most generous fellow in the world, whose purse and house were always open to his friends, and whose board groaned under his hospitality—(alas ! Colonel Ogilvie is no more, and no interested motive can now actuate me in thus recording his merits !)—that our resident\* was courteous to all, princely in his entertainments, and unbounded in his expense—that in old *Arab Mac* we had for commandant of the force a stanch sportsman, and one always ready to promote sport—it will hardly be matter of surprise, if, with a good climate, good al-

\* W. Byam Martin, Esq.

lowances, and all “ appliances and means to boot,” I should still consider the time spent at Secunderabad as the happiest of my life.

But a word *en passant* touching Arab Mac : he was indeed a *rum'un* and no mistake ; and although I will not call him *names*, all who have been in India will easily recognise the old boy. Ye gods ! I see him at this moment coming into church—first, taking off the extraordinary mis-shapen piece of pasteboard and oil skin which did duty as a forage cap ; next, smoothing down his silvery locks, whilst his clear blue eye appeared to take in all around him at a glance : then the jacket ! it must have been made by a carpenter, for it fits like a sentry box ; the coarse grey inexpressibles to match ; but no, they don't match, for I remember they were rather *taut* on his shrivelled old shanks, and are turned up

with a pair of Hessian boots, which look as if they had been bought second-hand at some fisherman's *outcry* : then the sword—what on earth has the old cock got it fastened to his belt with ! by the powers of Moll Kelly, 'tis a *curb chain*, ay, a curb chain ! and none of the brightest. And now the old gentleman takes his seat, and sits immoveable through an interminable sermon, thinking intently of his chance for the next maiden, for the Arab horse-dealers have come from Bombay, and he has just had his pick from a large lot.

The service is at an end—let us see the old man home : a curious-looking vehicle is drawn up at the church-door ; it *must* be the turn-out of some rascally half-caste, which is thus stopping the way. But the horse—if that nag cost one cowrie, fifteen hundred rupees must have been laid out on him : but yet see what hang-dog har-

ness and traps the beautiful creature is disfigured with ! and the *bandy* (*Anglicè*, a gig), it is positively worse than the one belonging to the stingy old Welsh Doctor (another of our characters), who renovates his old cocked hat by pasting fresh nap on it ; dines every day on pigeon curry, because he breeds pigeons ; and rubs his head with rancid butter, to save his hair, at the expense (no, not at the expense) of Macassar oil. However, the short and long of it is, that this crazy vehicle does belong to Arab Mac, C.B., commanding the Hyderabad Subsidiary Force, and the L.F.D.H.S.F. to boot, and, moreover, in the receipt of some 4000 rupees per month ! Let us get up behind, and, as I before proposed, accompany the Chief to his own home, where we will suppose ourselves safely deposited ; and, from the nature of the conveyance, *that* is almost a matter of conjecture.

But what the devil have we here ! an

encampment of Tartars, or horse-dealers, or itinerant tinkers, with their donkeys and luggage? Oh! no; only a few of Mac's smaller craft: all these rough and shaggy-looking ponies are each excellent in some way or other, and some day the old fox will take in a griffin or two with them: that wall-eyed brute has won some half dozen trotting matches; that thick-shouldered, broken-knee'd devil can carry twelve stone twice round Mowlh-Ali Course; and, in fact, they all possess some qualification to entitle them to the high honour of wearing head and heel ropes in the compound (yard or enclosure) of the Chief. But before you venture in, I hope you have no objection to be weighed, for with your slight form you are sure to figure in the scales as soon as you are introduced to him. All this may appear rather Transatlantic, but, as far as I can recollect, I am not over-colouring the picture.

On entering the ante-room, you see it

occupied on every side by chucklers (i. e., cobblers and saddlers) and Mootchee men, some repairing halters, others stuffing saddles, the General seated very complacently in the midst of them, perhaps, examining the quality of some Bengal gram, of which there is a large heap in one corner, the others being adorned with the scales, weights, and measuring standard. If already acquainted, he would probably ask you to sit down in the *family circle*, amidst the cobblers; if a stranger, you were ushered into another room, adorned with all the paraphernalia of the racing stud, the conversation generally opening with the leading question as to whether you had seen *Sheriffe*, *Esterhazy*, or some of his crack horses, with a proposal to accompany you to his stables. There everything was in apple-pie order, under the superintendence of Bul, his head groom and jockey, a half-



caste, whom some of his good-natured friends used to say could boast of *Arab* blood out of a pretty female grass-cutter. Be that as it may, Bul always had his stables in high order; and as old Mac's horses, galloways, and ponies, from Sheriffe to Ragged Bill, were in training about the time of the Spring Meetings; as he had generally between seventy and eighty of one sort or another; and as Bul was the only person he entrusted with their education, he, the said Bul, must have worn out a few pair of leather breeches in the course of his vocation.

Old Mac certainly, in spite of inflicting so much hard riding on him, treated him always with the greatest kindness, which Bul repaid very badly, as he left the *father* of the Indian Turf in order to enlist under the banners of George —, and take charge of his racing stud. Poor George! he also, with old Mac and several other

choice spirits, ranks now amongst those who *have been* : he little thought, when he became the purchaser of Emilius for the long sum of ten thousand rupees, that *his* race was so nearly run, and at the early age of twenty-five ! Old Mac, different from most of the racing characters in this part of India, who generally confine themselves to horses of Arab breed, had animals of every caste and description, his first-rates being of course all pure Arabian. These horses are generally brought from the Gulf to Bombay once a-year—the *Ducks* (Bombayites) have of course the first pick—whence they travel South. As they only passed two or three stations before reaching Hyderabad, we generally had a tolerably large batch to choose from ; and in doing so, as much circumspection is necessary as at Tattersall's or Dycer's. A horse-dealer is the same all over the world, from the bogs of Ireland to the deserts of Arabia.

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I will merely mention, *en passant*, one instance of knowledge of his craft in an Arab horse-dealer. A friend of mine had a very old horse, which he exchanged for one out of a lot, giving a handsome difference. A day or two after, I happened to be examining the horses which had lately arrived, immediately recognised my friend *Bottle*, and merely remarked, "He must be a very old horse." The dealer was quite indignant; swore he was not only a Nedjee,\* but one of very high caste, and, moreover, only rising six! in confirmation of which he requested me to examine his mouth, when, to my utter astonishment, I found his teeth had been filed down and *bishoped* with the greatest neatness and perfection.

Moreover, the horses which are exported to India, although universally dignified with the name of Nedjee, or desert

\* The Nedjee is considered the most ancient and purest breed of horses in Arabia.

breed, are neither more nor less than a very inferior description of animal in their native land (in the interior of Arabia), where they are employed as beasts of burden to carry dates to the coast, after which they are generally shipped off for the Indian market, and sold at enormous prices.

A fresh horse, however small or of however mean appearance, can seldom be purchased out of an Arab lot under 500 rupees—in fact, after taking into consideration the risk and expenses of embarkation, those of the march, &c., the dealer must originally purchase them at extremely low prices to be enabled to dispose of them to advantage, even on these terms.

The Persian horse may frequently be had at a lower rate. He is a fine shaped, showy animal, well calculated for a charger, but generally too heavy for the

field or the turf. The small Mahratta horse is an active, serviceable little beast, though, in ten cases out of twenty, extremely vicious, but will often make a capital hunter ; in fact, being the only horse bred in India that is worth his keep, the larger horses from Hindoostan being merely adapted for the capering of a native Souwarree ; they are leggy, under-limbed, and, as far as vice goes, regular man-eaters. Those from Guzerat and Cutch are certainly endowed with greater amiability of disposition, but more calculated for purposes of display and parade than anything else. The natives are very partial to this breed, and give long prices for them, frequently as much as two and three thousand rupees. They blow them out to an enormous size by feeding them on a composition which must be anything but agreeable to the palate of the horse—viz., a kind of paste made of pounded

grain and sheep's head, wherewith the poor devil is crammed like a turkey. The end of the flowing tail, generally reaching the ground, is dyed of a deep red colour; a cruelly sharp bit is put in his mouth; he is buried under a ton of clothing, covered with crimson cloth, doing duty for saddle; and, thus caparisoned, he is deemed fit to carry one of the "Pillars of the State." It is a pretty sight to see a *Souwarree*, or procession, accompanied by a cavalcade thus mounted, and taking every opportunity of displaying their horsemanship—a cavalier occasionally darting from the crowd at the top of his speed, and as suddenly pulling his horse on his haunches in the midst of his headlong career; then wheeling about, and, still at full gallop, describing, in an incredibly small space, the difficult figure of 8, with all the apparent ease of a graceful skaiter.

Hyderabad, being so central a situation, was generally a great mart for horses from every part; and, in addition to those already enumerated, great numbers annually came from the remote provinces of Belluchistan, Afghan, and Cabul.

Every year, after the rains, these remote provinces poured forth their uncouth and savage looking races both of men and horses; the former in appearance the dirtiest and wildest of beings, both they and their animals looking as if just reclaimed from the steppes of Tartary, from which, by-the-bye, they are not far distant. One peculiarity of these horses is, the extraordinary manner in which many of them are marked, particularly those from Cabul — piebalds of every shade and hue, many spotted like a leopard, and, in one or two instances, I

. them streaked like the royal  
they resemble, in this peculiarity

of colour, the pretty little Acheen and Pegu ponies imported from the Burmese Empire, and so much made use of at Madras in the draught of palankeen carriages.

During all seasons—hot or cold, wet or dry—these horses are never under shelter. This is likewise the case with all the horses belonging to the cavalry in the Madras Presidency, which are always picketed in the open air, and do not, if we may judge from the few casualties, appear to suffer in consequence. The most prevalent diseases are gripes and weakness in the loins. When a horse contracts this last disease, he is said to have a “stroke of the land-winds ;” but whether this be the cause of it or not, I have remarked that it is often accompanied by a malady, I believe peculiar to India—“the worm in the eye.” How the animal *gets* there is more than I can say ; but I can



vouch to have seen it repeatedly. I had a horse which had undergone the operation of having it removed ; and although he escaped weakness in the loins, he lost the sight of his eye.\*

But this dissertation has led me from old Arab Mac and his peculiarities. The first thing he did on assuming the command at Hyderabad was to form a race-course on the spot, the one hitherto in use being five or six miles distant, on a large plain near the holy hill of Mowlh-Ali. Here he every morning superintended the training of some twenty or thirty horses, at the expense of Bul's *leathers*.

The Mowlh-Ali course was reserved

\* For a descriptive account of this disease, and the system of cure adopted, see a valuable paper on the subject, by Major Gwatkin, Superintendent of the E. I. Company's Stud at Bengal, in the *Sporting Magazine*, Second Series, vol. i. p. 331.

for the grand occasion of the races, to which we always looked forward with pleasure. As soon as all the reviews, inspections, &c. were over, and the business of the year concluded, that of old Mac commenced :—i. e., “ The Races.” The Cantonment was deserted—a canvas city arose on the Mowlh-Ali plain—stables were erected for the studs of the racing part of the community—a *table-d’hôte* was established at the Stand—discipline was shoved out of the coach—fun and frolic took up the reins, and we went gaily round the course of pleasure at every pace and in every shape.

The earlier part of the morning was generally spent by those interested, in superintending the last trainings. Then there was always a good breakfast at the Stand, or in some fellow’s tent—true Indian breakfasts : lots of curries, stews, poached eggs, and other substantial things

to fortify the inward man, and render him equal to all the fatigues of a day's quail or snipe-shooting; for both were to be had in plenty. Then at 3 P.M. the most savory smells, wafted by the breeze through the different tents, announced the grand operation of the day's "tiffin."

And now you might see chokrahs, maty boys, aubdars, and hookah-burdars, all alive and kicking like a bag of fleas; the former skying along (camp fashion) with their master's chair, tumbler, and plate, in order to secure for "Sahib" a good berth; the man of saltpetre up to the elbows in Hodgson, claret, and champagne;\* whilst the old hookah-burdar, a symbol of gravity, is skilfully arranging all his apparatus for the conclusion of the

\* The aubdar, or wine-cooler, is in India a regular profession, and some are so expert, that a few turns in the saltpetre-tub in the hottest weather are sufficient to render the wine of a delicious coolness.

feast, when *his* science of perfume and smoke comes into play. This is the time for the *knowing cove* to make his matches, bets, and book his victims whilst under the influence of the rosy god. Even old Mac, though *a deep file*, was sometimes *inveigled* into an unwary race on these occasions, and I have seen him before now, ride himself, and win an “after-tiffin” match in first-rate style.

Quoits, pony and hack races, generally filled up the time till dark, when *brandy-pawnee* and brag were the order of the night; or if perchance it were a Mahomedan feast, a party would stroll to the Holy Mountain, a huge and frowning mass of black granite crowned with a mosque, on the spot where Mahomed is said to have rested on his way to heaven. Here on a festival crowds of people were assembled from Hyderabad, elephants, hackeries, dancing girls, and all the appen-

dages of an eastern procession. It was a pretty sight to see the pilgrims swarming up the steep rock on their hands and knees, with every appearance of devotion ; and pleasant to stroll through the beautiful gardens at the foot of the rock, amidst the numerous and elegant tombs with which, I had almost said, they were adorned ; for in the East more trouble and taste are lavished on the abodes of the departed than on those of the living. And an hour passed amidst these mementos of affection, during the stillness of a tropical night, and under the luxuriant foliage of a tropical climate—the spreading banyan, the graceful areca-tree, or stately tamarind—would occasionally act as a wholesome sedative to the mind, after all the excitement, noise, and bustle of the day.

Thus did our time pass until the eventful days on which the great cups were

run for ; and it was a pleasant time—too pleasant ever to return.

I regret not having noted in my log the names of the horses, and their respective rates of going, at the last Mowlh-Ali races which old Mac superintended. Some of the best horses on the Indian turf of that day were entered and ran ; and the names of Sheriffe, Esterhazy, Dreadnought, were familiar as household terms. I remember also two famous galloways, Feramoz and Little Tough, and that wonderful little devil *Diable*, under 13 hands high, who could do his half-mile in fifty-six seconds.

*Sheriffe* was a beautiful bay Arab with black points, and a tail which actually trailed on the ground. Old Mac was recommended to *curtail* it as an improvement on his appearance. “No,” said he ; “*Sheriffe* shall never lose his tail as long as he can shew it to every horse which is brought against him.” Such was the old

fellow's affection for this noble animal that, on Sheriffe's death, which happened soon after, he kept his hoofs, legs, and, I believe, every part that would admit of being preserved; and the *tail* was sent to a lady of rank in England, as the most valuable present (in his opinion) which he could offer, though she probably had the bad taste to prefer a handsome Cashmere shawl or Chinese work-box.

Although I did not keep any memorandum of the time &c. at our Mowlh-Ali races, I annex the following abstract from the Madras papers of their races for January, 1832, in order to give the fire-side reader some idea of what our little nags can do in India, always bearing in mind that they are seldom much above 14 hands, or galloway height.

The First Maiden Subscription Prize, three miles, 8st. 4lb., won by Mr. Fox's Nightshade in a canter—time, 6m. 20s.

Second Maiden, 8st. 7lb., won by Mr. Fox's Cloudesley—time, first heat, 4m. 10s. ; second heat, 4m. 12s.

Sweepstakes for all Arabs, 9st., two miles and a half, won by Mr. Fox's Agonista—time, 5m. 5s.

His Highness the Nabob's Cup for all Arabs, 9st., three miles, won by Mr. Fox's Salonica—time, first half mile, 55s. ; total, 6m. 24s., cantering.

Third Maiden, 8st. 10lb., one mile and a half, won by Major Looney's Mountebank—time, first heat, 3m. 2s. ; second heat, 3m. 10s.

Sweepstakes, 8st. 8lb., 2 miles, won by Mr. Fox's Harmonica—time, 3m. 39s.

As a proof of the speed and bottom of our little Arabs, it is recorded in the *Sporting Magazine* for June, 1838, p. 103, by Major Gwatkin, Superintendent of the Hon. East India Company's Stud at Bengal, that at the last Meerut Race Meeting,



Mr. G. Bacon's Faustus, an Arab gelding, 14-1, ran three miles over the Round Course, (very sandy and unlike the springy turf of Old England,) winning the Gold Cup *very easily* by twenty lengths (the last half-mile a stiffish hill,) in 6m. 7s.—the first two miles in 3m. 59s.



From Nature by L. and W. in 16<sup>th</sup> Reg.

7<sup>th</sup> C. M. B. C. F. C. H. U. N. D. A.

Day 2 Haghe L. and W. to the Queen

## CHAPTER VI.

A MOONLIGHT NIGHT IN THE JUNGLE—MOWLH-ALI  
HILL—GAME IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD—VULTURE  
SHOOTING—BAIT FOR A TIGER—HINDOO GIRLS  
—INGENIOUS TRAP—THE CAGED CHEETAH—THE  
HUNTING CHEETAH—THE NAUTCH.

“ The sun set, and up rose the yellow moon :  
The devil’s in the moon for mischief! they  
Who call’d her *chaste*, methinks, began too soon  
Their nomenclature.”

BYRON.

IN my last, I mentioned the sacred hill of Mowlh-Ali, with its processions, pilgrims, splendid tombs, and shady groves, the whole crowned by a gorgeous building erected over the spot where the *Peigham-bur*, the holy prophet, for the last time left the print of his foot ere he de-

parted to the realms of bliss, after a life of deception, rapine, and murder, after spreading his doctrines far and wide, carving his way with the scimitar, and illuminating his bloody course by the sight of flaming cities and burning fields—but God is great, and, *Inshah Allah o Talah*, by his assistance we will quit the footsteps of man, marked by ambition, avarice, and self-interest, and get on the scent of the hyænas, cheetahs, jackals, and vultures, with which, as well as with holy relics, the sacred hill abounds.

Mowlh-Ali is a three-headed monster of a rock, abruptly rearing its dark and frowning masses out of the bosom of an extensive plain, thickly studded with the beautiful shrub of the custard apple, often so grateful to the parched mouth of the weary sportsman. The hills are composed of three masses of black granite, on the most northerly of which is the mosque

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above-mentioned ; the gardens, tombs, &c. are also spread at its base. The two other elevations are completely deserted except by wild beasts. On the centre rock is a Hindoo place of worship, presenting, from its abandoned and lonely appearance, its simple and massive architecture, which has resisted the unsparing hand of Time, and the still more unsparing hand of Mahomedanism, a strong contrast to the gorgeous display and elaborate ornaments of its Moorish opponents. On viewing thus at one glance monuments of creeds, which, in our belief, are equally erroneous, and which for ages past have been the cause of the effusion of torrents of blood—always shed in the sacred name of *Religion*—what food does it not afford to the moralist? But *that* is not our vocation, Hal ; therefore *revenons à nos moutons*, or rather *à notre gibier*, and let us conclude what appears to be this interminable description



of Mowlh-Ali, which *does* terminate in a confused chaos of masses of granite, piled in every form, and placed in every direction—some towering to the skies, and appearing as if a breath of air only were requisite to prostrate them in the dust amidst their more humble brethren—the whole presenting to the eye of the spectator a scene which he might be led to imagine could only have been caused by some violent convulsion of nature.

The interstices and crevices between this jumbled mass of rocks are the abodes of numberless jackals, hyænas, cheetahs, foxes, and porcupines; whilst the inaccessible points of the bare and towering masses afford a secure place of refuge to the vulture, who here, unmolested by man or beast, can in safety rear his hungry brood. This part of the hill was a favourite resort of mine, and I long unsuccessfully attempted, both by night and

day, to *sarcumvent* its savage inhabitants. The low jungle at the foot of the rock afforded capital quail shooting, and once or twice when thus engaged I had seen, on a jutting ledge above me, a fine cheetah, or leopard, luxuriously basking in the morning sun, which he almost shamed by the brilliant hues of his spotted coat ; but ere I could complete the operation of slipping a ball over the charge of shot, or taking up a position from which I might get a crack at him, he invariably disappeared in one of the numerous chasms, and all search proved ineffectual. The same with the porcupines, of the existence of which I had evident proofs, by frequently finding their quills whilst scrambling amongst the rocks. Then those confounded vultures ! from the tops of the natural obelisks of huge upright masses of granite, where they had established their eyries, I could distinctly hear the cries of the young, but so closely

did the rascals lie that I could not even get the sight of a feather to serve as a mark ; or if ever I got a peep at the old *uns*, it was long before I was within gunshot, even of a twenty-four pounder, when, with a hideous scream, they would spread their huge wings, and gradually soar out of sight.

That hyænas *were* to be found I was also sure, from a little spaniel belonging to a friend who was taking his morning's ride close to the rock having been carried off. *He*, poor man ! who did not know a tiger cat from a royal tiger, imagining the assault to have been committed by one of the latter, and not deeming himself perfectly safe in such a neighbourhood, put spurs to his horse, and never pulled bit till he arrived quite breathless at my door to relate the dreadful occurrence.

With all these “ damning proofs,” I was for some time indefatigable in my pursuit :

morning, noon, and the cool shades of eve saw me like a troubled spirit wandering about this cursed rock, but still without success. At last, wearied with my unsuccessful efforts by day, I was determined to try what starry night might do in my favour, and by the light of the first bright moon I was again gliding amongst my now familiar acquaintances, the Mowlh-Ali rocks. I crept gently up every well-known chasm, remained concealed in breathless excitement, on the full cock, the finger ready on the trigger, near every likely chink in the rock which might possibly conceal an enemy, but still without avail. In this manner, and keeping as much as possible in the shadows thrown by the huge masses of granite, I reached the bottom of one of the perpendicular blocks, where I had reason to believe were some of my feathered foes. I looked aloft : could I be mistaken ? but no ; 'twas the grey breast of one of the old

vultures shining brightly in the rays of the moon. Prepared for every contingency, I had one barrel loaded with large swan drops. It was the affair of a second to bring my eye, the piece of white paper\* which covered the sight, and the opposing object in a line, to draw the trigger, and in breathless expectation watch the effect of my shot as the bird first rose into the air, and then suddenly turning over, fell and fell, until the projecting shadows of the rocky eminence hid him from my sight; but I was guided by the sound, for presently a tremendous crash informed me he was safely *floored*. I scrambled down the rocks at rather a quicker and less silent pace than that at which I had ascended, and after a short search found

\* It is a good plan in shooting by night to have something white placed at the muzzle of the piece, over the sight—a piece of paper, rag, or putty answers the purpose.

my victim. I dragged him into the moonshine—carrying the enormous brute was out of the question—and I seldom saw a finer bird : his wings, as far as I can recollect, were upwards of eight feet from tip to tip ; and what I also perfectly remember was the intolerable stench which exhaled from him, and which convinced me, had I not been so already by his bare fleshy neck, of his being a genuine *vulture* of the true genus. I was quite satisfied with my night's sport, and dragging it in the best way I could towards the mangoe tope, where my horse and the faithful Chennou were awaiting me, I gladly consigned it to his charge, and, mounting Lamplighter, was, within an hour, in the arms of sleep, and dreaming of vultures, cheetahs, and hyænas.

My success with the vulture encouraged two or three brother sportsmen to make another night attack on the hill, and it

was accordingly resolved that the following evening, whenever the moon arose, we should try our four-legged friends on another tack,—viz., by remaining in ambush, and endeavour to inveigle them out of their fastnesses by the engrossing argument of a kid fastened to a stake, and, moreover, made eloquent by a piece of whipcord attached to its ear, which whipcord was gently jerked whenever kiddy became sulky and silent.

Now it so happened that the moon on the night in question did not rise till a late hour, and, to pass the time until her Chastity should be pleased to open the port-holes of her eyes, we had a late dinner, and sate still later after dinner, talking, and probably drinking a little—people *will* drink a little in that hot climate—so that by the time we thought of mounting our horses we were perhaps a *leetle* elevated. This is to apologize for

what follows, for surely *sober* sportsmen could never have been guilty of such an act. Scarcely had we got half way through the Cantonment when we met some native damsels. God knows what they were doing *there* at that time of night! perhaps they might *have been* vestals returning from a sacrifice to Diana or some other Hindoo divinity. Scarce could you say Jack Robinson ere each dusky fair one (and I fear me no less frail than smutty) was seated on the saddle *bow* with her respective *beau*, and, like a second rape of the Sabines, off we cantered to Mowlh-Ali, our horse-keepers following as best they might with our fowling-pieces, kid, boat-cloaks, &c.

On arriving at the ground, we held a consultation, in which it was unanimously agreed that one man awake was better for cheetah or hyæna shooting than four



sleeping ones ; that, therefore, one of us at a time should mount guard over the kid, and be relieved every two hours. We cast lots for the honour of first tour of duty ; it fell to B. ; he fastened the kid in an open space, and took post behind a thick custard apple bush. Begging he would not fail to call the next relief in two hours, we took our leave, paired off, and were soon very comfortably deposited in our boat-cloaks amidst the surrounding jungle.

I can answer for B. doing his duty for the first quarter of an hour, during which I happened to remain awake : the *kid* was most clamorous, and by the broken tone of its voice I am sure it was from the arduous application of the whipcord. However, by degrees its bleatings sounded more faintly in my ears ; they at last ended in a confused murmur, and I remember no more until awoke by a sensa-

tion of extreme cold, when, on opening my eyes, I perceived that

“The grey-eyed morn smil’d on departing night,  
Check’ring the eastern clouds with streaks of  
light,  
And darkness flicker’d, like a drunkard reels  
Forth from day’s light and Titan’s burning  
wheels.”

And verily not only darkness, but other worthy gents were looking uncommonly like drunkards ! not certainly reeling, but snoring most audibly. The very kid was quietly lying down, the sentinel fast as a church, the horse-keepers and horses, the women — oh, shame ! oh, sorrow ! and oh, womankind ! — but I shall say no more of the unseemly sights disclosed by the first rays of that morning’s sun. Enough, that the rosy-fingered Aurora must have blushed ! ay, like a red cabbage ; that I fired off both my barrels close to the ear of our watchful guard ; that he, fancying all the tigers in Bengal

were on him, let fly at random, and nearly shot the kid ; that the whole *camp* was in an uproar ; and in five minutes we were on horseback, *rather* ashamed of our exploit, and leaving our dusky Dulcineas and our Ghorawallahs to reach their respective abodes in the best manner they could.

So much for our night expedition, and on its failure we were completely non-plussed, and knew not what new mode of attack to pursue. The subject was, however, taken up by Captain W. of the Commissariat, a real sportsman ; and to his inventive genius was due the destruction of nearly every leopard on Mowlh-Ali rock, to the number, I think, of seven or eight. He caused a large wooden box, or rather a case, to be constructed exactly on the plan of a mouse-trap, except that it had an inner division, in which was placed a live goat, in his attempt to reach which the cheetah, on touching a

rope, caused the "portcullis" to fall, and cut off his own retreat. The cage was on low wheels, and was drawn by four bullocks to and from the rock.

Anxious to ascertain its success after my own repeated failures, I was at the foot of the hill at daylight on the morning succeeding the night when it was first set. I fear that Rochefoucault's celebrated saying of "*on ressent toujours du plaisir des malheurs de ses meilleurs amis*" is but too true ; at least I felt that it would not have broken my heart to have found the trap tenanted by the goat alone ; but it was "written" otherwise. On approaching I was soon made aware that W. had had a *nibble*, and from a fish that would have required more than the skill of Izaak Walton himself to have landed.

A noble cheetah was taken in the toils, and *toiling* most furiously to recover his liberty. The poor goat was lying, more

dead than alive, in the remotest corner of its partition, evidently untouched, but proving that you may as well be killed at once as frightened to death ; whilst its dangerous neighbour was trying, with fang and claw, every bar of his prison ; now bounding fiercely against the opposing barriers, and ever and anon crouching down on his belly, and looking “ unutterable ” things.

When I rode up he assumed the latter position. I had often heard of the repugnance and fear which the horse entertains of wild beasts, and consequently expected to experience some difficulty in inducing the Lamplighter to approach ; but he was a *varmint* old nag, and went straight up to the cage without pricking an ear. The cheetah still remained motionless, except his eyes, which he rolled about most fearfully ; and I shall never forget the *ogre*-like expression of that pale grey-

ish-blue eye—in it you might read at a glance the nature of the brute. We remained thus for a few seconds, stedfastly contemplating each other, when I thrust the handle of my spear between the bars ; he sprang on it like lightning, wrenched it out of my hand, and in an instant had crushed the seasoned bamboo like a cabbage-stalk. The Lamplighter did not like the suddenness of the attack, for, starting back a few paces, he stood snorting at him with every appearance of trepidation. I was obliged to dismount in order to recover my maimed weapon, and soon made known in the Cantonment the news of the capture, which was the same afternoon drawn thither in triumph, and a council of war held to determine the fate of the prisoner.

There was but one opinion as to the sentence, “ death,” being unanimously pronounced ; the question was, in what

manner it should be inflicted. Some were for turning him loose on the plain, and spearing him ; some for shooting ; others again proposed—probably in imitation of the Roman amphitheatres—to bait him with dogs in the Racket Court ; and this last resolution, as being the most classical, was adopted.

A number of large pariah dogs was accordingly collected and turned into the Racket Court, the trap-door was raised, and everyone was on the tip-toe of expectation, thinking, of course, that the cheetah would rush out with a roar and make sad havoc amongst the parrys. But no such thing : he appeared to have taken too great a fancy for his berth to leave it, and it was not without difficulty that he was ejected, and then the poor devil appeared so much cowed that he shrank up into a corner ; the dogs likewise did not seem very comfortable ; every expedient

was tried to urge them on without avail ; at last the spectators lost all patience ; a rifle ball was sent through the head of the cheetah, the dogs were ignominiously kicked out of the arena as a set of cowardly rascals, and the whole business was voted a complete failure.

The leopard, notwithstanding its fierceness and untractable disposition, has been obliged to submit to the universal sway of man, and, like the hawk and dog, is made use of in the East in the amusement of the chase. The swiftness of the antelope can set the greyhound at defiance, but often succumbs to the wonderful bounds and agility of the hunting cheetah. To pursue this sport, the cheetah (hooded) is placed on a hackery or open cart drawn by bullocks, with his keeper beside him holding him in the slips. The hackery is then driven to the ground frequented by the antelope, who, accustomed



to the sight of bullock-carts belonging to the country people, allows it to approach without shewing much signs of fear. When at a convenient distance from the herd, the cheetah is unhooded, and as soon as he perceives his game, he slides quietly off the cart, crouches along, availing himself of the cover of every bush, rock, or tuft of grass, with all the address of an old light infantry soldier ; by this means he frequently succeeds in approaching unperceived to within a hundred yards of the herd ; when at this distance, he generally pauses for a moment or so to select his victim, which is invariably the finest animal of the flock, and then dashes into the midst of them with a succession of the most astonishing bounds, which in the twinkling of an eye bring him up with his prey ; a stroke of the paw rolls it over, and he is fastened on its throat and draining its life-blood almost at one and

the same instant. The keeper now runs up, passes his knife across the buck's throat, fills with the blood a wooden bowl which is put before the cheetah, who is in the meantime secured and hooded, and generally has for his share a leg. Should he, however, fail after the first bounds in coming up with his game, he renounces at once the pursuit, crouches down, and becomes so refractory and sullen, that it is often a matter of some danger for the keeper to secure and replace him on the hackery.\*

The hunting cheetah is in appearance very different from the common leopard ; he is a tall flat sided animal, with a small head, and is apparently in a state of continual restlessness until he has been gorged. The rich natives are fond of this

\* For a further account of hunting the antelope by the cheetah, see *Sporting Magazine*, vol. iii., second series, p. 296.

sort of sport, which suits their indolent disposition, as they can indulge in it without much personal exertion.

In the suburbs of the city of Hyderabad I have frequently seen hunting cheetahs exposed for sale ; they were picketted, by each leg being fastened to a tent peg firmly driven in the ground, and further secured by a chain round the neck. Even in this position, where they literally could not move a foot, they contrived to be nevertheless in a state of perpetual motion, by swinging their bodies to and fro. Even in the town of Hyderabad, I understand, numbers were constantly to be seen picketted together in this manner for sale. But this to a European was forbidden and dangerous ground ; and such was the antipathy of these staunch Mahomedans to any individual bearing the garb of a Christian, that if one ventured without an escort within the precincts of the walls, it

was at the risk of life, and the certainty of being loaded with insults and abuse, pelted with filth, or spit in the face.

A more cut-throat and rascally *canaille* than the lower orders of this metropolis of the Deccan it has never been my lot to behold ; and their antipathy was shewn not only to *Ferringhees*, (Franks or Christians,) but to their own people who had anything to do with Europeans, on whom they would most lavishly bestow the euphonous and complimentary terms of *Haram-zadahs*, *Bhan-choots*, and *Soor-marnawallahs*, terms not translatable into an European language. In consequence of this feeling there was an order (not often infringed) prohibiting any officer from entering the gates of the city ; but with every precaution, collisions sometimes took place, which on one or two occasions ended in bloodshed. There was a standing order in the Cantonment of

Secunderabad prohibiting any of the Nizam's soldiers from passing with arms within the lines. A party so offending was stopped, disarmed, placed in the main guard, and finally sent back as prisoners to the city, with a representation to the Nizam's chief minister on the subject. Their escort, consisting of a soubahdar's party of sepoy, instead of waiting without the walls, and sending in a report of the circumstance, imprudently entered the city without even taking the precaution of loading their pieces or fixing bayonets. The prisoners happened to be Arabs, mercenaries of the Nizam, a set of men famed for their pride and courage. The escort unfortunately took the road leading past their barracks, whereat their comrades, indignant at seeing some of their body in durance vile, immediately threw arms to them from the windows, rushed down in a body, attacked the poor devils

of sepoy before they were aware of any hostile intention, and slew, wounded, or dispersed the whole body. This business caused a good deal of sensation at the time, but was eventually hushed up in consequence of an assurance from the minister that summary justice should be inflicted on the offenders. However, I remember that we did not feel particularly satisfied at this; and it was the general opinion that the culprits should have been delivered up and hanged in the presence of the whole force.

Although the public feeling towards Europeans would thus spontaneously burst forth amongst the lower orders, (the pulse of a nation,) policy demanded from the Omrahs (nobles), and particularly from the Nizam and his ministers, a very different expression towards those in whose power he felt himself so completely placed;

and at the different magnificent nautches and parties given frequently in the city, the officers of the force had the full benefit of the motives which gave rise to these entertainments, which, in point of splendour, often vied with those described in the Arabian Nights.

At these native routs, the *nautch*, (dance performed by girls whose profession it is,) the performance of buffoons, and the exhibition of fire-works, constituted the principal amusement of the evening, unless, as sometimes happened, they terminated with a substantial supper; but this was a complimentary addition to us as Europeans, and did not always occur. At the minister's, the scene of festivity was in a broad, open verandah, forming four sides of a court, or kind of garden, planted with cypress trees, and in the centre of which played a fountain of the

purest and coolest water. The whole place was carpetted with snow-white cloth, and brilliantly lit up with different coloured lamps, which produced the prettiest effect ; and on entering and beholding the turbaned and bearded Omrahs inhaling the perfumed odour of the hookah, with their armed attendants and black African slaves, the deformed dwarfs and buffoons, the graceful and often lascivious postures of the dark “ gazelle ”-eyed maids gliding through the nautch, the spectator required but little from imagination to waft him into the realms of fiction, make him imagine himself at the court of the beautiful and sage Sherzade, or listening to one of her thousand and one stories ! Nor was the illusion dispelled, until the distribution of attar of roses, and garlands of white, sweet-scented flowers, placed around the necks



of the guests, announced the conclusion of the feast. Reader, imagine a garland of jessamine round thy brows! it is the conclusion of the chapter, and thy patience deserves a reward.

## CHAPTER VII.

UNIVERSAL INSANITY OF THE ENGLISH — A FOREIGNER'S IDEAS OF ENGLISH FOX-HUNTING — HOW TO GET A FIRM SEAT — GOING TOO FAST TO BE PLEASANT — PRINCE GEORGE OF CAMBRIDGE AT GIBRALTAR — FIRST DAY OF THE SEASON WITH THE CALPE HOUNDS.

“ ————— Hark ! what loud shouts  
Re-echo through the groves ! He breaks away :  
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. — Each straggling hound  
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack ;  
'Tis triumph all, and joy.”

SOMERVILLE.

MUY SEÑOR MIO,—Knowing you to be very partial to all things relating to the chase, I beg leave to send you the following letter from a friend at Gibraltar.

*Letter from Don Antonio Fernandez to Don Juan Roblez, in London.*

Gibraltar, November, 1838.

MY DEAR R.,—Since I saw you at Madrid, I have been travelling much in Spain, and have at last brought up, at the blot on our escutcheon, the eye-sore of our country, Gibraltar. I have since my arrival here been trying to make out that most extraordinary of people, the English ; and the arrival of their Queen Dowager, together with the residence on the Rock of one of their Princes of the Blood, have afforded me opportunities of doing so which I probably should not otherwise have enjoyed. I have come to the conclusion that they are a most unaccountable race, decidedly all *loco* (mad), from the highest to the lowest. What I have lately witnessed tends to confirm me in this belief, and I no longer marvel at the

exploits of Drake, of Jumper, or of old Elliott, in taking or defending this place ; for what chance could Spaniards and men of reason have against Demonios, who appear to be divested of this attribute of humanity ? Only imagine, my dear friend, H.R.H. Prince George of Cambridge working away like a common soldier at drill ! toiling like a subaltern officer to learn to command a company and put the men through the manual and platoon exercises ! attending every brigade-day like an aide-de-camp, and conforming to all the tedious rules of this strict garrison ! All this, forsooth, to make himself acquainted with the art of war ! as if, *por Dios !* royalty or even nobility required such a thing as *learning !* I think these poor people might take a lesson from *our* princes and generals, who command armies without perhaps ever having seen

a musket in their lives. But there is, after all, nothing like Spain and the Spaniards !

Then a party was got up to have a *batida* (battue) amongst the hills to shoot deer and wild hog : of this party my evil star doomed me to be one, and never shall I forget my sufferings. We had tents pitched for our reception beyond Castellar, and during the time we were out, it rained almost incessantly. However, they only gave a few G—d d—ns, and still tried to go on with their sport, without any regard to the fatigue and inconvenience experienced by His Royal Highness, who, to tell the truth, appeared to enjoy the *fun* very much. *Carai !* had I been a prince, what an example would I have made of all these madmen, who exposed me for three days to the rain, and were the cause of my being laid up

with rheumatism! and you know, my dear friend, what I suffer from that complaint.

After all, they only killed one great big boar and a roe-deer, and were nearly drowned in crossing one of the mountain-streams on their way back. Now, my dear Juan, when you coolly reflect that, if fond of hog's-flesh, H.R.H., at the expense of a few dollars, (which could be no object to him,) might have feasted on the same, morning, noon, and night, without stirring from his own table—and the pork fed in the Cork Wood is really very good at this time of the year—you will agree with me that he must either be very badly advised or decidedly wrong in the upper story, when, in order to procure only *one* pig, he exposed himself during three days and nights to wet and cold, wind and rain, to say nothing of the intolerable fatigue of climbing those endless hills, and the chance

of being made food for the fishes, in fording numberless swollen and angry torrents.

This expedition should have been a lesson to me to have nothing more to do with English *caceria* (hunting), but, alas! wisdom is only to be attained by dear-bought experience. As soon as I was enabled to leave my bed, I heard of nothing but preparations for the approaching *Calpe Hunt*, as the late rains had rendered the ground fit for riding. . What wet ground had to do with riding I was at a loss to conceive, nor could I make out at all what sort of *caceria* could it be which excited so much interest, as I was told that the largest beast they ever killed was a fox. However, never having seen an animal of that description, I allowed curiosity to conquer prudence, and in an instant moment promised to accompany them the next day to the place whence

they commenced operations, and which was called the First Venta.

On my arrival there I was rather astonished to see a great many gentlemen of my acquaintance in the most extraordinary costume in the world, as nearly all were in the red English uniform, but shorn of the lace and epaulettes. Poor fellows ! I concluded that they could not afford to get plain clothes, and did not like to run the risk of spoiling all their finery. Some had on boots drawn over the pantaloons and topped with yellow leather ; others great fishermen's boots, reaching half way up the thigh — the whole putting me more in mind of a masquerade than anything else.

Then there were a great number of curious looking piebald dogs, and the great subject of lamentation was, that there were so *few*, and that in consequence of being disappointed in the arrival of more by the



last steamer, they feared I should not see much sport. Little did I imagine at the time the break-neck work they were pleased to call *sport*. Whilst thus engaged in conversation, a caballero came up at a gallop, pulled out his watch, and hoped he was not late. This was the Prince. But only imagine a *Prince* saying such a thing! A fresh horse was brought to him, and he actually with his own hands shifted the stirrup leathers from one saddle to the other, and buckled on his Mackintosh, whilst the groom was holding both horses, and not one of all those present offering to assist him. Such are English manners! How differently would a Prince of *our* country have been treated!

Well, at last we all mounted and rode off, they said to *draw* a neighbouring covert; but what painting or drawing could have to do with the business of the day I

was at a loss to conceive, but resolved to wait patiently and see the result. The *drawing* (oh, ye shades of Murillo and Cano!) consisted in turning the dogs into the bushes, whilst some of the caçadores rode in with them, and commenced shouting and hallooing like *possessed* ones. Presently there was a short howl, and all the dogs began to yell and run away from the wood, as if it contained something of which they were much afraid. The horsemen immediately galloped after the dogs, I suppose to catch them, as I could see nothing else for them to pursue, whilst the latter continued to cry and run, and run and cry with all their might.

My English friend had assured me that the horse I was on was a right good one, and understood his work. Alas! that I should have believed a heretic! The devil, notwithstanding all my efforts to keep him in—for why should *I* risk my neck

in catching *their* dogs?—nearly pulled off my arms, and, *maldita sea su alma*, was nearly pulling me over his head, when the fortunate thought struck me (you know my presence of mind) of letting go the reins and seizing hold of the saddle with both hands; and to this ingenious device I attribute my preservation from utter destruction on that eventful day.

Hitherto we had been galloping up a steep mountain called the *Magazine Hill*, and I was in hopes, by the time we got to the top, we would catch those demonios of dogs, and put an end to my troubles. Judge of my horror, when, on reaching the crest, I could just see their tails disappearing below the opposite declivity, which was dreadfully steep, covered with huge rocks, and broken with dry water-courses. “*Dios mio de mi alma!*” shrieked I, “will nobody stop me?” At this mo-

ment the Prince (alas ! that a Prince should be so *loco*) passed, urging his horse at full speed down the frightful steep. I could behold no more, but, resigning myself to my fate, I shut my eyes and held on with redoubled energy. Methought I was going down, down to the regions of the damned with crowds of condemned spirits. Never, if I live a thousand years, shall I forget the dreadful sounds and sensations I then experienced. They tingle at this moment in every nerve. In utter darkness—for I dared not open my eyes—with the yells of those accursed hell hounds, and the screeches of the no less accursed madmen, penetrating my very brain, the clashing of the horses' hoofs over the rocks, the sudden and violent plunges of the animal I bestrode, and over which I had not the least control . . . I can compare the scene to nothing but the description of the defeat of Satan, by

the English poet, who must have borrowed his ideas from a fox-hunt.

“ The overthrown he raised, and as a herd  
Of goats and tim'rous flock together throng'd  
Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursued  
With terrors and with furies to the bounds  
And crystal wall of Heaven, which, opening wide,  
Rolled inward, and a spacious gap disclosed  
Into the wasteful deep : the monstrous sight  
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse  
Urged them behind ; headlong themselves they  
threw  
Down from the verge of Heaven ; eternal wrath  
Burnt after them.”

And verily we looked more like spirits fleeing the wrath of Heaven than human beings in our sober senses. The saints only can tell how I ever reached the bottom of the hill ; how in our headlong course I escaped being precipitated from my horse and ground to atoms against the rocks, and under the hoofs of the wild beasts around me. Wild ! both men and horses. Never did I witness such *locura* (madness,

folly.) However, we eventually did reach the plain, and then, and not till then, did I open my eyes, and, great God ! what a spectacle presented itself ! about a hundred yards in front was a broad and deep drain, at which every one was riding at full speed, still, like fools, vainly endeavouring to catch the dogs : some by the help of Providence managed to clear it, one or two went right in, horses and all. I arrived within a few yards of the brink, a sudden dizziness overcame my senses, I abandoned my hold of the saddle, and as my horse was in the very act of taking the fearful leap, I made a convulsive grasp at the reins—a heavy splash, a gurgling sound of mud and water in my ears, is all I remember.

\* \* \* \*

The letter goes on with details foreign to the subject ; but the Editor is informed

that the unfortunate neophyte to fox-hunting, after being dragged from under his horse by some countrymen, was conveyed to San Roque, where he lay for some time in a very precarious state.

The fox, on the occasion in question, took to earth in the Cork Wood, after affording a good run ; and the entire field, including his Royal Highness, (who during the whole day was well to the front,) got a complete drenching before they regained that evening the *covert* of the Rock.

The Calpe Hunt is in daily expectation of a reinforcement of dogs from England, and, under the auspices of H. M---t, Esq., their zealous huntsman, hope this winter to make the Cork Wood and Malaga hills re-echo often to that sweetest of all music—a pack of hounds in full cry.

Our Spanish friend mentioned the rival at Gibraltar of the Dowager Queen

Adelaide, and H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge, both events causing a great stir in the garrison, which, during the whole of that winter, was kept alive by the presence of the latter. To say that Prince George was an universal favourite with everybody, whom he conciliated by his courteous, open, and *soldier-like* manners, would be but barely doing him justice. But those who were in the habit of meeting him on parade and duty, at the festive board, or in the excitement of the chase, must concur in saying that during his stay at Gibraltar he purchased golden opinions of all men. In a brief period he became perfectly acquainted with his military duties, under the able tuition of Colonel Knight, and of his zealous adjutant, Lieutenant Williamson, both of the 33rd regiment, to which corps he was, on his arrival, attached; and after



going through the various branches of his drills with all the assiduity of a subaltern first joining, he, in the short space of a few months, so completely made himself master of the difficult arcana of military science, as to be able, not only on their private parade, but during our general brigade days on the neutral ground, to command the gallant corps with which he was doing duty, with as much judgment and skill as the Waterloo veteran, whose place he temporarily occupied—and all who knew *him* are aware that this is not saying a *little* in his H. R. H.'s favour, though not one jot more than he deserves.

On his arrival, waving his right to compliments as a prince of the blood, he requested that the guards should not be turned out on his approach, and expressed, I believe, the desire that no ceremony should be observed towards him,

which I dare say he will do us the justice to allow we generally had the good sense to comply with ; and I believe I may affirm that no undue familiarity on the part of any officer caused him to repent having taken this step.

On one occasion, indeed, it is related that at a ball at Government House, he was importuned by somebody, who had the bad taste to persecute him during the evening by addressing him constantly as his "Royal Highness." At last, the Prince, losing all patience, exclaimed, "D——n his Royal Highness ! we will, if you please, for the time, put him into my pocket," and suiting the motion to the words, took the star off his breast, and safely deposited it in the sanctum he alluded to.

He was an honorary member of several of the messes of the regiments stationed here ; and when giving them the benefit of

his company, enjoyed his glass and cracked his joke with the most jolly ensign of the party. But with all his high spirits and love of sociability, he deserves the greater credit for the restraint he must have imposed on himself by his seclusion during several hours of the day, which, I believe, he devoted to the study of the drier details of the profession he had adopted. After morning parade, except on a hunting day, seldom was he seen out of his quarters till the time of his evening ride.

But the "field" in which "Royal George" shewed to greatest advantage was that which it is our peculiar boast to cultivate in these "sporting pages;" and although an ornament to the "scarlet," he was more particularly so to the "pink," for in true Leicestershire trim did we twice a week turn out with our *nate* little pack of "Calpe" hounds, and in the



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dark shadows of the "Cork Wood" they would oft

"Make the welkin answer them,  
Fetching shrill echoes from the hollow earth."

Every one does not possess the nerve requisite to ride well up to hounds, over the rugged and broken mountains of this part of Spain; there are, it is true, no bull-finches, no five-barred gates, no double-ditches, but all this is plain sailing compared to the precipitous and rocky sides of the Sierras, down which you *must* rattle full speed if you wish to live near the dogs—to large ledges of smooth rock, where your horse's legs fly from under him like a stroke of tragic lightning—to apparently bottomless ravines, which must be crossed, or to blind fissures in the burnt-up soil, where your nag's pins and your own neck stand a nearly equal chance of being broken.

But through and over all this did

Prince George's grey barb carry him, at a pace it was difficult to approach, and though myself not much accustomed to keep in the rear, I must plead guilty to often having attempted in vain (for I never but on one occasion succeeded) to spatter the mud over His Royal Highness's most serene countenance ; and on *that* occasion it could scarcely be said to be a *fair* go-by. There was a burning scent, and the dogs were running like devils incarnate, with some half-dozen of us well up to their sterns, Prince George, of course, amongst the select few. At the bottom of a hill, which sloped at an angle of about forty-five degrees, was a broad and yawning chasm, deepened by a stream, which, though unseen, like an insidious disease preying on the human frame, had worked itself into the very bowels of the earth, and increased tenfold the terrors of the appalling leap. As I was saying,

rattling full swing down the hill, we came most unexpectedly on this awful *stopper*. I was one of the few to whom it did not prove such—the pace was too good to admit of any “craning”—we *all* crammed at it: some got over; the horses of others swerved; but, strange to say, the “grey barb” came to a dead halt, Prince George flew like a shot over his head, and as I passed I saw him safely deposited, without, I believe, any injury, in a soft muddy spot,—on the brink of the chasm.

But if the reader will suffer us to draw the covert of his patience, we will put on foot an Andalusian “zorra,”\* initiate him into the mysteries of the “Calpe hunt,” and endeavour to give him some idea of our Gibraltar sport, which is got up more in the true’ old English style than anything I have seen in the various foreign settlements it has been my fate to visit.

\* Spanish for “fox.”



We must premise by stating that, in consequence of the numerous earths, number of foxes, difficulty of the ground, and usual deficiency of that great requisite "scent," our kills are not so many as we could wish, but our ardour is by this nowise abated, and all look on the "kennel" as one of the greatest godsend to the pent-up garrison of the "Rock." When disheartened and stupified by incessant guards, courts-martial, and drills, smothered with clouds of pipe-clay, and stunned by the continual roll of the drum, what can be more refreshing to the jaded mind, or so effectually renew the depressed spirits, as the "musical discord, the sweet thunder" of our gallant pack.

But we will make a fair start from head-quarters, the time of year about the end of November or beginning of December, weather mild, and ground moistened by a plentiful fall of rain on the preceding

day and night ; place, the neighbourhood of the South Barracks, in the fine square of which, about the hour of half-past nine, grooms might be seen leading about small, though powerfully built horses, under fourteen hands, whose glossy coats, clean pasterns, and racing tails, mathematically squared off a little above the hock, shewed the care with which they were tended, and the pride their masters took in their appearance.

In the course of a few minutes, breeched, booted, and “pinked,” as if at Melton Mowbray, the votaries of Nimrod appear, and wiping off the stains of eggs and bread and butter from their lips, the remains of a good breakfast, some seven or eight joyfully vault into the saddle, and jogging along the “Saluting Battery,” soon reach South-port Gate, and, entering the town, steer as they best may through the numerous “bourros,” “carros,” water-carts,

drays, Jews, Moors, and contrabandistas, with which, even at this early hour, the narrow "Caille Real"\* is infested.

This intricate navigation requires the full use of the eyes, and is increased in difficulty, as *these* are often more interestingly employed in maybe returning the lightning glance, which is scarcely deadened in its effect by flashing from beneath the long black silken lash, and heavy, sleepy lid ; or, maybe, in watching the graceful wave of a slender white finger from behind the scarce opened "jalousie." Ye dark-eyed maidens of the Rock, much will ye have to answer for ! for while ye are pulverizing the too susceptible heart of the up-gazing fox-hunter, he is probably riding over some unfortunate Jew porter, too heavily laden to be able to get out of the way.

\* Answering to our "High-street" in English provincial towns.

But we will suppose our party to have escaped all the manifold dangers of the town—they cross the square of the Casemate Barracks, and, diving under the deep archway, emerge again into the light of day at the portcullis of Landport Guard.

Here they meet with an object on whom to discharge the battery of their wit and exuberant spirits,—it is the captain on duty, who, if a sportsman himself, is enduring all the pangs of Tartarus in being thus placed in durance vile, whilst his friends are all on the move to enjoy themselves on this promising day. “Well, B——,” says one of our fox-hunters, “you are a lucky dog. Here we are, going to fag ourselves to death, and maybe break our necks, after a stinking fox, whilst you are luxuriating in all the blessings of indolent repose.”

“A fine day,” exclaims a second wag ; “don’t you think there will be a good scent?”

“ Take a seat behind ?” asks a third, as he jogs past.

“ You be d—d,” at last surlily mutters the unfortunate captain, as he takes the segar out of his cheek, and spits over the chain of the drawbridge. Nearly the same scene occurs at the next officer’s guard, which is at Bayside, from whence we are in sight of the kennel. Old “ Wheeler,” who has the care of this department, does justice to his charge, both for the condition in which he turns out the hounds, and for the cleanliness, neatness, and perfect order in which the whole establishment is kept ; the old fellow in the soiled red frock and black velvet hunting cap is now mounted on that sorry-looking grey, and with shouldered pickaxe and shovel, whilst we proceed to the day’s meet at the Pine Wood, will shove on, and stop the earths in the direction we are likely to take.

The hounds are just unkennelling, and

there, mounted on Turpin, that vicious brute who is obliged to be kept muzzled, and late, as usual, is our huntsman, who ought to have been off a full half-hour before; but M— says it is bad to give the hounds time to get cold on the road, and M— *must* be right; his two whips are busily entering on their vocation; that steady looking man is “John;” the young varmint on the dun, which he calls the “yollor orse,” is Master “Jack,” a recent importation from Yorkshire.

We will let them come after us, and, following the winding of the bay, try to overtake the group in front, amongst whom, on his strong grey horse, may be seen the master of the hounds, in, I warrant, none of the most amiable moods, from the delay in getting the dogs off.

The tide is in, has covered the hard portion of the shore, and we are obliged to ride up to our horses' fetlocks through

the deep moving sand ; we reach the ruins of Fort San Felipe, and there stands our old friend the one legged beggar, with a bit of rope doing the duty of a port-fire, for the benefit of the smokers ; we pull up, ignite a weed, give him a “ doce,”\* and returning his courteous “ *Vaya usted con Dios,*” by “ May you remain with God,” go along quietly, for the hounds are still behind, and it is useless to distress our cattle over this heavy ground, which continues of the same nature for about a mile further, when we strike into the very tolerable road of San Roque. But imagine not, unsophisticated reader, that to the Spaniards are we indebted for such a thing as a carriage road. “ No, Señor,” this is kept in its present state of repair at the expense of the “ Plaza” of Gibraltar, principally by voluntary contributions

\* A small silver coin current at Gibraltar, and worth about threepence.

from the merchants, assisted by the officers of the garrison—John Bull here, as elsewhere, scattering his money when it is withheld by the niggardly natives, who owe to us their means of communication even as far as the Cork Wood, the road to which was, I believe, undertaken by that great benefactor to the “Rock” and its neighbourhood, old General Don, who was long its respected governor.

Following the above “Camino Real,” we pass the Spanish race-course, are assailed by numerous barking curs in traversing the dirty little village of “Campamiento,” and at the distance of about six miles from Bayside reach the outskirts of the good town of San Roque. If at the last village we were annoyed by dogs, here we were equally so by a set of ragged urchins, offering their services to hold our horses whilst we refresh ourselves at



the "fonda," (inn,) and assailing us with incessant cries of "Johnny, Johnny ;"\* "Las Zorras ;" "Los Pereros." Getting at last clear of this abominable din, and leaving its meagre-looking Alameda on our left, we pass over the brow of the hill, and, losing sight of San Roque, commence a steep descent to the bottom of a pretty valley, through which flows a stream, swollen by the rains of the preceding night.

As we pass the ford we are assailed by the "sal Andaluz" (Andalusian wit) of a group of naïds, who, with petticoats well tucked up, are mercilessly thumping heaps of linen against the hard rocks, probably as a punishment for having become dirty. They are very vociferous towards the party in front of us, who probably cannot answer

\* "Johnny" is the appellation bestowed near Gibraltar on every Englishman, as we call a Frenchman "Johnny Crapaud."

in their lingo. But stay; if they are saucy, we will give them a settler.

“Mira,” said a sturdy wench, pointing at me with her finger—“Mira Fraquita, que feo esta aquel con el calagnez.”

“Y tu mi vida,” replied I, politely doffing the said calagnez,\* “sabes que eres hermosa, que te quiero y quisiera darte un beso.” This, as I foresaw, had the desired effect; with a “Caramba! habla Español!” they commenced giggling, held their tongues, and allowed us to proceed in peace to our destination, which we had by this time nearly reached, as we soon after came in sight of the Pine Wood, where we were to throw off.

The huntsman, hounds, and whips are now come up, and whilst they are taking a little breathing time, we will have a peep at the prospect, and give some account of the party assembled, which now

\* Broad brimmed Spanish hat.

amounted to from five and twenty to thirty horsemen, and one lady ; for imagine not that in our toils we were not cheered by the approving smiles of beauty ; and to come within the influence of those smiles they must have been deserved ; for bold was the rider and good the steed who in the headlong chase could keep near Miss ——, as her light and graceful form was borne along on the wings of the wind by her fleet and beautiful small bright bay steed. Nothing stopped her bold course ; the steepest hill, the broadest ravine, the most entangled dells of the Cork Wood opposed themselves in vain to the sylvan ardour of this second “ Die Vernon.”

She was indeed the tutelar deity, the very Diana of our hunt, inciting us to deeds which never would have been attempted or executed but to gain her approving smile ; and albeit I am not one of those who admire in woman the accom-

plishments of “winding horn” or “hallooing hound”—still Miss ——— only came to see them throw off. She would only then follow them for a short distance; till, carried away by her enthusiasm, and forgetting every resolution, she invariably found herself, “*malgré elle*,” one of the first in at the death. Women in a hunting field are generally in the way; but Miss ——— was so enthusiastic, so good-natured, gave so little trouble, set such an example of bold riding, and looked, withal, so beautiful in the excitement of the chase, that he, indeed, must have been a cynic who did not hail with gladness her approach, or deeply regret her occasional absence.

The field, as has been already remarked, consisted of nearly thirty horsemen; these were, generally speaking, officers of the garrison, very few civilians patronizing the hunt. Here was seen, as in an English

field, some variety of costume ; for although the greater number turned out in "pink," with "tops," or "Jacks," there was a slight sprinkling of green coats and shooting jackets. The horses small ; amongst colours the black greatly predominating ; whilst the "Gibraltar dock," the tail squared off a little below the end of the stump, gave them a rakish and racing appearance. On this occasion there were in the field several noted horses, horses who for years had been the pride of the Calpe Hunt, or had borne away cups at the half-yearly garrison races. Turpin, Whalebone, Jack Spiggot, Sorcerer, Constitution, and Ronda, were amongst the number of good and tried 'uns ; the latter carrying the light weight of our tutelar huntress, who on this day was to outdo herself.

Although every one present had often witnessed the scene now spread out be-

fore us, still its inexhaustible beauties afforded a never-failing source of admiration. The dark and wavy pine trees in front of us *threw back*, as an artist would term it, the vast expanse of the Cork Wood, from whence appeared to be timidly peering out the white belfry of the "Almoraima," or Cork Convent. This, again, overtopped by rugged Sierras, on which, proudly rearing their heads, stood the turreted walls of Castellar, the princely abode of the Marquis of Moscoso, was bounded in the far far distance by the faintly seen hills of Gaucin and Ronda, the outlines of which, on a clear day, were barely perceptible. Nor was the foreground of the picture unworthy of the rest of the landscape; plants and shrubs from every clime and region appeared here to be assembled, and to vie with each other in the luxuriance of their growth.

The pine recalled our stormy regions

of the north ; the aloe, cactus, and yonder groups of tall date trees, waving their " leaf-crowned heads " over the cottage in the valley below, brought back to the mind of many present the burning scenes of the tropics, the scorching land-winds, the tinkling bell of the camel, and the sands of the desert ; whilst the peculiar growth of the spot, the palmitto, the myrtle, and wild lavender, sprung up around, and a variety of luxuriant bulbous plants and many-coloured flowers spread at our feet a richly-enamelled carpet, which was unscrupulously trodden on and defaced by the gay group above mentioned.

But the master of the hounds is getting fidgety ; girths have long since been tightened, stirrups adjusted, and all the little preliminaries to a start duly observed ; watches are produced, the hands mark that the momentous hour of eleven

is already gone by. "Gentlemen," exclaims the man of power, "the prince intended positively to be with us to-day ; shall we start without him, or give him five minutes law ?"

"Five minutes, by all means," was the universal cry. The potentate, with one foot still in the stirrup, held in his hand the arbiter of fate. Three times had the "second hand" described the minor revolution of its circle ; all was anxious expectation, when, at this moment, emerging from behind the ascent, his hack, "embossed with foam and dark with soil," appeared at the top of his speed the "expected."

"You are just in time, Sir," said the master ; "two minutes more, and you would have missed us."

"I'm sorry you waited at all," replied his Royal Highness. "However," added he, gaily, as he vaulted into the saddle of



his grey barb, "I'm devilish glad I've caught you—so fire away!"

And away we went, the hounds, thrown into the covert of the pine wood, spread

"Down in the vale, with pine and cypress clad,  
Refreshed with gentle winds, and brown with  
shade."

Still we were not "refreshed" by a single challenge; yet this was usually a sure find; but the mystery was soon solved when we came on a party of woodcutters, who from early dawn had been disturbing with their sounding axes the stillness of the darksome wood. Trying any further here was useless; therefore, calling off the dogs, we crossed the brook in the hollow, and commenced drawing the hanging coverts of the steep hill on the opposite side of the valley. In this land of rock and mountain there is nothing like securing an elevated situation to ensure a good start, and it is so much more

advantageous rattling *down* a steep descent to “blowing” your nag up the nearly perpendicular sides of one of these confounded sierras. Accordingly, in conformity to military tactics, the “brow” of the hill seemed the object of all; some had attained the “summit” of their wishes, others were still toiling up the steep ascent, when the “gallant chiding, echoing through the grove,” together with the “hoick” “hoick” of the huntsman, proclaimed that the game was afoot.

“A cry more tuneable

Was never holla’d to or cheered with horn,”

than was uttered by our gallant little pack, as, emerging from the thorny covert they boldly breasted the hill, and with a burning scent shewed us the way towards the Duke of Kent’s farm. Woe be to those who at this critical moment were still near the bottom of the ravine, for little chance had they of seeing any of

*that* day's sport. *Horseonality* is not personality; we shall therefore leave the riders to oblivion, and only transmit to posterity the names of the gallant steeds who lived through this long day.

On breaking covert, about a dozen of those who had reached the top of the hill got a good start, but wearisome were the efforts of the unfortunates left in the hollow to make up their lee-way. Amongst the former we observed the "grey barb," Ronda, Jack Spiggot, Turpin, Sam, Hedgestake, and Tally-ho, making great play across the high open country which extends along the ridge of hills towards the first venta. "Jack" the whip was also screwing along the "yellor orse" at a great rate, taking everything he came across; but it was not until near the Duke of Kent's farm that the field became *select*, or that the survivors had anything like a "tail."

On leaping down a perpendicular ledge of rocks, some five or six feet high, at this time of the chase, I nearly lodged on “Jack,” who, having parted company with the dun, was rolling down the steep bank. A few seconds afterwards we came to a check, when I observed Jack wearing a most woeful countenance, with bridle over arm, and dragging along his poor brute, who was limping on three legs.

“Had a bad purl, Jack?” I observed, whilst easing the head of my panting steed.

“Ees, Zur; and I’m afeard I’ve done for the yellor orse. In Yorkshire, we never has none of them inf——”

But here the “Hark, for’ad ! for’ad !” broke in on Jack’s observations, as I tightened the reins and applied the Brummagem. The last I saw on that day of poor Jack, he was standing the very prototype of disappointed hopes, with hands

in his breeches pockets, and sorrowfully contemplating the "yellor orse."

The check just alluded to had somewhat mended our bellows and brought up a few stragglers, so that when the hounds again took up the drag, which made a sudden cast to the right, we again mustered rather strong. An unexpected obstacle was, however, doomed to thin our ranks ; the hollow into which we had descended, and which lies between the most northerly extremity of the Magazine Hill and the Duke of Kent's farm was laid out in fields and gardens, in which the ground had been rendered by the late rains, extremely swampy.

When hounds are at full cry, the labours of the farmer are often overlooked, and Spanish farmers have little respect for fox-hunting. We were pushing along as best we might through the low swampy ground, when suddenly on our left I per-

ceived some half-dozen peasants armed with sticks and clubs, uttering the euphonous exclamations of "Demonios!" "Puñiatieros!" &c., who, without any regard to our enthusiastic feelings, were endeavouring to intercept our passage across their vile "huertas." I saw them get within shot of one unfortunate; suddenly the "porro" was hurled round the head of the infuriated "paísano; it left his hand like a catapult, and struck the poor devil off his horse.\* As has been before said, little sympathy is to be expected in a hunting-field. This only tended to expedite our movements, fearful of encountering a similar fate, and thereby losing the rest of this splendid run.

\* Although we always made it a rule to propitiate the farmers by making them a compensation for any injury we might have done to their wheat-fields, with some obstreperous characters an encounter of the above description sometimes occurred.

Our panting steeds reached the centre of the valley, where, ere we could be aware of it, we came on a fearful yawning ditch. This would have been nothing had we been favoured with sound ground either to spring from or to land on; but no—it was a complete quagmire on either side, whilst the bottom presented a mass of black matter of the consistency of neither mud nor water. It *must* have been the identical ditch so feelingly described by our Spanish friend! All these observations were sooner made than related.

They say that none fight like cowards whose retreat has been cut off. I know not whether this was the case with us, for we all (all those, I mean, who were *up*) gallantly crammed our horses at the gaping gulf. Turpin was leading; he leapt short, struggled for a second against the opposite bank, and fell back

into the mire ; whilst his rider, cleverly disengaging himself, remained unscathed on the bank. Whilst this was going on, I observed a curious scene to our right. At a part of the ditch rather narrower than the rest, a rush was made by three horses : the first, a grey, landed on his knees, and came over on the opposite bank ; the rider of Giraffe, in the meantime, unable to turn his horse, took the leap at the same spot, lodged on the grey, and came over likewise ; whilst " Pickwick " made a dead stand, threw the rider over his head, was caught by our dismounted but ready-witted huntsman, who, unable to extricate Turpin, vaulted on the former, crammed him a second time at the ditch, which he succeeded in getting over just as it was cleverly cleared by Ronda, followed by " Jack Spiggot," the " grey barb," and " Sam."



The rubicon thus passed, great play  
was made towards the Cork Wood. On  
making the first height, it was amusing  
to look around and view

“The strange confusion of the vale below,  
Where sore vexation reigns—  
———— old age laments,  
His vigour spent: the tall, plump, brawny youth  
Curses his cumb’rous bulk, and envies now  
The short pygmean race he whilom kenn’d  
With proud insulting leer. A chosen few  
Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop beneath  
Their pleasing toils.” SOMERVILLE.

Still we swept on, and it was evident  
that, unless a check intervened, the pre-  
sent party would not be increased. How-  
ever, just as we entered the precincts of  
the “eternal forest,” I saw Whalebone,  
carried on by his immense power; and  
Hedgestake, who had little weight to  
carry besides himself, creeping gradually  
up. We plunged into the shades of the

forest, keeping time to the melodious strains before us, for we could no longer “view” the performers, till we reached the brink of a tremendous gully, whose lips

“Stood aloof like scars remaining  
Of cliffs that had been rent asunder.”

Its breadth from bank to bank might be a hundred yards, and at about half that depth below, a torrent dashed its turbid waters over a deep and rocky bed ; but we were not to be stopped.

“In vain the *stream*

In foaming eddies whirls ; in vain the ditch,  
Wide gaping, threatens death. The *craggy steep*,  
Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,  
And clings to every twig, gives us no pain ;  
But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold  
To pounce his prey. Then up the *opponent hill*,  
By the *swift motion swung*, we mount aloft.”

SOMERVILLE.

And it must verily have been by the  
“*swift motion swung*” that we succeeded

in reaching the summit of the opposite bank ; but our nags had no steam to spare ; “ bellows to mend ” was the order of the day, and the “ persuaders ” were in full requisition to raise a gallop ; at least, I can answer for “ Sam.”

Forest-hunting, in my opinion, has not half the charms of the open. I am not satisfied with the “ melodious sounds,” but like occasionally to have a peep at the musicians ; and, impelled by this feeling, often have I pulled up at the entrance of the Cork Wood, and turned my horse’s head homeward in a fit of disgust. On the present occasion, however, the run had been too brilliant, the scent too good, and the field too select, to admit for a moment of such a thought.

Putting down our heads, we therefore pushed through the impending boughs, crashed over the underwood, and giving

as wide a berth as possible to the roughly-indented and wrinkled trunks of the ancient cork trees, used our best and utmost endeavours not to lose the "sound," as we had the "sight," of our flying guides.

"Time" and "space" are not included in the dictionary of a sharp run. In going at railroad speed, minutes and miles are not counted, and we are only made aware of the distance we had come by a perceptible change in the nature of the scenery around us. The uniform dark evergreen foliage of the *chaparros* had given place to the more variegated autumnal tints of the spreading oaks, which, growing in a soft, marshy soil, and united overhead by clusters of the wild vine, clematis, and other creepers, proclaimed us to have reached the verge of the "sota," a marshy hollow which traverses the whole length of the forest, from the

“ Pass of Aberfoil ”\* to near the second venta ; and which, from the depth of its black quagmires, is in many places impassable.

Still the hounds *had* passed it, and follow them we must. At every step we took, the ground became more unsound ; our horses wallowed up to the girths in the dark mire, till, after a desperate forward plunge, Whalebone’s ponderous frame was fairly fixed above the shoulders. To follow in his wake would have been folly : even the fair Diana reined in her steed ; and skirting the edge of this fathomless bog, we sought in vain for some “ fordable ” spot. At last, we luckily

\* A romantic site, where the path, scarped out of the side of the mountain, runs along the head of a densely-wooded ravine on the road between San Roque and the Venta del Agualcahijo, commonly called the “ Long Stables.” It has been so denominated from its fancied resemblance to the spot of that name described in one of the Waverley novels.

stumbled on a swine-herd,\* who, seeing our dilemma, exclaimed, as he set us on the right scent both of fox and foot-path—

“ Por aqui—por aqui ha ido la zorra, y muy cansada, y ustedes pueden pasar tambien.”—“ This way ; this way the fox has gone, and very much tired ; and you can also cross here,” said he, pointing to the “ huellas,” or hoof-marks of cattle, where the ground was less treacherous, and where, though certainly much to the detriment of our “ pink,” we succeeded in crossing.

A short check after a long run is said to be the saving of life to many a gallant steed, and I have no doubt but this was the case at present with some of our

\* The Cork Wood is, during the autumn, the resort of numerous flocks of swine, feeding on the acorns of the oak and cork trees, which renders their flesh as great a delicacy as that of the wild boar, from the similarity of their food.

party. However, on getting at last across the "sota," we pushed along with renewed energy, and the faint echoes reverberating amidst the tall trunks of the oaks just served to guide us in the direction of the chase, which, from having taken a due westerly direction, we concluded would soon be brought up by the swoln waters of the "Guadranque." But we reckoned without our host, and reached the banks of the roaring and angry torrent just in time to see the dripping forms of the dogs disappear in the underwood on the otherside, and much lower down the stream.

There was a dead pause of a minute : even the fair huntress pulled up, and no one liked to be the first to try the navigation of these turbid waters, fretting and boiling as they were over fallen trunks of trees, immense fragments of rock, and other "debris." At last, exclaiming, "It shall never be said that we were thrown

out," "Hedgestake" dashed gallantly into the stream : nothing more than example was required. "Ronda" shewed signs of following, but at our earnest entreaty was induced to desist ; and to our shame be it spoken, she was left in solitary grief, like "Patience on a monument," to survey our efforts as we stemmed the torrent.

Fox-hunters have little gallantry even towards one who might be considered their patron goddess. As we scrambled up the bank, and disappeared amidst the grove of oleander and tall gum cistus on the opposite side, one farewell wave of the hand was all we could bestow, ere, with redoubled ardour, we tried to get again on the "drag." But we could make nothing of it : the scent was cold, the ground so completely covered with tangled creepers and thorny underwood, and, moreover, so rugged and precipitous,



that, after making two or three unsuccessful casts, we gave it up as a bad job, called off the dogs, and again swam the river where we had before crossed over.

By this time several stragglers had come up, who, out of sheer envy, laughed at our unsuccessful, though heroic, ducking ; and it was resolved, *nem. con.*, to try back towards the sota, into which the hounds had no sooner been cast than they opened on what we soon discovered to be, not Reynard, but a roe-deer. With the " Calpe" we were nowise particular ; " all fish to our net" was the motto of our hunt ; we changed our Tally-ho ! for Tantivy ! and pursued our new quarry with as much ardour as the case would admit of, in other words, as tired dogs, blown horses, and jaded riders could do. But it was " no go ;" evidently more than one " corso"\* was afoot ; and to the

\* Roe-buck.

above disadvantages the scent was every minute getting colder, as were likewise the drenched and intrepid navigators of the Guadranque. Our "hacas"\* had had enough for the day, and by unanimous consent we drew off the dogs, and held a council of war under a gnarled and aged oak as to our future proceedings.

On dismounting, his royal highness found himself disabled by a large thorn which had penetrated through his boot into the side of his foot, and which he could not extract without assistance. After a good deal of trouble and a considerable effusion of blood, this was at last effected by a witty son of Hibernia, who during the operation had placed a white handkerchief under the prince's foot; and when he had concluded, gravely folding up the crimsoned cambric, and

\* A Spanish term for a small horse: query, if *hack* and *hackney* be not thence derived?

putting it into his pocket, exclaimed —  
“ Arrah ! sure, though I don’t belong to the blood royal, some of the blood royal, by Jasus, belongs to me ! and I’ll engage ’tis well arned, after this day’s *heavy dinging* ! ”

After a short consultation, trying the contents of our pocket pistols, distributing a few sandwiches, and once more bestriding our well “gruelled” and now sorry prads, we turned our heads homewards ; and most of us, on reaching San Roque, pulled up at the “New Fonda,” and after washing down some of its famed pork-chops with copious draughts of “vino seco,” found that the additional ballast did not in the least abate the speed of our return to head-quarters, nor, when that was effected, destroy our appetite that evening at mess ; when over bumpers of claret we “fought the day’s battles” o’er again, and drank to the frequent repetition of such a good gallop.

## CHAPTER VIII.

DEEP JUNGLE SHOOTING—AN INDIAN FOREST—  
ENCOUNTER WITH A TIGER—A TOUCH AT A  
WILD BUFFALO.

“I’ll read you matter deep and dangerous ;  
As full of peril, and adventurous spirit.” • •

SHAKESPEARE.

SHOOTING in India may properly be classed under three distinct heads—wet, dry, and deep jungle shooting. In the two former excellent sport may be had by a good shot, and one who has a proper contempt for that great big bugbear “the sun ;” and with these requisite qualifications, I have no hesitation in saying that

a day in the Paddy Fields\* of the East will yield as good an account of "long-bills" as their brethren "Paddy's Fields" in the bog of Allan; or, for the *dry'un*, as decent a show of hares, partridges, &c. (barring pheasants), as a day's shooting might produce in Old England, provided always you have in your train a suitable pack of black pointers—i. e., nigger-beaters.

But with all this for excitement,—and what is life without it?—give me the "deep jungle" with all its dangers. Then, when you load one barrel with large shot, and drop a bullet into the other; when, bandit-like, you sally forth with the pistol and hunting-knife in your belt, not knowing if you are to stumble on a quail or a quadruped, a pea-fowl or a panther;

\* Swampy ground where rice is cultivated, and in which snipe are generally found.

when at the slightest rustling of the underwood, or crackling of the long dry grass under your footsteps, your heart leaps to your mouth and the ready-cocked piece to the shoulder; then, and not till then, can you appreciate the true delights of the chase. Then, if a real sportsman, although an exile in a burning clime, afar from friends, home, and kindred, you will not envy the old governor, or maybe an elder brother, who perhaps at the same moment, attended by John the game-keeper, a couple of well-trained pointers, and all appliances and means to boot, is comfortably trudging through the stubble, or knocking down pheasants in the coverts like cocks and hens in a barn-yard.

But by the bright looks of Diana! ye sons of Cockaigne! imagine not this to constitute sport! Lay not, deluded wretches, the flattering unction to your souls! But after John has duly given

the census of slaughter, after ye have swallowed, self-satisfied, your bottle of port, and having inserted your tender toes in slippers soft, and deposited your goodly person in snug-arm chair before a blazing fire, take up this volume, and I'll attempt to give you some faint idea of realms in which Nimrod himself might revel.

Like Othello, "rude am I in speech, and little blessed with the set phrase of peace;" therefore, without more preface, I shall say—that in the month of January, 183—, myself and another *compañero* left our snug little bungalow at S——, and by the "light of the moon" took our departure on our trusty nags in a north-easterly direction, in hopes of reaching the hill fort of Boanghir (where our tent awaited us) early in the morning. Our destination was a hitherto unexplored part of the country in the neighbourhood of the Perkhal Lake, a part of the exten-

sive Cummermait Jungle, about a couple of hundred miles distant, where we were to join another party which had already been out several months engaged in the survey of that unknown region.

Boanghir was about thirty miles distant, and we therefore expected to reach it about breakfast-time; but, owing to our mistaking the track, we did not obtain the welcome sight of our tent till near twelve o'clock. We were too much fagged to attempt anything like shooting that day, but in the cool of the evening we scrambled up part of the dark mass of granite on which the fort is constructed, but were stopped midway by a party of Arab soldiers in the Nizam's pay, who composed the garrison of the place. Next morning, and for the following four or five days, we pursued our journey amidst scenery common to this part of India—low jungle, occasionally broken



by a few rice-fields and date-trees, in whose neighbourhood was generally found a small hamlet, near which we always encamped, to have the double advantage of obtaining rice for our followers and buffalo milk for ourselves, our table being otherwise always well supplied with the produce of our guns. We thus journeyed on some eighty or ninety miles, till we reached Hunnumcondah; this appeared the extreme verge of civilization, in the sense of the word in India.

On leaving Hunnumcondah, the "spirit of our dream" suddenly changed: we could no longer overlook the surrounding jungle, but entered at once into a forest land such as I had never before witnessed in India. The teak, the sylvan monarch of the East, now first made its appearance, and as our path wound under its deep foliage, it was no longer crossed by the bounding antelope or timid partridge;

but we would occasionally catch a glimpse of a spotted deer with its spreading antlers, hear the melancholy screech of the peafowl, or have a transient peep at the dazzling plumage of the jungle cock ere he rose and took his pheasant-like flight.

What a pity it is that this noble bird should not be introduced into our coverts at home!—at least, I am not aware of any attempt having been made to do so,—which, as it is a remarkably hardy bird, would probably succeed. The female differs little from the common barn-door fowl, but the plumage of the cock is brilliant beyond measure: the feathers on the back, of a rich yellow orange colour, are different from those of any other bird in one remarkable peculiarity, the end of each feather having the appearance and consistency of card or pasteboard, coloured and highly varnished, which, overlapping each other, produce the most splendid

effect. It is a very shy bird, and difficult to put up, but runs along amidst the underwood with wonderful quickness, and can carry away a good charge of shot.

As we proceeded, the forest scenery by degrees grew bolder, whilst the track of larger animals often seen in the sand—amongst which we distinctly perceived that of the tiger—reminded us that we were entering domains where the sway of man was little known, and warned us to keep close together during the remainder of the day's march, which ended at a place called Gheezcondah, composed of a few straggling huts by the side of a tank, and occupied by wood-cutters.

Our first care on reaching our encamping ground was always (having first duly breakfasted) to send for the Potail, or head man of the village, and inquire what game there was in the neighbourhood. On the present occasion, this important

personage gave us wonderful accounts of the *sheekar* (shooting) to be had in the vicinity; amongst other things, he said that a wild buffalo sometimes came to the tank, and that on a neighbouring hill (which he pointed out from the door of the tent) there were no less than seven tigers.

We gave the old fellow full credit for laying it on *rayther* too thick, but resolved in the evening to reconnoitre the hill. On our way there, we banged two or three times at hares and spur fowl with our *shot* barrels, always taking the precaution of keeping one loaded with ball. We thus sauntered carelessly along, until, as we approached the rock, an object attracted our attention which put us on the *qui vive*: it was the carcass of a sheep nearly devoured, and that recently. This smelt rather *tigerish*, particularly as the under-wood at the foot of the rock was extremely

thick and tangled, affording likely covert for a beast of prey; we therefore proceeded cautiously. Nothing, however, particularly fixed our attention until we had nearly reached the summit: here, on a ledge of granite overlooking a chasm many feet in depth, and in front of an aperture in the rock, we saw a quantity of tiger's hair, as if he had been in the habit of basking there in the sun. We resolved, therefore, to lay in ambush immediately above the fissure, which we supposed to be his den, and patiently await until he should emerge, when we might get a shot at him within a few feet, and before he could be aware of our presence.

But in this world the best concerted plans are liable to be frustrated. We had not been ten minutes in our position, when, instead of coming, as we expected, from under our feet, and allowing us to take him in the rear, a slight rustling in



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the bushes immediately in front of us was followed by a noble royal tiger advancing most majestically along the ledge of rock : at first, he did not perceive us, and we allowed him to approach a few paces : he then looked up, viewed us, and made a dead stop. Not a second was to be lost ; he was within twelve yards, and a single bound would have sent at least one of the party to eternity. We both fired instantaneously, and both with effect : he reared himself up on his hind legs, as if to make a forward bound, fell back, and rolled headlong into the abyss below. My ball had hit him between the eyes ; G——'s had struck him in the loins.

I know not how *he* found himself ; but I must confess that, although my hand was steady enough when I fired, after the business was over, and I was again proceeding to load, it felt *unkimmon* tremulous, much as if I had had a glass “ de



trop" over night. As to the poor devil of a black fellow who had accompanied us, he was a perfect chameleon, his polished black phiz being transmogrified into an ashy blue.

By our log we now made ourselves out somewhere about twenty miles from our surveying friends, and stopped a day at Gheezcondah to await the arrival of a messenger we had despatched in search of them, and were much rejoiced to hear, on his return, that we were right in our calculations, and that a couple of horses would be posted for us next day midway between Seevaporam, a small village, where they had been some time expecting us.

Accordingly, "flaky darkness had scarce broken in the East," when we were mounted and *chulling* along at a rate our nags had latterly not been accustomed to, leaving our people to follow at their lei-

sure. We found a couple of strong ponies at the appointed place, and having our own spurs and friends' nags did not in the least tend to slacken the pace, which, about 9 A.M., brought us in the presence of a very respectable encampment, in the midst of which was conspicuous, the noble double-poled tent of my friend M——.

He and his assistant, D——, came out to give us an Indian welcome: they were both right *good 'uns*, but at present rather *rum 'uns* to look at. D——, with a beard reaching down to his waist, reminded me so strongly of Robinson Crusoe, that I could not help roaring outright, whilst M—— only required a slight dash of Day and Martin to personate a very respectable Friday. We were ushered in to a capital breakfast, whilst discussing which, our wild men of the woods related to us all the adventures and hair-breadth 'escapes by field and flood they had en-

countered during the four months of their jungle exile, and concluded with the joyful intelligence that a wild buffalo had been seen within a few miles, and that scouts were then on the look-out to bring the earliest intelligence of him. He had been described to them as a most formidable monster, having killed or disabled several natives in charge of herds of tame buffaloes, the males of which he also attacked, and drove the females into the wood. Several unsuccessful attempts had been made to destroy him, in the course of which he had received many matchlock balls in different parts of his body, but at the end of a few weeks always returned as troublesome and fierce as ever.

This, as may be imagined, stirred up our mettle, and the day was passed in anxious expectation of the return of the sheekarees (native hunters): we heard

nothing of them, however, till next morning at breakfast, when as primitive a Nimrod as ever I beheld, except that he carried a long rusty matchlock instead of a bow and arrows, came in breathless haste to announce that he had tracked our great enemy into a large *meidan* (plain) distant about four miles in the depth of the forest.

We were soon under arms, and about an hour brought us to the scene of action. This was a plain of about a square mile in extent, and covered with long dry grass, reaching in many places as high as our saddles, whilst in others it lay in prostrate flakes on the ground : the whole was surrounded by very high jungle and forest trees. We were not long in discovering our foe, who stood in apparent security near the middle of the *meidan*, and settled our plan of attack as follows :—As he was known invariably to charge after being

fired at, and often before, it was agreed that one of us, mounted and spear in hand, should take off his attention, whilst the rest advanced under cover of some bushes until within shot, the said horseman likewise covering the *retrate* in the event of the Joe Mantons and Eggs not doing their duty.

I know not why—probably from being so fortunate as to possess a greater resemblance to that far-famed worthy Don Quixote than any of the rest of the party—I was selected to enact the cavalry on this occasion. Accordingly, making a *detour*, and skirting the wood whilst the skirmishers advanced as before agreed on, I was soon within fifty or sixty yards of the enemy, and *then* I began to be aware of the sort of *cratur* we had to deal with; he stood as high as the largest English ox, with much greater breadth; but the most imposing part of him was his head

ornaments—such horns! I am ashamed to make a guess at their size! but, husbands, ye might have envied him! *I* only thought of the lift they might perchance give me and my nag, should a false step or other accident put us within their reach.

The noble animal appeared astonished at my audacity in daring to approach him; and as I quietly rode round him, merely changed his position to eye me with unconcealed surprise. The infantry had by this time approached within range, probably about eighty yards, and I moved out of their line of fire, having so far effected my object in warding off his attention from their advance.

There was now a moment of anxious suspense, as I could see M.'s rifle slowly brought to his shoulder: he fired; the shot evidently told, and, from the manner in which the brute momentarily staggered,

I should think between the horns ; be that as it may, his fire was immediately followed by four other discharges, in spite of which he manfully kept his legs. I expected that he would now go at them tail on end, according to custom, but whether he had had a sickener, or was intimidated by this new mode of attack, I know not ; however, he went to the right about, and started off as hard as his legs could carry him, myself in his wake, thinking I could soon bring him up. In this I was, however, slightly mistaken ; for although mounted on a good little bit of Arab stuff, and not sparing the *Brumma-gems*, I found I overhauled him but slowly, and it was not until he reached the opposite verge of the jungle that I succeeded in giving him one poke in the stern ; but I might as well have directed my spear against the oaken one of a seventy-four. It only tended to accelerate his speed ;







and the manner in which he crushed through and bore down the tall jungle and small trees, which afterwards rebounded with violence, warned me that all further pursuit would be of no avail. I therefore pulled up, and, rejoining the party, we all retraced our steps to Seevaporam, lamenting our ill success, but with the valiant resolution of concluding our day's sport by astonishing a few of the snipe and wild fowl in the rice-fields and tanks near the encampment.

## CHAPTER IX.

DEEP JUNGLE SHOOTING — THE SPIRIT OF THE  
LAKE — THE AMBUSH — WINGING A LITTLE  
GRUNTER — DISAPPOINTMENT — THE SPORTS-  
MEN'S BANQUET — STORY OF THE HOOKAH-  
BURDAR.

"A wreath of the mist, a bubble of the stream,  
'Twixt a waking thought and a sleeping dream."

SCOTT.

WE jogged back from the scene of our discomfiture in the silence of disappointment, only occasionally interrupted by expressions of regret at having missed such a quarry, which had so unexpectedly slipped through our fingers, when everything seemed to promise its immediate capture, and we had already in anticipation divided the spoils. Our melancholy

meditations were, however, interrupted by a herd of spotted deer suddenly dashing across the path, the last glimpse of whose antlers had long disappeared ere our horsekeepers came up with our fowling-pieces ; *they* had likewise been discussing the results of the forenoon's adventure, and were straggling along as carelessly as ourselves, for which be it said, *en passant*, they received not a few blessings. “ By Jove !” cried I, “ we may yet have a chance of redeeming our character ; and though a buck's antlers be not so good a frontispiece as the buff's horns, they are not to be sneezed at. Let us send home our nags and get on their trail.”

My proposal was, however, very coolly received ; our late disappointment had evidently shaken for the time the sporting enthusiasm of the party, and appeared to have *chased* the *chaste* Diana from their thoughts. I left them, therefore, in none

of the best of tempers, and, taking with me the faithful Chennoo, commenced, alone and on foot, the pursuit.

The herd was a large one, and I was the more easily able to trace their flight, which led me insensibly into the depths of the forest. At last I got a view of them in a somewhat open space: a clump of bamboo was within range of the nearest, and under its friendly screen I made almost sure of getting a shot; but, alas! my expectations were vain. Before I could get within point blank they were off again, and in pursuing this *ignis fatuus* my toil appeared to have no end; at one moment creeping on all fours amidst the long grass, at another sneaking up behind the trunk of a gigantic teak, but my efforts always ending in disappointment and vexation of spirit.

Travelling on in this manner like a Cherokee Indian on the *trail* of a foe, I at

last reached the banks of a nullah, whose sandy bed was still moist with recently dried up waters, and bore traces which instantly diverted me from my former pursuit. Its banks were thickly overhung by the graceful bamboo and fan-like leaves of the wild turmeric, which shot up amongst larger trees, interlaced with a verdant canopy of lianas and creepers of the most beautiful description; but these, though no doubt possessing unrivalled charms to the botanist, were not the attraction which riveted me to the spot. On the smooth surface of the soft damp sand I saw distinct impressions, "clear and damning proofs," of nearly the size of a dessert plate, of its having been visited, and that recently, by a royal tiger of the largest description. Neither did it escape Chennoo's experienced eye: a whispered "Dekho, Sahib!" (Look, Sir!) as he pointed with his spear-head, proved him likewise to be

wide awake to the circumstance. We followed the traces cautiously and in silence for some distance along the bed of the nullah, till they disappeared in the adjacent jungle. In the meantime we crossed several tracks of wild-hog and pea-fowl, and I felt convinced that, by laying in wait beside some pool in the watercourse, if such were to be found, my patience would be rewarded by a shot at something or other, led thither to quench its thirst. I was the more strongly confirmed in this idea as I felt not at all indisposed myself to a sip of cool water.

“Journeying with this intent,” I at last discovered water “a-head:” it was a clear pool, under the overhanging banks of the nullah, and moreover kept fresh by the shade of a huge teak, whose gnarled and knotted roots were fed by it, with what effect was evident by the verdant foliage waving aloft. It was just the spot for an

ambush, and behind the giant trunk I took up my post, and patiently awaited the result. And long and patiently did I wait; but time on such occasions always flies lazily on leaden wings. At last I was aroused by a slight touch from Chen-noo, who pointed out a flock of pea-fowl running in the long grass about a hundred yards up the bank of the nullah. I began to be heartily tired of watching, and gladly seized an excuse to quit my post, and endeavour to steal a march on my glittering foes. This was, however, easier attempted than accomplished; and the difficulty I experienced made me give credit to friend Ovid for the veracity of his *tale*, when he transfers the eyes of Argus to *that* of the bird—

“Excipit hos, volucrisque suæ Saturnia pennis.

Collocat; et gemmis caudam stellantibus implet:”

for useless were all my endeavours to approach them, when, having taken me a



considerable distance up the nullah, my ears were suddenly saluted by a most unmusical grunt, proceeding from a monster;

“ Whose eye-balls glare with fire suffused with blood,

Whose neck shoots up a thick-set thorny wood,  
Whose bristled back a trench impaled appears,  
And stands erected like a field of spears.

Froth fills his chaps, he sends a grunting sound,  
And part he churns, and part befoams the ground;  
For tusks with Indian elephants he strove,

And Jove's own thunder from his mouth he  
drove :”

(DRYDEN'S *Ovid.*)

or, in plain prose, from a matronly sow, whose maternal care was engaged in the education of a numerous progeny of fine young grunTERS, whom I thus unceremoniously intruded on during their afternoon's repast. “ Sharp's the word, and quick's the motion,” in jungle-shooting: bang went the *ball* barrel, and *missed* the old lady: a charge of shot in the fore-leg of one of the juveniles laid him sprawling,

followed by my pistol snapping, and myself scrambling up the bank, all in “a stroke of tragic lightning.” Woful was my disappointment, on recovering *my* legs, to see the little squeaker galloping off on three scrapers with such speed that he soon disappeared with his family circle in the long grass, which here rose as high as my shoulder, and through which I for some time tracked him by the “gouts of blood,” but at last gave up the pursuit in despair, as I felt convinced it was my “nusseeb” (fate) to be on that day unfortunate. Moreover, the lengthening shadows warned me that Phœbus was going down hill; and never using a drag in this part of the world, he speeds at an awful pace towards the latter end of the descent, and disappears altogether with little or no warning. Whilst, therefore, he held the ribbons, Chennoo and I took him for our guide, and with very imperfect notions of our

latitude and longitude, or distance from camp, we put our best foot foremost in a westerly direction.

“*Fortuna favet fortibus:*” we had steered the right course, and an hour and a half of brisk walking brought us within sight of the camp, just as the sun was dipping behind the tall trees which formed the back-ground of the picture—and a beautiful soft picture it was, well worthy of the pencil of Claude Loraine. The white tents, thrown out in strong relief on the dark foliage of the forest, were pitched on a piece of open green sward, gently sloping towards a small but clear and deep sheet of water, in whose placid bosom was reflected the tranquil scene around, but broken here and there by a partial carpeting of the broad-leafed lotus, along whose wavy surface skimmed with fairy flight the beautiful bird which bears its name. So graceful is the flower of this plant, that the Hindoos

make it give birth to Camdeo, the God of Love, who was first seen to

“ Down the blue Ganges, laughing, glide,  
Upon a rosy Lotus wreath,  
Catching new lustre from the tide  
That with his image shone beneath.”

MOORE.

Nor are classical illustrations wanting to enhance the renown of the water-lily of Hindostan, which Ovid has immortalized in his story of Dryope and Lotis—

“ Scilicet ut referunt tardi nunc denique agrestes.  
*Lotis* in hanc Nymphæ, fugiens obscœna Priapi,  
Contulerat versos servato nomine vultus.”

And poor Dryope was condemned to the same fate for inadvertently plucking one of the flowers over which the spirit of the unfortunate nymph undoubtedly flits to the present day under the graceful shape and brilliant plumage of the lotus bird.

But *we* are flitting into the regions of fiction; let us return to sober prose, and

say a word or two of the bird itself. In shape, it is a pheasant in miniature, but, if possible, with much more splendid plumage, which changes to every tint of the rainbow as it lightly runs along the surface of the broad lotus leaf, and the bright feathers catch the reflected rays of the sun. It is enabled to support its slight weight on this frail tenure by the rapidity of its motions and peculiar shape of the feet, which, although not webbed, have toes of such unusual length that they cover a very large space, and, like a skilful skaiter, it glides with ease over a surface apparently inadequate to its support.

In admiration of the classic and picturesque, I was detained so long on the banks of this fairy little lake, that the short twilight of a tropical evening was well nigh passed, and a most unromantic sense of hunger urged me towards the tents. On my approach, delightful signs

of a good dinner met my view, and my olfactories were saluted by smells the most grateful to a hungry sportsman. On entering the dinner-tent, I found the whole party already seated. Ten or twelve couple of snipe had crowned their labours, and, after standing a few volleys of their wit at my own failures, I repaired to my tent, where a few *chatties* (earthen jars) of cold water poured over me by the *maty* (servant-boy), with the addition of a clean shirt and long drawers, completed my toilette for dinner, to which I was shortly summoned.

Ye epicures at home! ye turtle-fed aldermen! turn not up your noses at our sportsman's fare in the sunny land of Ind—particularly with a host like our friend M——: we were his guests, and amply did he provide for our wants. Though lacking of turtle-soup, and turbot, and the lordly sirloin, still could we boast

of our *mallegeturney*, our boiled *humps*, our leg of mutton, our oversaid ten or twelve couple of the finest snipe, and—I had almost forgotten it—our never-failing curry! for what would an Indian do without his curry and rice? And, what was more, we had all both the appetite and the will to make a great big hole in all these good things, which were duly washed down with Hodgson's pale ale and rosy claret, saltpetred to the coolness of the virgin snows of the Himalaya.

“All this is very fine!” I think I hear the gruff old gentleman in slippers exclaim (whom the reader may remember having left sipping his port in an easy arm-chair):—“all this is very good! very good traveller's tales!” says he, putting down the book to replenish his glass; “but pray, young man, have you got railroads and canals through your jungle-land to carry about so easily all

these good things?"—Neither, you surly old unbeliever! But were I to take the trouble to explain to you that four European sportsmen had in their train upwards of a hundred followers to administer to their wants; could I, moreover, make you comprehend the use and meaning of *coolies*, *doolies*, *cowrie baskets*, and *bullock* trunks, *Lascars* and *Aubdars*, your old pudding face would not look so sceptical, and you might form an idea how we managed to sip our cool claret in the midst of the wilderness.—“By the piper who played before Moses!” we not only carried with us all these good things, also our houses—canvass ones, 'tis true,—but we had likewise provided against accidents by flood as well as field in the shape of a boat made of cane-work, and covered with skins, which M— had constructed for the navigation of the Perkhal Lake, which was carried on a bullock-cart, and yclept “the Black Joke.”



But the scepticism of the old gentleman in slippers has put me off the "drag" of my story; let us therefore hark back. Where was I? Oh! washing down heaps of Kabaub curry with buckets full of *pale*!\* That finished, and the cloth removed, every man made himself comfortable with a Trichinopoly cheroot in his cheek, except M—, who sported a hookah, the peculiar charge of old Cassim.

Now Cassim was, generally speaking, a fine jovial old fellow, with a smile and a joke ready for every one; but on the present occasion we could not help remarking how much he appeared out of sorts, as he stood behind his master's chair with folded arms and a most rueful expression of countenance. On inquiring what ailed him, we could at first elicit no more than a "kooch nay," (nothing:)

\* Hodgson's pale ale, a common and favourite beverage in India.

however, on being further pressed, he at last said, "Sahib is going to the burree talab (great lake), and means in the boat to venture on its waters. I would represent that it is said to be a bad place, haunted by *sheitans* (devils), but there is, they say, one *Jinn* (spirit) in particular, residing at an old ruined pagoda on its banks, of so malignant a nature that it casts an evil eye on any one approaching its residence, or venturing on the waters of the lake, and that its visitations are invariably followed by lingering sickness and death."

"Nonsense!" we all exclaimed; "where the deuce did you pick up all this trash?"

"If the gentlemen would condescend to listen," replied Cassim, "I will relate what I have heard from all the village people regarding this lake." A nod of assent encouraged him to proceed.

"It is said that many, many years ago the banks of the lake were covered with

populous villages and fertile rice-fields, where at present nothing is to be found but impenetrable forests and wild animals. The cause of this great change is as follows:—Near one of the villages was a pagoda, one of the officiating Brahmins of which had a wife *bhot khoobsourut* (extremely handsome), and an only child. In a fit of jealousy he stabbed the latter and threw it into the lake: the frantic mother, in her despair, precipitated herself into the waters, and was never seen again. Shortly after this, the form of a woman, shrouded in mist, and carrying the bloody corpse of a child in her arms, was frequently seen gliding along the surface of the lake: but it was remarked that whoever beheld the fearful vision invariably sickened and died. This at last happened so often that the neighbouring country was gradually deserted, and became the uninhabited wilderness it is at present.”

Cassim here ceased, fancying no doubt he had produced a great sensation on his listeners: his story, however, only increased our mirth, and the poor old fellow appeared well pleased to get his *rokhsut* (leave) to retire.\*

“That old proser, with his mists, has made me feel quite cold,” said D—. “By-the-bye, I would wager a trifle we are at this moment surrounded by one of those confounded jungle fogs. What say you, lads, to some mulled port to keep out the malaria?” Now, although perhaps the only fog was a tobacco one, dense enough to have routed a Walcheren fever, mulled port and spice were voted the order of the day, or rather “night,”

\* A native never leaves the presence of a superior without having obtained permission to do so. This is granted with a slight wave of the hand and inclination of the head, accompanied by the words: “Rokhsut hy,” “You have leave.”

and to it we sat in right good earnest, the topic of conversation being, as may be supposed, the "Spirit of the Lake," and the anticipated sport we should have in stemming its waters in "the Black Joke," shooting alligators, and chasing the mystical lady on her own domains. "After all," said M—, "instead of the *spirit*, we may perhaps encounter some dusky *Lady of the Lake*. The only question is, who will be *Snowdon's Knight* to the dark *Ellen*? But I begin to feel a little drunk and monstrous sleepy, and only wish she would make her appearance at this moment and lull me with her—

" ' Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done ;  
While our slumb'rous spells assail ye,  
Dream not, with the rising sun,  
Bugles here shall sound reveillée.  
Sleep ! the deer is in his den ;  
Sleep ! thy hounds are by thee lying ;  
Sleep ! nor dream in yonder glen  
How thy gallant steed lay dying.

Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done,  
Think not of the rising sun,  
For, at dawning to assail ye,  
Here no bugles sound reveillée.'

" And now, my lads, 'tis time to turn in ;  
*our* chase is not done, and we must be up  
to-morrow with the lark ; so *bon soir* !"

END OF VOL. I.







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# SCENES AND SPORTS

IN

## FOREIGN LANDS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH

A SERIES OF DRAWINGS TAKEN FROM NATURE.

BY

MAJOR E. NAPIER,

46TH REGIMENT.

"Seriously, that same shooting is a most barbarous amusement, only fit for majors in the army, and royal dukes, and that sort of people; the mere walking is bad enough, but embarrassing one's arms, moreover, with a gun, and one's legs with turnip tops—exposing oneself to the mercy of bad shots and the atrocity of good—seems to me only a state of painful fatigue, enlivened by the probability of being killed."—*Sir E. L. Bulwer's* PELHAM.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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**CONTENTS**  
**OF**  
**THE SECOND VOLUME.**

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**CHAPTER I.**

The Perkhal Lake—The Stirrup Cup—Sport in the Jungle—The Elk—The Eagle—A Pic-Nic Tiffin—Lying Charlie's Story of the Crocodiles—The Goundum Pagoda—The Storm, p. 1

**CHAPTER II.**

Effects of a Storm — Home, sweet Home — The Rock of Goolencondah—The Potail's Story—The Phantom — Unsuccessful Attempt on a Bear — The Brinjari — Their Women — Encounter with Bruin — The Bear Feast — A Lady's Pet - - - - - p. 29

**CHAPTER III.**

The Phantom Man-Eater—A Night Adventure—Sport spoiled—Tiger Hunting on Elephants—Gallant Action — Effects of Jungle Fever—Game in the deep Jungle - - - - - p. 54

## CHAPTER IV.

Spending Christmas in the East—"The Little Unknown"—Beder—Sporting Operations—"Dry Shooting"—The Blue Pigeon—The Wolf—The Florikan and Bustard—The Rock and Painted Partridge—The Quail and Pea-Fowl—Indian Hospitality - - - - p. 85

## CHAPTER V.

The Camp—Sporting Club—The March and Countermarch—Comforts under Canvass—"Wet Shooting"—Indian method of taking Water-fowl alive—Evening before the Battle—The Infernal Beverage—The Storm—Golcondah—The European Husband-hunter's Career in India—The Sporting Club - - - p. 117

## CHAPTER VI.

The Whirlwind—Travelling in a Palankeen—The last Shot—Celebrated Tiger Slayers—A Perilous Situation—Runjeet Sing's Officer—Madras Hawkers—Snakes and Snake Catchers - p. 181

APPENDIX - - - - - p. 237

# SCENES AND SPORTS

IN

## FOREIGN LANDS.

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### CHAPTER I.

THE PERKHAL LAKE — THE STIRRUP CUP — SPORT  
IN THE JUNGLE — THE ELK — THE EAGLE — A  
PIC-NIC TIFFIN — LYING CHARLIE'S STORY OF  
THE CROCODILES — THE GOUNDUM PAGODA —  
THE STORM.

“ A lake there was, with shelving banks around,  
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.”

OVID.

“ Rouse up, my lads ! or you'll have the tents about your ears ! ” was M—'s morning salutation ; and the noise of the Lascars outside warned us that this prophecy would soon be fulfilled : therefore, without more delay than was required for a “ privateer ” wash, our traps were bundled

on, and a quarter of an hour saw us assembled in the small bichovah, or breakfast tent, where our morning cup of coffee already awaited us. Who that has ever campaigned in the East can forget the delights of that fragrant morning cup, followed, as you vault into the saddle at two or three o'clock in the morning, by the soothing companion, a cheroot, whose genial vapour renders innocuous the heavy mists of night still floating around, as you slowly pace along, wrapped up in your own thoughts and a warm boat-cloak—maybe occasionally nodding in the unconsciousness of a half nap over your saddle-bows—till the glorious sun, suddenly rising, dispels at once the shades of night and your own drowsiness!

As *our* campaign was one of pleasure, we had given a little more law to the drowsy god, and it was broad day-light when, sipping our coffee, we held a con-

sultation on the intended operations of the day. The shekarees (native hunters) who were to accompany us, wrapped up in their dark "cumlays," (a coarse brown blanket worn by the lower orders of natives,) squatted on their haunches, and leaning on their long matchlocks, had all the appearance of the dusky-looking figures of Hindoo mythology which adorn their pagodas and places of worship. One of these was the man who had brought us notice of the wild buffalo, and was altogether an intelligent fellow, spoke a little Hindostanee,\* and professed to be perfectly well acquainted with the whole jungle between our present station and the Perkhal lake. He said we were cer-

\* The Hindostanee is, properly speaking, the language of the Mahomedan part of the Indian population, each Hindoo district having its own peculiar patois, though in every village the head man, at least, has a knowledge of that widely-extended dialect in the Peninsula of India.



tain of falling in with a *sambre* (elk) or two, and that by proceeding into the depths of the forest, and making a slight detour to the north, we *might perhaps* hit on the track of wild elephants. We had already been informed that they were sometimes to be met with in the vicinity of the lake, and therefore determined to send the people with the tents and baggage direct to the shores of the Perkhah, whilst, trusting to the fortune of the chase, we put ourselves under the directions of our dusky Nimrod.

On leaving Seevaporam, we took a northerly course, and as we silently advanced in "extended" order, (the large game of the deep jungle requires no beaters,) the woodland scenery at every step assuming a more imposing appearance, we were insensibly led into the deepest recesses of a primeval forest, composed of the greatest variety of trees

unknown trees, some bending under fruits of the most tempting appearance, others waving with the most graceful foliage—the whole often connected by lianas and a variety of creepers, which formed overhead a canopy impervious to the sun, and afforded a secure footing to flocks of large monkeys who carried on their gambols aloft. We were often tempted to put a stop to their fun through the medium of a bullet; but the Hindoo has always a great respect for this *fac-simile* of humanity; and the repugnance expressed by the shekarees whenever we shewed symptoms of *pink*ing any very conspicuous gentleman, deterred us from the attempt, more particularly as quarrelling with our guides, in the midst of an unknown and boundless wilderness, would certainly not have been a proof of wisdom. This consideration, together with our having nobler game in view, prevented us from commit-

ting *monkeycide*, although the temptation was always in sight.

We had proceeded two or three hours with few shots, and fewer successful ones, and were consequently, as is generally the case, getting rather careless. D—— was on the extreme right of the line; one of the shekarees was holding his rifle whilst he—and I blush to record it—was lighting a cheroot, when from under his feet sprang a magnificent elk. The noble animal, shaking his wide-spreading antlers, bounded off to the right, and before D—— could regain his rifle was out of sight. I just got a glimpse of him as he shot down a hollow which hid him from our view, and, at the risk of *putting out* the cheroot-smoker, let drive, but apparently without effect, as he neither stopped nor cried “die.” After lavishing as much abuse on the vile weed as our good King Jamie did of old, all that re-

mained for us to do was to pursue our course, remaining a little more on the *qui vive*.

We proceeded accordingly ; but so exciting was the nature of our occupation, together with the novelty of the scene, that we had no idea time had stolen a march on us, until one of us, consulting his watch, found it was long past noon. A halt was immediately voted, and accordingly, at the first rivulet we came to, under a shady clump of waving bamboos, our frugal repast was displayed, and we proceeded to take an account of the killed and wounded. The latter, being a mere matter of conjecture, we shall say nothing about ; and of the former we had rather a “ beggarly account of empty bags :” a small hog-deer, one fawn, a large brown squirrel of the size of a rabbit, and a fine eagle, was the sum total, as well as I can recollect, of our day’s sport. The

capture of the latter afforded us the best fun. I viewed him on the top of a high tree, and my bullet, merely "barking" the tip of a wing, brought him to the ground. He happened to fall in the midst of some thick underwood, into which one of the niggers immediately dashed. Our attention was soon called to the spot by the most hideous yells proceeding from the shekaree, whom we found engaged in very unequal combat with his feathered foe, who, having both talons firmly fixed into his naked legs, was making with his hooked bill great play on the poor devil's thighs! The scene was ludicrous in the extreme; but we hastened to put both combatants out of pain, by a few gentle raps on the head-piece of the quarrelsome bird, from whom his antagonist took the earliest opportunity of disengaging himself, I believe more frightened than hurt. The eagle

*Journal of Management Education* 30(6)

[illegible]

Let's see how many times we can get the word:

$$A \rightarrow B \rightarrow C \rightarrow D \rightarrow E \rightarrow F \rightarrow G \rightarrow H \rightarrow I \rightarrow J \rightarrow K \rightarrow L \rightarrow M \rightarrow N \rightarrow O \rightarrow P \rightarrow Q \rightarrow R \rightarrow S \rightarrow T \rightarrow U \rightarrow V \rightarrow W \rightarrow X \rightarrow Y \rightarrow Z$$
 $\overrightarrow{H_2} = \text{cyclopentadienylidene}$

now holds a conspicuous station in a glass-case and snug mansion in Old England ; but not having stuffed *t'other* gemman, I have completely lost sight of him.

But return we to our tiffin. However simple our fare, need it be said that we did justice to it ? The learned Franklin somewhere remarks, that since the modern improvements in cookery, man eats twice as much as is requisite for his sustenance ; but had the old Doctor been seated by a cool stream, in the midst of the Cummer-mait jungle, after a hard day's fag, in the presence of a cold leg of mutton, hump sandwiches, and two or three brandy-flasks containing . . . . . not water . . . . . he would, I can venture to say, have proved himself a glutton, and without the aid of sauces or a French cook. And in good sooth it was a good tiffin, and the scene a good subject for a painter in which to have tried the " cunning of his



craft"—a scene that I have perhaps in subsequent years beheld almost equalled amidst the wild sierras of Spain, but certainly nowhere surpassed. The appearance of our companions I have elsewhere attempted to describe—our own was decidedly *not* what would have exactly suited Bond Street ; whilst the fine bronzed and nearly naked forms of our guides, our fowling-pieces resting on the slaughtered game, the bamboo wavering over our head as we lay ensconced under the fan-like leaves of the wild turmeric plant, with the clear stream murmuring at our feet, across which had fallen the decayed trunk of a gigantic tree, formed the foreground of a picture framed by the "brown horrors" of the eternal forest. These beauties, I must confess, only disclosed themselves in proportion as the substantials vanished before us, and as our brandy-flasks of course became lighter.

Then came the reflection of whereabouts we might be, and where we were to find our tents. These cogitations being communicated to our guide, he perfectly agreed with us as to the propriety of bending our steps homewards—for such we considered our canvass walls—and further added, that he did not think it likely we should on that day fall in with the elephants. In this we had never been very sanguine, and consequently our disappointment was not great; and as the shadows were perceptibly taking an easterly direction, we lost no time in getting together our traps. This done, our guide inquired what was the hour; and then, after looking at the sun, proceeded without the least hesitation towards the source of the stream on whose banks we had just made such an agreeable repast.

In following its winding course we perhaps encountered more obstacles than we

had hitherto met with to impede our progress, which was further delayed by an occasional shot and the concomitant operation of loading: however this be, it was getting late; there were yet no signs of the lake, and we began to feel proportionably uncomfortable at the idea of going to bed supperless under the canopy of heaven. Our guide, however, shewed no symptoms of uneasiness. "Kooch purwah nay, sub bhot-atchia hy!" (Never mind, 'tis all well!) was all he deigned to utter, as he still followed with elastic steps the to us interminable rivulet. Evening was fast approaching, and we were getting exceedingly tired; but what could we do? To follow our swarthy companion was our only resource; and we did so, until suddenly brought up by a high and steep embankment, out of which the stream appeared to flow.

Our guide exultingly took the lead, and

on surmounting the eminence the Perkhal lake suddenly burst on our view. In one respect we were disappointed : from the *bund* or embankment on which we stood the lake was evidently artificial, and produced by an extensive valley being dammed up at one extremity : still, when we reflected on the time and labour requisite for such a stupendous undertaking, we could not withhold our admiration of the industry of a people, perhaps in the universe alone capable of completing such works as these and the caves of Elephanta and Ellora. But, although the work of man, the effect of this vast sheet of water, embosomed in hills covered with noble forest trees, whose shadows were thrown by the setting sun on its smooth, unruffled surface, was truly grand, and, tired as we were, we could not help waiting in silent admiration whilst the descending luminary gilded with his last

rays the opposite mountains ; and it was not until the whole scene had assumed the more sober garb of twilight that we proceeded to our tents, scarcely a quarter of a mile from the spot at which we had "debouched."

On our way to camp we observed several alligators floating lazily on the smooth water, but they did not deter us from taking a refreshing dip, (though I must confess we ventured not far from the shore,) before we sat down to a dinner, prefatory to one of the agreeable evenings we always spent. On the present occasion we were entirely engrossed by the sport we anticipated (in spite of that bird of ill omen, old Cassim) in cruising on the Lake on board our little vessel, "The Black Joke," and scragging alligators innumerable. Amongst many other anecdotes of the "water tiger," we laughed heartily at a story one of the party had

heard related by Colonel ——, who, by-the-bye, was commonly known in the Madras Army by the name of “Lying Charlie.”

“It was during the Mahratta war,” went Charlie’s story, “and our division, in an out-of-the-way part of the country, somewhere between the Godavery and Nerbuddah, lay in camp on the banks of a large tank swarming with alligators. Every effort had been unavailingly made to shoot the monsters, when, recollecting my boyish exploits in cat hunting, I suggested the following plan:—There were numerous bamboos growing round the tank; a strong stalk of one of these, possessing all the elasticity of a yew-bow, was to be bent to the ground, and fastened to a tent peg, driven in sufficiently to make it retain that position. This done, a dog was next to be tied down close to the peg, and a rope with a running knot

fastened in such a manner to the bamboo, that the alligator must insert his head, into the noose, before he could reach the cur, whom he would seize, and, attempting to bear away, tear up the tent peg—the bamboo, released from its hold, immediately rebounding with such violence, as to carry aloft the whole trio—dog, peg, and crocodile!

“The idea was eagerly seized, and, in the evening we proceeded to carry it into execution by baiting twenty or thirty bamboos; and so successful was the experiment, that not an eye was closed that night in camp, from the dreadful bellowing of the monsters, as they swung to the winds of heaven. Next morning we were gratified by the sight of the finest crop of bamboo fruit ever witnessed, every tree bearing its burden of a tent peg, a pariah dog, and an alligator, some already dead, others in their last agonies. The disturb-

ance caused by their roaring had, however, been so great that the General put a stop to the sport in next day's orders.

So much for "Lying Charlie's" yarn! Poor fellow! he is gone to his long home—may his ashes lie in peace!

As our stay at the Lake was to be of some duration, the next day our people were employed in *hutting*, and it is astonishing in what a short space of time, with the aid of a few branches, leaves, and long grass, they managed to erect very comfortable habitations for themselves; and a flourishing city, as in days of yore, and previous to the visitations of the "Spirit," once more sprang up on the banks of the Perkhal: however, the "Water Sprite" was not forgotten, and we took the earliest opportunity of visiting its usual haunt—the Goundum Pagoda.

With all the requisites for spending the



day, our servants were dispatched thither by land, whilst, committing the "Black Joke" to its native element, we boldly ventured on the spell-bound waters, and after a hard pull succeeded in making the point on which stood the dreaded Pagoda. It presented the usual sombre appearance of a Hindoo place of worship, the gloom of which was much increased by the dark shade of the lofty trees growing around it. Its low and solid pillars of granite, supporting massive slabs of the same material, appeared to defy the ravages of time ; nothing but an actual convulsion of nature could apparently overthrow such an edifice. Still it bore marks of having long since been deserted by man : the bastard banyan was insidiously fixing its roots (roots which apparently draw nourishment from the rock itself) in the interstices of the solid masonry ; while the rubbish which encumbered the in-

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terior, and the strong and disagreeable smell of bats, now its usual occupants, plainly shewed that the officiating Brahmin had long since deserted his post—that the pilgrim and devotee no longer presented his offerings at the shrine—and that it was, in short, abandoned to the sway of the wayward “Spirit of the Lake,” who, if her story be true, could not have chosen a more appropriate spot—

“Where still to go at midnight hour,  
To weep alone in that high bower,  
And watch and look along the deep  
For *him* whose *death* first made her weep.”

MOORE.

We passed the day as time is generally spent on such occasions—lounging about, shooting, reading, and sketching the venerable relic under whose portals we all assembled to a rather late tiffin. The sparkling glass soon dispelled any gloom we might have contracted from the

“brown horrors” of all that surrounded us—our board was a fallen column, our seats part of its ornaments, or maybe a prostrate figure of the god Hunayman, or Ganesha, whose rounded belly formed certainly a rather hard but not uncomfortable cushion. The conversation gradually turned on the surrounding objects.

“Come,” said I to M—, “you are larned in all these mysteries; expound unto us the nature of all these rum old chaps of stone scattered around, together with their pedigree and all their history.”

“’Pon my soul,” replied he, “I should like to be able to amuse you; were it only for the sake of passing half an hour whilst we finish this claret; but you know I am no orator, and feel exceedingly timid before so learned an audience.”

“Never mind,” said I; “put this

book into your fist, and fancy you are reading its contents.

Whereupon, with admirable mock gravity he commenced as follows :—“ The temple under whose holy shade we are now cracking our nuts must, I should imagine from its construction, have belonged to the ancient sect of the Jainas, as some suppose allied to that of Buddah. Their founder was Rishabadeva, who was incarnate thirteen times. His creed consisted in overcoming the eight great crimes—viz. eating at night, slaying an animal, tasting flesh, taking the wealth of others, or taking by force a married woman, eating flour, or butter, or cheese. . . . I’ll trouble you for a bit of Stilton.

The little pot-bellied gentleman with the long snout, of whose carcass you are making such good use, is Ganesha. He was not born of woman, but Parvati one day taking a foot-bath in the Ganges,

formed him from the slime and scum of the holy waters which were floating past her. The young gentleman, however, happening to irritate his fierce papa, or rather Parvati's husband, Siva, was decapitated in a twinkling; but when Siva found out it was Parvati's pet babby on whom he had been playing a practical joke, he hastened to repair the mischief, by replacing the head with the first one he could find, which happened to be an elephant's."

God knows how much longer M— would have continued his dissertation on Hindoo mythology, had he not been interrupted by the sudden entrance of old Cassim, who, in great agitation, exclaimed, "Sahib! a mist having arisen over the Lake, the people are afraid to remain on account of 'the Talab ka Jinn,'" (Spirit of the Waters.) In fact it was time for us to be roused, as it was getting late; and issu-

ing hastily from the entrance of the Pagoda, we beheld a dense fog rising from the surface of the Lake, which warned us of the necessity of immediate departure.

We lost no time in unmooring our little skiff, and were soon so completely enveloped in fog as to lose sight of the shore. The natives in the boat were getting more and more alarmed: at last, when they beheld the mist wreathing itself into fantastic forms along the yet smooth surface of the Lake, they declared it must be the "Talab ka Jinn," threw down their oars, and refused to pull another stroke. We took their places, making up our minds for a hard tug; but our troubles were not to be so easily ended. The mist at last only partially cleared away to discover to us an inky canopy of clouds of the most threatening aspect: the wind began to sigh mournfully over the waters, and a few large drops of rain fell at



lengthened intervals. Then came a lull, and Nature seemed sunk into a lethargic slumber, whilst the atmosphere felt indescribably close and oppressive. These symptoms were too evident to be mistaken—a storm was brewing, and presently overtook us with that violence peculiar to the tropics. The surface of the water, lately so smooth and unruffled, was now boiling like a cauldron, the rain descended in torrents, and as the waves rose they dashed over our little bark, and baling became requisite to keep her afloat.

We were perhaps at no time in positive danger; still the idea of swamping, and afterwards to stand the chance of being picked up by a hungry alligator, were none of the most pleasing associations. And then the “Spirit!”—it might perhaps in vindictive sport be at that moment hovering around us, muttering a Sanscrit version to the following effect:—

“ Merrily *row*, the *lightning* shines bright,  
Both current and ripple are dancing in light:  
Ye have roused the night raven, I heard him  
*shriek*.

As we flashed along beneath the *teak*  
That flings its broad branches so far and so wide,  
Their shadows are dancing in the midst of the  
tide.

Who wakes my nestlings? the Raven, he said,  
My beak shall ere noon in his blood be red,  
For a blue swollen corpse is a dainty meal,  
I'll have my share with *alligator* and eel.”

SCOTT.

But we were *fortunately* too much taken up with the things of this world to have time to listen to spirits—white, black, or grey. We, however, heard the crash of the thunder and the roar of the storm above us, the “reaching” of the Niggers, and the lashing of the waves below, and thought ourselves devilish lucky when the wind, abating a little, allowed us to distinguish two or three shots at no great distance, fired by the sepoy of the guard.

This was rather encouraging; we gave

three cheers, felt in our nearly exhausted frames and drooping arms renewed vigour; and our spirits, which a few minutes before had begun to be rather at a low ebb, now renovated by the sunshine of hope, stimulated us to fresh and renewed efforts.

Never do the precepts of philosophy come so much home to us as when backed by facts and dear-bought experience; and five minutes of the latter had more effect in convincing me of the power which hope has on both our *morale* and *physique*, than would have had, under other circumstances, a lecture of five hours. The one appeared to be a natural consequence of the other; as hope revived our spirits rising in the same ratio, appeared to impart a before unfelt vigour to our weary frames, and lent to our arms a strength which a few minutes before appeared to have been nearly quite exhausted.

The boat, it appeared, had, during the continuance of the gale, drifted nearly

opposite the camp, till a broad space of angry waters separated us from our haven of refuge, where we looked forward to the termination of our toils. Our shouts appeared to have been heard by those on shore, for the firing was repeated, and a flickering gleam amidst the surrounding darkness occasionally made us aware that lanterns were moving about to and fro. "Give way, lads," cried we, "and another quarter of an hour will bring us snugly to an anchor in a better berth than this confounded bubbling cauldron."

We *did* give way, and although the water effervesced under the vigorous strokes of our straining paddles, which made the basket-sides of the little "Joke" creak again in mortal agony, still we appeared to be barely keeping our own, and the cause of this was soon found out. We had shipped so much water as to have lost all buoyancy, and till this was got rid of we saw we had little chance of

making our port. We roused up one of the Lascars, who appeared to be rather less under the influence of fear and sea-sickness than the rest of his companions, and by dint of promises and threats, at last succeeded in making him bale out the water, whilst we unceasingly continued our efforts to stem the wind and waves.

By degrees, our little bark appeared less and less heavy in hand, till at last, as she got rid of her incumbrance of liquid ballast, we could feel her by degrees yielding obedience to our straining efforts, and she finally forged gallantly a-head.

By degrees, the lights were more distinctly seen, the sound of voices was heard, the white form of a tent loomed amidst the darkness, and we got into smoother water, under the shelter of the high and wooded bank, and were soon safely moored in a snug, sandy little creek, under the groaning branches of some huge teak trees.

## CHAPTER II.

EFFECTS OF A STORM—HOME, SWEET HOME—THE  
 ROCK OF GOOLENCONDAH—THE POTAIL'S STORY—  
 THE PHANTOM—UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT ON A  
 BEAR—THE BRINJARI—THEIR WOMEN—EN-  
 COUNTER WITH BRUIN—THE BEAR FEAST—A  
 LADY'S PET.

“I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,  
 When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear.”

SHAKSPEARE.

GLADLY did we leave our frail skiff, and, scrambling up the rugged banks of the lake, expected to find a termination to all our troubles under the shelter of our canvas, or rather cotton walls : grievous, therefore, was our disappointment on beholding the state our little camp had been

reduced to by the late storm. Little apprehending bad weather at this time of the year, the Lascars had pitched their tents in their usual careless manner ; the consequence was, that, with one exception, they were all prostrate on the ground. The grass huts of the natives had been scattered to the winds of heaven ; of *them* not a vestige remained ; and on our arrival we found the only surviving tent, crowded with all our attendants and followers. Our first care was to have this, our last place of refuge, secured against any further invasion of the storm. A trench was immediately dug, the tent pegs bushed,\* and all the ropes hauled taut. We next began to think of getting dry apparel, which we with difficulty obtained ; and these points settled down with a stif-

\* A plan of preventing the tent pegs from giving way in wet weather by burying round them twigs and branches of trees.

fener of grog, we made up our minds to pass the night as best we could.

Never did any tenement present a more motley assemblage of inmates than did our tent on that eventful night: coolies and bullock drivers, their wives and children, servants and sepoy, were all admitted under our hospitable roof, barely sufficient to contain the multitude, which, so closely pent up amidst a mass of wet canvas and clothes, soon began to ferment and smoke like a dunghill on a frosty morning, and, similar to that useful article, sent up fumes differing slightly from attar of roses or lavender water. It may, therefore, be supposed that the first dawn of day was gladly hailed by at least the European part of the community; and a glorious morning it was; the unclouded sun rose with unusual splendour, the air was cool, and all nature appeared revived and renovated by its late convulsion.



The forenoon was busily employed in rebuilding our city, which, unlike that of Rome, was completed long before the approach of evening, and everything went on smoothly for several days, the natives enjoying the repose of a long halt, with its concomitant of black man's fun (sleep), whilst we no less enjoyed the toils of the chase, which, in that deep and boundless forest, amply repaid all our exertions. The amusements of both were, however, soon to have an end: a malignant fever made its appearance in the camp, at first partially amongst the followers, till, rapidly extending, it at last attacked our head and chief, M——. He manfully fought against it at first, disliking the idea of quitting his post, but at last we prevailed on him to leave the charge of the survey to D——, and hasten into cantonments, whither G—— and myself proposed to accompany him.

Placing him in his palkee, we took the nearest road out of the jungles, and, proceeding by the hill fort of Zafferghur, shortly afterwards emerged into the open country, where we considered ourselves comparatively at home. Home! that magic sound and sweetest of words, which conveys instantaneously, to the exiled Briton, visions of the days of his youth—of the snug fireside—loving parents and dear friends and associates! It is the hope of again enjoying these blessings which enables him to bear up against the desert's heat, the storms of the ocean, and the deadly effects of a pestilential clime. Such, reader, may have been *thy* feelings, if ever it has been thy fate to be separated by half the span of this terrestrial globe from those thou holdest dearest to thy heart! Still even to the exiled pilgrim in a foreign land there is a second home, which, like the false dawn in the east, though it pos-

sess not the full lustre of the real aurora, gladdens the spirit of the wanderer in the night of his exile—I mean the abode and companions endeared to us in a foreign clime by habit, a similarity of pursuits, and a common destiny. In such a channel ran my thoughts on ascending the steep and high mass of granite, at the foot of which stands the village of Goolencondah, where we had halted for the day. The shelving ascent towards the village is so precipitous that we were fain to creep up barefooted the smooth and slippery surface of the rock, and, whilst resting under the shade of a small Hindoo temple which crowns the height, were amply repaid by the splendid view at our feet. We had travelled during the night ; it was still early morn, and the mists had not yet disappeared from the low cultivated grounds around. Detached portions of vapour were floating along amidst the

groves of date-trees at our feet, like nocturnal spirits taking their departure on the approach of day.

“ Those groups of lovely date-trees bending  
Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,  
Like youthful maids when sleep descending  
Warns them to their silken beds,”

MOORE.

proved to us we had fairly quitted the “deep jungle,” and were once more amidst the abodes of man.

Our meditations were, however, soon cut short on approaching the opposite ledge of the rock, which overhung in a perpendicular manner a growth of thick underwood and immense fragments of granite which lay scattered beneath; here we were assailed by the most discordant sounds, evidently proceeding from wild animals in the abyss below, but of what description we were at a loss to conjecture. Hastening, therefore, to our usual source of information, the potail, or

head man of the village, we eagerly inquired of him if there were any *sheekar* (hunting or shooting) in the neighbourhood. He said there were several bears amongst the wooded crags on the other side of the rock, but owing to the numerous fissures and clefts, their usual places of retreat, it was impossible to get at them, unless by watching during the night, when they repaired to the surrounding jungles in search of food. He added, looking very mysterious, that the neighbourhood contained also other *sheekar*, but that he would advise us to have nothing to do with it.

This of course did not satisfy us ; therefore questioning the old gentleman more closely, he at last said, " You will, perhaps, not believe me, but what I am about to say is true : Three years ago the country between this and Pemburty was infested by a tiger, which, not content with bul-

locks and goats, destroyed the shepherds, labourers, and travellers ; nay, it used even to enter the villages and carry off the inhabitants. A sheekaree at last shot it, by posting himself in a tree near a pool which it frequented to quench its thirst. That it was killed is known to all, as people from every part flocked to Pemburty to see the carcass of an animal which had done more or less harm to most. I saw it with my own eyes, and never shall I forget the frightful object : it had no more hair on it than I have on the palm of my hand, but its claws, teeth, and whiskers, were of enormous size. Well, gentlemen, we now thought we might rest in peace, as he was the only tiger known in the neighbourhood, and we all congratulated ourselves on his death ; when, that same night, a woman was carried off in Pemburty itself by a tiger, which those who witnessed the deed declared to be the

## THE MAN-EATER.

it had been killed that morning, however, only possibly be t); and since then it nightly emburty, Goolencondah, and surrounding villages, with the most and moans, destroying every- as across. Some have been h to try to shoot it, but have en maimed or killed in the where is the use of waging is neither flesh nor blood?" a good deal amused at the account, which was easily The tiger which has once a blood prefers it to that of imals, and will invariably ck untouched to pounce on . But, however savoury it flesh of man does not appear these epicures, as they in- their fine glossy coat, the and they assume all the un-





From Nature by W. Lacy 48th Regt

THE PLANTOM MAN F.A.I.B.F

Y. Th. F. Burbury Hill

1946-1947, 1948-1949, 1950-1951, 1952-1953, 1954-1955, 1956-1957, 1958-1959, 1960-1961, 1962-1963, 1964-1965, 1966-1967, 1968-1969, 1970-1971, 1972-1973, 1974-1975, 1976-1977, 1978-1979, 1980-1981, 1982-1983, 1984-1985, 1986-1987, 1988-1989, 1990-1991, 1992-1993, 1994-1995, 1996-1997, 1998-1999, 2000-2001, 2002-2003, 2004-2005, 2006-2007, 2008-2009, 2010-2011, 2012-2013, 2014-2015, 2016-2017, 2018-2019, 2020-2021, 2022-2023, 2024-2025, 2026-2027, 2028-2029, 2030-2031, 2032-2033, 2034-2035, 2036-2037, 2038-2039, 2040-2041, 2042-2043, 2044-2045, 2046-2047, 2048-2049, 2050-2051, 2052-2053, 2054-2055, 2056-2057, 2058-2059, 2060-2061, 2062-2063, 2064-2065, 2066-2067, 2068-2069, 2070-2071, 2072-2073, 2074-2075, 2076-2077, 2078-2079, 2080-2081, 2082-2083, 2084-2085, 2086-2087, 2088-2089, 2090-2091, 2092-2093, 2094-2095, 2096-2097, 2098-2099, 2100-2101, 2102-2103, 2104-2105, 2106-2107, 2108-2109, 2110-2111, 2112-2113, 2114-2115, 2116-2117, 2118-2119, 2120-2121, 2122-2123, 2124-2125, 2126-2127, 2128-2129, 2130-2131, 2132-2133, 2134-2135, 2136-2137, 2138-2139, 2140-2141, 2142-2143, 2144-2145, 2146-2147, 2148-2149, 2150-2151, 2152-2153, 2154-2155, 2156-2157, 2158-2159, 2160-2161, 2162-2163, 2164-2165, 2166-2167, 2168-2169, 2170-2171, 2172-2173, 2174-2175, 2176-2177, 2178-2179, 2180-2181, 2182-2183, 2184-2185, 2186-2187, 2188-2189, 2190-2191, 2192-2193, 2194-2195, 2196-2197, 2198-2199, 2200-2201, 2202-2203, 2204-2205, 2206-2207, 2208-2209, 2210-2211, 2212-2213, 2214-2215, 2216-2217, 2218-2219, 2220-2221, 2222-2223, 2224-2225, 2226-2227, 2228-2229, 2230-2231, 2232-2233, 2234-2235, 2236-2237, 2238-2239, 2240-2241, 2242-2243, 2244-2245, 2246-2247, 2248-2249, 2250-2251, 2252-2253, 2254-2255, 2256-2257, 2258-2259, 2260-2261, 2262-2263, 2264-2265, 2266-2267, 2268-2269, 2270-2271, 2272-2273, 2274-2275, 2276-2277, 2278-2279, 2280-2281, 2282-2283, 2284-2285, 2286-2287, 2288-2289, 2290-2291, 2292-2293, 2294-2295, 2296-2297, 2298-2299, 2300-2301, 2302-2303, 2304-2305, 2306-2307, 2308-2309, 2310-2311, 2312-2313, 2314-2315, 2316-2317, 2318-2319, 2320-2321, 2322-2323, 2324-2325, 2326-2327, 2328-2329, 2330-2331, 2332-2333, 2334-2335, 2336-2337, 2338-2339, 2340-2341, 2342-2343, 2344-2345, 2346-2347, 2348-2349, 2350-2351, 2352-2353, 2354-2355, 2356-2357, 2358-2359, 2360-2361, 2362-2363, 2364-2365, 2366-2367, 2368-2369, 2370-2371, 2372-2373, 2374-2375, 2376-2377, 2378-2379, 2380-2381, 2382-2383, 2384-2385, 2386-2387, 2388-2389, 2390-2391, 2392-2393, 2394-2395, 2396-2397, 2398-2399, 2400-2401, 2402-2403, 2404-2405, 2406-2407, 2408-2409, 2410-2411, 2412-2413, 2414-2415, 2416-2417, 2418-2419, 2420-2421, 2422-2423, 2424-2425, 2426-2427, 2428-2429, 2430-2431, 2432-2433, 2434-2435, 2436-2437, 2438-2439, 2440-2441, 2442-2443, 2444-2445, 2446-2447, 2448-2449, 2450-2451, 2452-2453, 2454-2455, 2456-2457, 2458-2459, 2460-2461, 2462-2463, 2464-2465, 2466-2467, 2468-2469, 2470-2471, 2472-2473, 2474-2475, 2476-2477, 2478-2479, 2480-2481, 2482-2483, 2484-2485, 2486-2487, 2488-2489, 2490-2491, 2492-2493, 2494-2495, 2496-2497, 2498-2499, 2500-2501, 2502-2503, 2504-2505, 2506-2507, 2508-2509, 2510-2511, 2512-2513, 2514-2515, 2516-2517, 2518-2519, 2520-2521, 2522-2523, 2524-2525, 2526-2527, 2528-2529, 2530-2531, 2532-2533, 2534-2535, 2536-2537, 2538-2539, 2540-2541, 2542-2543, 2544-2545, 2546-2547, 2548-2549, 2550-2551, 2552-2553, 2554-2555, 2556-2557, 2558-2559, 2560-2561, 2562-2563, 2564-2565, 2566-2567, 2568-2569, 2570-2571, 2572-2573, 2574-2575, 2576-2577, 2578-2579, 2580-2581, 2582-2583, 2584-2585, 2586-2587, 2588-2589, 2590-2591, 2592-2593, 2594-2595, 2596-2597, 2598-2599, 2600-2601, 2602-2603, 2604-2605, 2606-2607, 2608-2609, 2610-2611, 2612-2613, 2614-2615, 2616-2617, 2618-2619, 2620-2621, 2622-2623, 2624-2625, 2626-2627, 2628-2629, 2630-2631, 2632-2633, 2634-2635, 2636-2637, 2638-2639, 2640-2641, 2642-2643, 2644-2645, 2646-2647, 2648-2649, 2650-2651, 2652-2653, 2654-2655, 2656-2657, 2658-2659, 2660-2661, 2662-2663, 2664-2665, 2666-2667, 2668-2669, 2670-2671, 2672-2673, 2674-2675, 2676-2677, 2678-2679, 2680-2681, 2682-2683, 2684-2685, 2686-2687, 2688-2689, 26

Day & Haggle Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen

healthy and disgusting appearance of a mangy dog. This is the distinguishing sign of the *man-eater*. Now it appears evident that there were at the same time two of these gentlemen in the vicinity, and when one met his death, the survivor got the credit of being his comrade's ghost.

Not having at present time to go in search of the *phantom*, we turned our attention to the bears. G—— and myself accordingly sallied out after breakfast to that part of the hill from whence had proceeded those hideous sounds. After climbing over huge fragments of rock, and tearing our hands, clothes, and faces with the entangled briers, we arrived immediately under a deep fissure in the solid rock, and were in the act of ascending towards it, when an enormous bear rushed to the entrance with a frightful growl, but immediately retired. We were

too much engaged in scrambling up the rugged precipice to be able to take a shot at him, and when we arrived at the entrance of the cleft he was no longer to be seen, nor was it possible to follow him. We remained a long time in silent expectation of a second appearance, but in vain. We then tried to smoke him out, with as little success; and after thus spending in fruitless attempts the greater part of the day, returned empty-handed to our tent, where M—— was awaiting the result of the expedition. We, however, fully determined to return to the charge as soon as we had placed the invalid within reach of the cantonment, not wishing to leave him in his present state before he got a clear offing from the jungles.

We had a long march before us to Boanghir: M——, in his palankeen, left during the night, and we followed early

in the morning. The scenery was now very different from what we had been lately accustomed to, the road occasionally winding through low jungle, along the edge of rice-fields, or over the bund of a tank covered with water fowl of every description, amongst which we were often tempted to let drive a charge of No. 3, thereby giving our horsekeepers the opportunity of having a cold bath in collecting the killed and wounded.

As we approached Boanghir, our progress was often retarded by long strings of bullocks carrying grain, and belonging to some wandering Lombari, or, as they are generally called in this part of the country, "Brinjari;" a most extraordinary race of people, and of a caste entirely distinct from the rest of the Hindoos, with whom they have little intercourse, being quite dissimilar in language, manners, and customs. These wanderers

never enter a house. In the height of the monsoon, during the coldest weather, or whilst the hot land-winds are scorching up the earth, and driving every living being to seek for shade and shelter, these hardy and lawless sons of the camp are always in the *meidan* (open-fields). In peaceable times their vocation is trading in grain, thence their appellation; from *beringe*, the Persian for corn, and *aourdun*, to carry. Their riches consist in their numerous bullocks, and a fierce race of dogs to guard their property at night. During any commotions in the country, they attach themselves to either party, supply it with grain, and hire out their bullocks for carriage, taking care to plunder both friends and foes, and to devastate the country which may be the scene of war, whenever opportunities present themselves of doing so with impunity: in fact, they are most determined *loot-wallahs*

(plunderers), as was but too well proved during the Mysore war, when the English army had several thousand Brinjari in their train, to supply them as above-mentioned.

Their bullocks graze on the side of the road as they travel along, or, when they halt during the day, are their own purveyors in the neighbouring jungle; at night-fall they are fastened in a circle round the encampment, which consists of sacks full of grain piled up, over which others are placed crossways, so as to form a space sufficient to creep into: during the rains, this *edifice* is covered with a couple of coarse blankets, stretched out and fastened to pegs; and in such abodes do this hardy race spend the time which is not employed on the march. Although constantly exposed to the elements, they are much fairer than the generality of the lower class of Hindoos ;

the women are finely shaped, large, and good-looking, and might perhaps possess attractions if they added cleanliness to their picturesque and gaudy dress, which consists of a petticoat of red or blue, fastened above the hips, with a similar coloured scarf thrown over one shoulder, whilst the ankles, arms, and ears, nay, even the *nose*, are loaded with massive brass ornaments. Their carriage, like that of all other Hindoo females, is graceful in the extreme; but so filthy are they in their persons, that they never by any chance remove their dress until it actually falls off from sheer wear and tear. The Brinjari women have the character of being extremely dissolute, so much so as to be proverbial: it is even said that they often go in a body, and oblige such men as they fall in with to accede to their wishes; but I must confess, that although frequently whilst shooting in the jungle

I have met these nut-brown maids both alone and in company, I was never placed by them in that awkward predicament.\*

*Mais revenons à nos moutons.* — We arrived after a tedious march at Boanghir, and next morning took leave of M——, as we had resolved to see a little more of Goolencondah before our final return to head-quarters.

We took the opportunity of writing to a couple of sporting friends, acquainting them with our expectations there, requesting them to join us with an elephant, sundry supplies, and, as the hot weather

\* These people, in their habits and customs, bear a considerable affinity to the gypsies, so well known in England and in many other parts of Europe; though, perhaps, to the latter, another wandering tribe, called the *Kuravers*, have a still closer relation; these are by occupation tinkers and basket-makers; of the lowest cast, and feed indiscriminately on anything, no matter of how unclean or disgusting a nature.



had now set in, to bring out cuscus tatties and a detachment of tauny-catches, with the particular proviso that the damsels should be young, active, and good-looking.\*

After taking these preliminary steps, we retraced our road to Goolencondah, and in the evening found ourselves at our old quarters, under a clump of ancient tamarind trees at the foot of the rock.

The following morning I in vain endeavoured to rouse my chum G——: he declared he would have a regular *caulker* after two such long days' march. I was, therefore, obliged to sally out alone, or rather in company with my old horse-keeper Chennoo, in quest of Orsino, and

\* Cuscus tatties are mats made of a sweet-smelling grass, which are kept wet, and the wind blowing through them produces a delightful coolness: the tauny-catch is the woman employed to keep the tatty constantly wet.

determined, in spite of rocks and briers, to penetrate into the heart of his stronghold, and beard the lion in his very den ; but in so doing had to encounter a thousand difficulties, for, after proceeding some distance up the hill,

“ Further way I found none, so thick entwinn’d  
As one continued brake, the undergrowth  
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex’d  
All path of man or beast that pass’d that way ;”

MILTON.

and was often obliged in the course of my progress to creep along on all-fours through this intricate maze. I had just emerged from this awkward position, followed by Chennoo, when, at the turn of a rock, a large bear appeared within ten paces. The brute was advancing very slowly, and looking up in my face with the most ludicrous gravity, which I soon put an end to by giving him my left barrel through the head, whereupon the facetious monster rose capering on his hind legs :

and over rolled  
 them from apparently lifeless. Imme-  
 diately from the spot whereon he lay ex-  
 amined more & in which might have  
 explained the deed: for an instant I was  
 taken from the track but soon recollected it  
 to be a second edition of the music I had  
 heard some days before from the top of  
 the rock and hastening to ascertain the  
 cause to my surprise I beheld two young  
 mice running on like sick monkeys by the  
 side and shortly cast of their prostrate  
 form and falling most lustily. I had no  
 idea of letting the youngsters slip through  
 my fingers: so running up, I laid hold  
 of each by the scruff of the neck, and  
 attempted to drag them off their maternal  
 hold. In the meantime, the old lady,  
 who apparently had only been in a trance,  
 feeling something unusual going on, with  
 an effort recovered her legs, and began  
 with one fore-paw to wipe away the blood

and brains which were trickling over her eyes and obscuring her visual organs : luckily Chennoo, who carried my spear and rifle, was at hand, and applying the muzzle of the latter to her ear, I settled her *instantly*.

The young 'uns still singing out, but making no attempt to escape, I remained a moment looking at the old hag to see if she were now really dead or only shamming. Chennoo was likewise steadfastly contemplating the *cratur*, till at last, giving utterance to his reflections, he exclaimed, "Dekho, Sahib, you see, Sar, that d—n Bhan-Choot, him come night-time into willage, him get into house, and him take off woman to the jungle ; I bhot khoosh (very glad) Sahib kill d—n rascal." After this sentimental effusion, not being able without assistance to move the old one, we secured a cub each, and, in spite

at their cries, carried them in triumph to the tent.

Six or seven men were requisite to remove the defunct to the tent, where we soon had a couple of *chucklers* hard at work in the process of skinning. These people, whose name is a European corruption from the *chakali* or shoemaker caste, are considered the lowest of the low — the despised amongst the dishonoured: even the outcast Pariah looks down with contempt and abhorrence on the unhappy chuckler. The meanest and most revolting offices in society devolve on this unfortunate race. They are employed to remove carrion and filth, to officiate as executioners and hangmen; in fact, whatever is considered as too degrading for people of other castes, or even of no caste at all, is imposed on the chuckler; nor do his appearance and

habits belie his occupations: small and decrepid in stature, filthy in their tastes, this degraded race hesitates not to commit what the Hindoos consider the height of abomination and impurity, by eating food of any kind, no matter how loathsome: they will feast voraciously on the carrion of a horse, or any other animal; and it was, therefore, no matter of astonishment to us when, having concluded their task, they claimed the carcass of the bear.

It was given to them, with the exception of one haunch, which, having often heard of the celebrated Westphalia hams, I had determined to dish up as an experiment. Bear-flesh was accordingly served up to dinner that day under every possible shape—bear soup, bear stew, bear stakes, bear curry: having no cloth, the table itself was *bare*; it could scarcely *bear* the weight of the feast, nor could we *forbear* admiring its variety and profusion. But

however beautiful to the eye, the first mouthful was quite sufficient for my palate—I never had such a sickener ; however, determined to give G—— his fill of it, I loaded my plate, extolling it to the skies ; but what he, in the innocence of his heart, fancied I put into my mouth, was craftily conveyed under the table ; and such was the effect of example, that G——, seeing me make such play, imagining it *must* be good, ate abundantly of the abominable mess. Poor fellow ! I was afterwards sorry for the trick I had played him, as a dozen emetics would scarcely have had the effect produced by this *unbearable* food. Shortly afterwards we were more successful in our experimental cookery with a porcupine, whose flesh we found extremely delicate, and much resembling that of wild hog.

The young bears, with all their sorrows

before them, being duly packed in a basket and placed on the head of a cooly, were shipped off to the cantonment as a present to a lady to whom I had promised to send a *pretty pet* from the jungles. One died on the voyage, from grief at the tragic fate of its mother; the other, of a less susceptible disposition, reached his destination, became very tame, very big, and so very saucy, that, from having the range of the house and garden, he was obliged to be chained up, and, for aught I know, remains to this day in irons, cursing the author of his fate.



## CHAPTER III.

THE PHANTOM MAN-EATER—A NIGHT ADVENTURE—  
SPORT SPOILED—TIGER HUNTING ON ELEPHANTS  
—GALLANT ACTION—EFFECTS OF JUNGLE FEVER  
—GAME IN THE DEEP JUNGLE.

“ I will roar, that it will do any man’s heart good to hear me: I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, ‘ Let him roar again, let him roar again.’ ”

MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM.

HAVING now, as we supposed, rooted out the bear family, we turned our whole thoughts towards the destruction of the fearful apparition so minutely described by the old potail. He further told us, that as the “ phantom ” had not now been heard for several nights near Goolencon-

**dah**, we might soon expect to have notice of his arrival, which was always announced by the dismal moaning and deep howls with which he invariably accompanied his nocturnal expeditions. This was the only sign by which his approach was made known, and if any one ever did behold him, he never survived to tell the tale. The old man again admonished us of the danger we were about to incur in the pursuit of what he evidently considered a supernatural creature, and entreated us to desist from the attempt.

The moon was shining brightly on the second evening of our return to Goolencondah ; the light foliage of the tamarind trees was dancing in fantastic shadows on the fly\* and white walls of our tent, as we sat under their friendly boughs, inhaling the grateful fumes of a cheroot, and

\* The roof or top part of the tent.

### MOONLIGHT SCENE.

the coolness and serenity of the  
hose death-like stillness was only  
ally broken by the shrill whistle  
over in its nocturnal flight, or the  
cry of a solitary jackal. It was  
those evenings peculiar to the tro-  
n all nature, after panting through  
molten fire, seems to be recruit-  
exhausted energies and renovating  
red frame, by inhaling the refresh-  
of heaven, which glistened under  
of a light so purely clear and  
as to eclipse the very fire-flies  
round us, and which looked like  
stars dimly seen through a

sation on our part had gradually  
and we sat in taciturn admiration  
ne. The servants and followers,  
round the tent, appeared to be  
by the same spirit as ourselves;  
urses at their pickets seemed to

feel the sweet and silent influence of the hour—

“ Amid whose fairy loneliness  
 Nought but the *Lapping's* cry is heard,  
 Nought seen, but (when the shadows, fitting  
 Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam)  
 Some purple-wing'd Sultana sitting  
 Upon a column motionless,  
 And glittering like an idal bird.”

MOORE.

How long we may have remained in this state I know not ; time keeps no account of such moments : but, as if by an electric shock, we were awakened from our reverie by a sound the most appalling it has ever been my fate to listen to. I have heard, through the gusts of a stormy night, the fiend-like yells of a troop of jackals tearing from the new-made grave the body of the departed ; I have listened to the varying and demoniac cries of the hyæna within a few yards of my tent ; shrieks of agony and cries of pain have

often assailed my ears ; but never did tones, however terrific, produce on my nerves the thrilling sensation they experienced, when those fearful sounds first issued from the surrounding jungle, amidst the stillness of that heavenly night. They were, as Jonathan would say, a cross between distant thunder, the deep bellowing of an enraged bull, and the low threatening growl of a mastiff—*en tout* a most unmusical blending of most inharmonious sounds.

The horses pricked their ears, snorted, hung back on their head ropes, and, by their trembling, evinced every symptom of trepidation. Our whole party was on foot in an instant. “The Phantom, by Jove!” cried G——, as we went in for our “bundouks” (guns) ; and the moans, howls, or growling, I know not which to call them, continued at intervals, but appeared to recede. We hastily called a

council of war, and decided on following the sounds whether proceeding from beast or devil. I know, for one, I would on that occasion have much rather been on the *outside* of an elephant: probably G—— did not feel a whit more comfortable ; but we were mutually ashamed to draw back ; therefore, followed by a whole *posse* of black fellows, we put ourselves *en marche*.

From the direction of the sounds, our enemy did not appear to keep a very steady course. At one moment we fancied we had gained considerably on him ; when a fainter howl, proceeding from another point of the compass, brought the conviction that he had again placed a greater distance between us. We might have continued thus for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, when suddenly a tremendous crash through the underwood and a startling grunt, brought at once the

butts to our shoulders and our hearts into our mouths. It was, however, a false alarm, and occasioned by coming suddenly on a large wild boar, whose nocturnal repast we had thus uncereemoniously disturbed. He went off unscathed: at any other time he would have had the contents of four barrels after him, but was not now considered worth powder and shot.

We were again, after a momentary stop, silently pursuing our trackless path, and *now* evidently gaining on the chase, the howling becoming more and more clear and distinct, indeed, most unpleasantly so; for although we might feel pretty confident on the score of an encounter with a ghost, yet allow me to remark that the near prospect of meeting face to face, and on foot, with a royal tiger, and that tiger a notorious man-eater, by the wavering and uncertain light of the moon,

cannot fail to produce a queer sensation, perhaps approaching somewhat to the perspiring qualities of the palms of *Bob Acres'* hands, notwithstanding the confidence one may feel in flint or detonator, Egg or Joe Manton. With this impression floating on my mind, I cast the *tail* of my eye over my left shoulder to see how our forces mustered, when, to my surprise, of all the swarthy champions who had set out bursting with confidence and valour, only two remained—my head servant, yclept the “Grenadier,” and old Chennoo. This was a sad falling off, but it was now too late to recede. With our diminished forces we pushed briskly on; the sounds were now fearfully near, and with intervals of shorter duration. There was a large opening in the underwood, towards which they appeared to move: we redoubled our speed, expecting to get a shot in the open space. I looked round



once more, when, behold! the last of our dusky allies had vanished into thin air. "D---n them," whispered G---, "we are better without the cowardly rascals." We made a run for the open space, and stopped behind a bush on the verge of it. The next howl was considerably to our left. We had made a wrong cast, and were hastening to retrieve our error, when the moon suddenly became overcast, and so thick a mist arose, that to take any kind of aim would have been utterly impossible. We therefore beat a retreat, after a severe trial of our own nerves, and of the *pluck* of our gallant army. Although thus baffled in our first attempt of even a sight of the *cratur*, still it was satisfactory to know that there *was* something to repay the friends whom we expected for the trouble of a sixty-mile march—supposing always that we did not bag our game before their arrival; and

that this did not occur was no fault of ours.

Next morning we determined on a new expedient to entrap the gemman *vot* howled. Between the tamarind grove where we were encamped and the neighbouring jungle was an open space of two or three hundred yards, and immediately on the borders of the latter grew a noble banyan tree. Having procured from the village a couple of *char-paies*,\* we fixed them firmly on the wide-spreading branches at about fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, but so as to be thence completely invisible, and between nine and ten o'clock in the evening proceeded to the spot, taking with us a calf, which we tethered as a bait. We then ascended the tree, and, accompanied only by the Grenadier

\* Low bedsteads made use of by the natives, consisting of a wooden frame with a netting of coir rope.

and one of G—'s servants, patiently waited for a nibble. We might have been there an hour before we again heard those sounds, which, once heard, were never to be forgotten. They then gradually approached, and we certainly, in our present position, felt rather more comfortable than we had done on the preceding night. They came nearer and nearer, and at last appeared stationary, and not more than thirty or forty yards distant: we imagined that the monster was making ready to spring on his trembling victim, and prepared ourselves accordingly. He might have done so; but at this moment a violent fit of coughing, which he had long been endeavouring to smother, seized the Grenadier. The howling suddenly ceased; the animal had taken the alarm, and evidently retired. It would have required the patience of Job to have been calmly able to bear this, and at the very moment

too when we expected to strike our quarry. I *haram-sadah'd* and *bhan-chooted*\* the terrified and coughing wretch; and insisted on his taking forthwith his departure. He would much rather have remained until certain of having fairly coughed the tiger out of the way, but I was peremptory. Finding, therefore, there was no alternative, he slid down out of his roost, and plied his long shanks across the open space which separated him from safety with a celerity which might have even baffled the "phantom" had he attempted the pursuit; but he did not, and we saw the Grenadier arrive in safety at the tent, and dive under its protecting roof.

We well knew that after this we had little chance of success *that* night, but determined, nevertheless, to try our luck

\* Terms of abuse not translateable into the English language.

a little longer ; when, as the “ iron tongue of midnight did strike twelve,” and we were beginning to nod on our perch, the calf, with great lamentations, suddenly rolled over in the gripe of some large animal, which had darted on it like lightning from a neighbouring bush. The attack had been so unexpected that, before we could ascertain by whom it was made, four barrels sent their contents at the intruder, who took himself off nearly as quickly as he had made his appearance, but apparently unscathed, and it was not till then we discovered it to be a large wolf. So much for the accuracy of night shooting ! We certainly were not more than six or eight yards from our mark, and yet apparently neither wolf nor calf were touched by our discharge—the latter a little mauled about the head by the fangs of his new acquaintance, but was not much the worse for it ; and as

we led him from the field of battle he shewed not the least reluctance to leave so delightful a spot.

The two following evenings our patience was not rewarded with a nibble, not even a single *roar*; and we were delighted when at last the reinforcement of our two friends, L—— and H——, arrived, and announced the near approach of a couple of elephants they had brought out with them; though it did not enhance our pleasure to hear that the one destined for the use of G—— and myself had a short time before, in a fit of ungovernable rage,\* killed his mahout (keeper). However, we consoled ourselves with the reflection that we stood much less chance of being *scragged* by a “must” elephant than by a man-eating tiger, and determined to stand our chance.

\* This is sometimes the case when the elephant becomes “must,” or in the rutting season.

The day after the arrival of the huttees (elephants), as we were preparing for a start, a number of villagers came in a great hurry to the tent to inform us that a boy had been killed that morning by the tiger near the Pemburty hill, four or five miles distant. In consequence of having been closely followed, he had dropped his prey, but had been tracked to the hill. This appeared to be a golden opportunity; we therefore immediately got under weigh, and, following our terrified conductors, in due time reached the spot where lay the unfortunate lad. It was indeed a melancholy sight: a cloth covered his body, which, on being removed, disclosed the dreadful state in which he had been rescued from the fangs of the monster. He was a handsome youth of fourteen or fifteen, and even in death his features preserved their beauty, which was not marred by that livid ap-

pearance which the "grim visitant" stamps on the pale countenance of the European. On one part of the head the white skull was visible : a little further back, a contusion, from which the black gouts of blood were slowly trickling, and which, falling drop by drop, had already formed on the ground a small conical and congealed mass, sufficiently shewed where he had, with unerring aim, received his beath-blow. The chest and ribs were crushed in, and the lacerated state of one arm bore witness to his having been carried some distance in the jaws of the monster. Near the body, and closely enveloped in her duputtah, sat a woman, who was pointed out to us as his mother : a monument of silent grief, she stirred not, spoke not, but kept her eyes intently fixed on the sad spectacle before her, which, by the preparations going on to erect a funeral pile, was shortly to be committed to the flames.



This was enough to put us all on our mettle, and, vowing to revenge the poor lad, we pushed on through the jungle towards the hill, followed by a crowd of natives, who were all anxious to see the termination of the adventure in the death of their long-dreaded enemy. They required no urging, and, spreading right and left, beat on manfully towards the rock, thumping tom-toms,\* and occasionally letting off a matchlock to increase the din. Suddenly a deafening yell announced that our game was afoot: he had been roused by the beaters close under the hill, to which he had slowly and threateningly retired.

The jungle here was so thick and high that the elephants made but little progress through it. We, however, at last succeeded in gaining a tolerably open space

\* A sort of drum used by the natives at their festivals.

near the foot of the hill, about sixty or seventy yards up whose acclivity and on a level piece of rock we first viewed the “phantom,” which had then more the appearance of an embodied evil spirit than a silent gliding ghost. Stung to madness at being deprived of his prey, and irritated by the noise of the beaters, he had apparently determined to come to a stand, and shew fight in this his last stronghold. He was pacing to and fro on the narrow ledge, occasionally crouching down, then, starting on his feet, appeared to be lashing himself with his tail into ungovernable fury.

As the elephants emerged from the covert, we had time to witness these antics, and immediately drew up and gave him a broadside, but apparently without effect, as he still maintained his position. L——’s first barrel had missed fire: he pulled the second trigger, and as this

discharge took place after we had brought our pieces from our shoulders, we could observe its effects. The bullet struck under his feet, and, rebounding, glanced off from the rock immediately in his rear. The music of this must have rather astonished him, as he immediately abandoned his conspicuous situation and slunk under covert. It was impossible to ascend the hill with the elephants; therefore, dismounting and reloading, we made for the place he had disappeared at, followed by all the villagers, who appeared intent on revenging their former injuries. With much difficulty we penetrated as far as the spot where he had last been seen, but here lost all traces of him. In vain we clambered over the surrounding rocks, and made our way through the thick and entangled briers. It was evident that this remote and almost inaccessible rock was the resort of numerous wild beasts, and,

if other evidence had been wanting, the rank and peculiar smell with which the close air was impregnated at the entrance of the various fissures of rock on the side of the hill sufficiently proved their vicinity. For a long time we continued indefatigable in our research, till at last, discouraged by the fruitlessness of our attempt, we returned to our elephants, and, disappointed, weary, and hungry, we did not reach our encampment till a late hour in the afternoon.

Next day, what was very unusual at this time of the year, the rain came down in torrents : we had placed scouts to give us the earliest intelligence of the tiger, and were impatiently awaiting the return of sunshine to mount our elephants, when the report of a shot was faintly heard in the distance ; and shortly after one of the shekarees in breathless haste rushed up to the tent door, exclaiming, “ Bagh ko

mara houn ! bagh ko mara houn !” (I have killed the tiger ! I have killed the tiger !) The poor fellow thought, probably, he was bringing us very joyful intelligence, and appeared much mortified when we received it with anything but approbation. True, he had rid the country of its terrible scourge ; the “ Phantom Man-eater” no longer existed ; and the villagers could now without dread pursue their different vocations : still he had marred our expected sport, and we were selfish enough to regret his having done so. Nothing, however, remained but to put the best face on the matter, and make the most of the elephants and our remaining leave of absence. We accordingly remained at Goolencondah a few days longer, but without performing any exploit worthy of being recorded ; and the weather had now become so grilling, that we were not sorry to find ourselves shortly

afterwards re-established in our old quarters in cantonment.

Before dismissing for ever these raw-scutt-and-bloody-bone tales of tigers, (a name which an old Indian is now almost ashamed to pronounce,) I must relate one of the most daring and successful attempts at *muzzling* a man-eater to be met with in sporting annals.

On the high road between Madras and Hyderabad, and about sixty miles from the latter, is a small place called Nelcondah, situated in a narrow pass between two high hills. In the beginning of 182—, a tiger took up his residence in the abandoned old fort which crowns one of these eminences, and committed almost daily depredations on the numerous travellers passing on that much-frequented road. He at last carried his audacity to such a pitch as to walk off in broad daylight with an officer's servant from the midst

## CAPTAIN WHISTLER.

party of sepoy. On arriving at Hyderabad, his master, who was much indebted to the poor fellow from having him long in his service, related the instance, and Captain W——, of the Hussarist, determined on avenging his

——. . . . . but why should I attempt mystery in relating as gallant an exploit as was ever performed by a stanch hunter of Nimrod ! and such was Whistler, I will not, I am sure, feel annoyed in his name recorded where it so well deserves a place. Well then, Whistler, being no novice at this sort of work, immediately started off to the scene of action with a couple of friends. On arriving at Nelcondah, scouts were immediately placed on the look-out, one of whom shortly afterwards announced that he had discovered the retreat of the tiger, the party towards the top of the

hill. Here, amidst a chaos of large rocks, he pointed to a deep chasm, at the end of which was a recess, where he said the animal had retired. It was, however, impossible to get sight of him without first dropping down a height of sixteen or eighteen feet into the den below, from which there was no retreat. Whistler hesitated not, took the fearful leap, and, fortunately alighting on his feet, saw the monster quietly reposing at the further end of the den. He gave him no time to rise, but with the quickness of thought levelling his rifle, sent a ball through his brain, and extended him lifeless on the spot.

On our return from Goolencondah, the hot winds set in with unwonted severity : one blazing day in the month of April, whilst listlessly extended on my couch, inhaling the breeze through a wet cuscus tatty, a message from M—— requested my



immediate attendance. As he was only just recovering from the severe fever he had caught at the Perkhāl Lake, I feared he might have had a relapse, and hastened immediately to his quarters. I found him, pale as death, standing in the verandah, beside a palankeen, to which he silently pointed, when what was my horror on discovering it to contain a human body in a complete state of putrefaction ! The countenance black and distorted, and rendered still more hideous by an immense beard, prevented me at first from recognising in the bloated corpse before me our poor friend D——, whom we had left behind in the jungle, and who had fallen a victim to its deadly miasma. He had been attacked by the prevailing fever, whose increasing virulence at length obliged him to endeavour to reach the cantonment, from which he was still distant three days' march, when, without

medical assistance or medicines to alleviate his sufferings, he sank under the violence of the disease, and expired. The bearers had just arrived with the body, which, as before stated, was in a rapid state of decomposition. It was found impossible to remove it from the palankeen, in which it was carried the same evening to the burial ground. I had often attended to this last bourne many a departed friend, but never did I before witness its white obelisk-looking tombs, the green of its inclosing milk hedge, and tall fan-like palmyra trees, with such feelings of despondency as on the present occasion: and as the large white vultures sluggishly flapped their wings on the waving palm tops, the reflection naturally suggested itself of the greater probability of one day becoming their prey, to that of ever again revisiting my far distant native land.

Before concluding the present chapter,

it may perhaps afford some interest to the sportsman to be made acquainted with the different varieties of wild animals we fell in with during our expedition to the wilds of the Cummermait. Amongst the larger species may be reckoned the alligator, tiger, bear, spotted deer, wild hog, and the sambre or elk. We also got one or two specimens of the small hog deer, which appears to be a variety of the muska, having the long canine teeth peculiar to that race, though the animal in question was not larger than a hare. The *sambre*, which is erroneously called by us the elk, is a noble animal, with all the characteristics of the deer species. It is thus accurately described in the British Cyclopædia: —“ The Samver of Bengal. *Cervus Aris-totelis*. This species is met with in many parts of India, especially in the valley of the Ganges. Its characteristic distinction taken from the horns is that of having

the branch or second antler very far up upon the beam, and turned to the rear instead of forming a fork with the tip of the beam, as in most others of the group. The burr of the horn is very broad and pearled ; the first antler is cylinder shaped, strong and straight, and stands nearly vertically upon it, measuring about ten inches in length ; the beam bends from the back of it obliquely outwards, and to the rear, and with a sweep turns its point backwards ; near the summit, or at more than two-thirds of its length, is the second posterior and internal branch, short and pointing upwards. In the British Museum there is a specimen measuring about twenty-three inches, which is very rugous and robust. The horns stand upon a broad and short pedicle ; the face is straight, the nose pointed, the muzzle small, and the suborbital opening is very considerable. The ears are broad, with

white hairs standing up around the orifice ; the tail is black, reaching half way down the ham, and is well furnished with hair ; the throat and neck are covered with long, coarse, dark brown grey hair, reaching partially over the shoulders, susceptible of being raised like a lion's mane when the animal is excited. The shoulders, head, back, rump, and buttocks are dark brown in summer, and almost black in winter ; outside of the ears, sepia ; the belly, whitish, as also a ring round the nostrils and mouth, separated from the brown by a deeper shade, which spreads up the face ; the inside of the limbs and legs, fawn colour, darker over the knees down the front ; the breast is black. The male is nearly the size of the elk, *and indeed is so named in India by the British sportsmen.* They represent him as being excessively strong and vicious. Some of them on a shooting expedition had crossed

an arm of the Jumna to a woody island in quest of game ; they were on the back of an elephant, and, entering the jungle suddenly, roused an old male of this species. On seeing the elephant, he started up with a long shrill pipe or whistle, which caused others to rise and dart into covert, while he stood at bay with his bristly mane on end in a most threatening attitude ; but before the sportsmen could prepare proper shot, he wheeled round, and dashed through the underwood with the facility of a rhinoceros."

We also met with the large brown squirrel (*sciurus maximus*), the porcupine, and monkeys of several descriptions. The most remarkable was the black-faced monkey (*semnopithicus entellus*), very numerous in the depths of the forest, and displaying great agility in jumping from tree to tree, and making its way over the

thick canopy of lianes and creepers by which they were frequently united. These animals appeared to be held in high veneration by the Hindoos. We killed one specimen of the crested eagle, and several of the beautiful sultany bulbul, which is of the shrike genus, although from the above denomination they might be mistaken for the nightingale of Persia.

Spur, jungle, and pea-fowl were found in the greatest abundance ; and I have no hesitation in saying that the admirer of primitive nature, the naturalist, and sportsman, will always feel amply repaid by an excursion to the " Deep Jungle."

## CHAPTER IV.

SPENDING CHRISTMAS IN THE EAST — “THE LITTLE UNKNOWN” — BEDER — SPORTING OPERATIONS — “DRY SHOOTING” — THE BLUE PIGEON — THE WOLF — THE FLORIKAN AND BUSTARD — THE ROCK AND PAINTED PARTRIDGE — THE QUAIL AND PEA-FOWL — INDIAN HOSPITALITY.

“The hardy youth, who pants with eager flame  
To send his leaden bolts with certain aim,  
Must ne’er with disappointed hopes recoil  
From cold and heat, from hunger and from toil;  
Must climb the hill, must tread the marshy glade,  
Or force his passage through the opposing shade;  
Must range untamed by Sol’s meridian power,  
And brave the force of Winter’s keenest hour.”

PyE.

GENTLE, courteous, and affable reader,  
in all thy peregrinations through this  
world of care, has it ever fallen to thy lot  
to pitch thy tent under the shady boughs



of a mangoe grove in the fine clime of the Deccan, during the *genial* month of December? If thou hast not, vain were it for me to endeavour to describe our Christmas pastimes in the Far East, whilst leading the wild Bedouin-like life I was then accustomed to,—to convey to thy imagination our fairy cotton habitation, embowered amidst the dark and graceful foliage of the princely mangoe, at this time in all the pride of perfume and blossom, and spreading around a fragrance only equalled by the flavour of its delicious fruit. Such, at the time in question, the 25th of December, in the year of our Lord 182—, was the *locale* of a party of three as jovial and reckless young Subs as ever

“ Spent half-a-crown out of sixpence a-day.”

The time might be about “ the curfew knell,” when, after a hearty dinner, in

which antelope venison, curried into every possible shape, was the principal ingredient—(alas ! for the honour of Old England, that we could muster neither the knightly sirloin nor rich plum-pudding)—we had our camp-chairs placed outside the tent, and prepared, with the assistance of the soothing cheroot and genial brandy-pawnee, to enjoy the serenity of the hour, and allow “ digestion to follow appetite.”

The night was cool, the atmosphere clear, the bright stars were twinkling in the blue ether above, and faintly, through the foliage, disclosed the dark towers of the once proud city of Beder, the distant and subdued hum of whose population, mingling with the shrill cry of the numerous tropical insects which seemed called into life by the serenity of the night, formed sounds which could not be deemed inharmonious by the most fastidious ears. The fairy illusion of the scene

was occasionally broken by the subdued whispers of our followers, who in detached groups were enjoying their simple evening meal; by the short neigh of the gallant steeds which were picketed around; or by the loud and joyous laugh of one of our own party, which completely knocked on the head all the romance of the thing. Before, however, we proceed any further, it may be requisite to explain to the uninitiated how it came to pass that we were thus spending our Christmas *al fresco*—pulling back and swilling grog, to call things by their proper names.

Thanks to an indulgent commanding officer, a sporting party was formed every cool season, after the half-yearly inspections were over, and on the present occasion we determined to extend our peregrinations further than usual, visit Beder, Jaulnah, Aurungabad, the caves of Ellora, and return after making a circuit of seven

or eight hundred miles ; and our pursuits being multifarious, we provided ourselves accordingly. Double-barrels and rifles were got out of the cases, hog-spears sharpened, portfolios stored with fresh drawing-paper, and, intending to combine *business* with pleasure, we made a joint-stock purse, and purchased a very fast pony called " The Little Unknown," who had carried everything before him at our station, and with which we hoped to make a little *batta* at Jaulnah and Aurungabad, where racing was at the time all the rage.

I cannot now refrain from saying a few words about one of the most extraordinary little animals I ever met with for speed and endurance, both of which he combined with the most unprepossessing appearance and diminutive size, being under 13 hands high, but which were the cause of his winning many a race before he was found out. For the sum of seventy

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rupees, or about 7l., he was purchased by an officer from a sepoy, whose wife and baggage he had been accustomed to carry, and to all appearance was a mere *tattoo*; rather a degrading epithet, bestowed on the common country ponies; and again, he was none of the handsomest of tattoos: of a light bay, almost approaching to dun, very long in the back, on which he had been severely fired for saddle galls, probably the result of the hard and heavy pack he had been used to carry, cat-hammed, and goose-rumped—such was the animal which beat some of the best horses at the station, until his great speed became so generally known that his owner could get no one to run against him, when he sold him to our sporting party for six hundred rupees. His fame had, however, reached Jaulnah before us: the sporting characters there, having heard of the prowess of “The Little Unknown,” were

on their guard ; yet we managed nevertheless to get up a couple of matches, which he won. On our return from leave we raffled him ; I got the prize, and sent him to a friend in Bengal, where, under the name of “ Young Nap,” he won many a plate. With a feather weight on his back, “ The Little Unknown” could do his half mile under fifty-six seconds. The year following I sent to my *Qui Hi*\* friend an Arab pony called “ Diable,” which, although for short distances not possessing the speed of the Mahratta, could beat him in heats, or on a mile and a half course. As an instance of the fidelity and attention of our Indian *saïces*, or grooms, the same man took both these ponies a distance of upwards of a thousand miles, through a most difficult coun-

\* The Bengalees are so called in contradistinction to the people of the Madras and Bombay Presidencies.

try, where he had to ford all the numerous rivers which throw themselves into the Bay of Bengal, and where he did not meet with any European settlement for a couple of hundred miles together. With no other passport than a paper written in English, Hindoostanee, and Telougou, containing the names of the different places he had to pass, did he each time return at the end of about three months, with the certificate of having safely handed over his charge to its new owner.

Should ever these lines meet the eye of my friend Carr, of Bengal sporting celebrity, they may perhaps recal to his recollection scenes of by-gone times and events long swallowed up in the past.

But return we to head-quarters, which for the present are in a mangoe tope,\* near the good town of Beder. The general

\* A *tope* means a grove, or any collection of trees.

plan of operations of our party was to rise at gun-fire, enjoy whatever shooting there might be in the neighbourhood of our "camp" (if we may so dignify our single and solitary tent) until the heat of the sun became unpleasant, when we mounted our nags, and with our greyhounds behind us, in case of falling in with any stray fox, fawn, or jackal on the road, we cantered merrily on to the next halting station, where we found a "bichover," or small breakfast-tent, ready for our reception, together with a substantial "hazree," to which, after a previous ablution in some neighbouring tank or "bowrie,"\* we generally managed to do justice. I am fond of mystery, and shall therefore say nothing more about this said "hazree," but leave the uninitiated in the dark as to its signification. The day was spent in reading,

\* Large wells generally cut out of the rock, and frequently met with in this part of the country.



drawing, or putting in order our “arms and appointments,” until the afternoon, when we again sallied out with our guns, and returned to a seven-o’clock dinner, the labours of the day generally giving us a tolerable appetite both for our feed and sleep afterwards. Travelling in this manner by easy stages, on the fifth day, which happened to be Christmas, we reached the good town of Beder, in whose vicinity we encamped under the shady mangoe trees above-mentioned.

The day had been spent in “lionizing” the place, and our trouble was fully repaid. The town, which is about six miles in circumference, is built on a flat platform, which on the north ends abruptly with a sudden fall: it must at one time have been a place of considerable strength, having a deep outer ditch, scarped from the rocky soil, and being surrounded by lofty loop-holed walls and towers, which

are, however, fast crumbling to decay. In a like state of ruin, apparently aided and abetted by violence and the hand of man, is a noble building, which was once appropriated as a college of Seiks : on the ramparts are two remarkable pieces of ordnance, one a brass gun of the extraordinary length of twenty-eight feet, but of small calibre ; the other a big-bellied iron monster, fifteen feet in length, but whose bore is capable of holding a moderate-sized man. Beder, after the Mahomedan conquest of India, was the seat of the Bhamenee Dynasty of Deccanee Sovereigns, the first of whom was Allah-ud-Deen Houssun Korgoh Bhamenee, A.D. 1347. During the reign of Aurungzebe, about the end of the seventeenth century, together with the other provinces of the Deccan, it was subjugated by the Moguls. In 1717, Nizam-ul-Mulk took possession of it, and it has ever since been

subject to the Nizams of Hyderabad. The Peshwar had always large claims for choute on this territory, which, when regularly paid, yielded seventeen lacs of rupees. When the British succeeded to the claims of the Mahrattas, the arrears had so accumulated, that in 1820 they amounted to two crones and a half of rupees. Beder is celebrated for its works of tutenac, an alloy of copper and zinc; of this, bowls and mouth-pieces for hookahs are manufactured, and richly inlaid with silver, which are much valued in every part of India. This part of the country being very high table land, water is only procured by sinking wells or "bowries" to a great depth in the solid rock. As they are perfectly level with the surface of the ground, and are to be met with in every direction, they are objects of considerable danger to any one riding fast across the country, particu-

larly in the vicinity of villages. These “bowries” afford an asylum to numerous colonies of the large blue pigeon, which build their nests in the cavities of the rock, and afforded us considerable sport and practice.

On discovering a “bowrie,” we took up our posts ; a man was sent to throw a stone into it, on which the birds came out, frequently to the number of ten or twelve, and, as they often rose singly, afforded us some excellent shots. The blue pigeon, which appears to be the stock from which our doves are supplied, is a strong large bird, and will frequently carry away a heavy charge of shot. Here, as in Southern India, the turtle dove is extremely common, nearly every bush being tenanted by its cooing mates, of which there are three species—the ringed dove, so common as a pet bird at home ; the speckled-breasted one ; and

a larger and less handsome sort, which is of one uniform colour: but the most beautiful bird of this species is the green pigeon; they are, however, extremely scarce, and from the similarity their plumage bears to the colour of the trees, in the highest branches of which they always take up their abode, it is difficult to discover them.

The magnificent tombs in the vicinity of Beder were also a great resort of our blue-coated friends. These palaces of the dead, which in Hindostan eclipse every building intended for the reception of the living, are constructed of the most costly materials, and tower to a great height. The birds build their nests in every part, both of the exterior and interior, of these sanctuaries, whose vaulted roofs often echoed to the reverberating sounds of our double-barrels, no doubt to the great surprise of their kingly occupants, who had long un-

R. T. Hammett

ONE OF THE TOMBS AT BELER

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



disturbed slumbered beneath the black marble slabs on which in Arabic characters (and with all the high-flown ornament of Eastern metaphor) their numerous virtues were fully described for the benefit of a wondering and degenerate posterity.

On leaving Beder, and proceeding in a north-westerly direction towards the sacred stream of the Godavery, we entered a tract of country assuming an entirely new character. The nature of the ground no longer admitting of the cultivation of rice, and being divested of jungle, presented vast open spaces or *meidans*, covered at this time of the year with luxuriant herbage, and whose surface was dotted here and there with huge masses of dark rock.

Many is the time that, viewing a fox stealing over these *steppes*, we have laid in our greyhounds, and had a run which has taken us miles out of the direction of



our encamping ground ; and more than once, tempted by the appearance of a solitary wolf stealing home from his nocturnal depredations at the grey dawn of morning, have we grasped our hog-spears, and, setting spurs to our steeds, commenced a pursuit, which, in this case, from the superior speed and bottom of the enemy, proved always unavailing. The manner in which this animal creeps over the ground is truly astonishing, and to his eager pursuers most provoking: confident in his superior powers, he never distresses himself, but generally keeps about a hundred yards a-head, regulating his motions by those of the sportsman, and either increasing or diminishing his speed so as to keep about this distance a-head of him ; sometimes even carrying his coolness so far as to turn round his head and shew a most formidable set of grinders. We were all tolerably well

mounted, but our nags, even my stanch old hunter, "Lamplighter," invariably returned crest-fallen and dead beat from this unavailing pursuit. Our friend G—— was still more unfortunate; for, riding with more keenness than judgment, or over-rating the powers of his cattle, from the effects of some of these hard runs he lost his two horses in two successive days: one died at his pickets, and I was obliged to destroy the other. We were luckily able to mount him till he got rehorsed at Jaulnah, or he would have had to foot it for upwards of a hundred miles.

These plains abound in florikan and bustard. The former is a game-looking bird, about the size of the curlew. As dogs, from the difficulty of rearing or preserving them, are seldom used in dry shooting, and as "black pointers"—i. e., nigger-beaters, are not of much use in the open country, the following expedient

is frequently employed to put up the florikan: a long line is procured, to which at intervals are fastened the wing-feathers of any large bird; a few small bells are likewise attached to the rope, which, being extended, is dragged along the ground, the sportsman following in the wake. This crafty device was known to the ancients, and called the "pinna-tum" and "formido." We read in Seneca, "when the line with feathers attached, enclosed large herds of wild animals that have been collected by stratagem, it is designated from its very effects, '*formido*' or 'terror.'" Hence we may conclude that the *formido* was not only used for the feathered tribe, but employed in the destruction of larger animals.

The Indian bustard is a fine bird, much larger than the common turkey, and of a most delicious flavour, but extremely *shy*

and difficult to get a shot at. The readiest way of approaching them is on a well-trained pony, by riding round them in decreasing circles, then making a dash, and when they rise, pulling up dead, and giving them a broadside of No. 2, lighter metal being generally thrown away upon them.

In these "prairies" we would sometimes stumble on a patch of cultivation, generally gram,\* or some other hardy plant not requiring irrigation; and these spots were not unfrequently the resort of packs of rock pigeon, or, as they are sometimes called, rock partridge, as they partake in appearance of both, with a dash of the grouse, being feathered down to the toes. They are birds of passage, coming in after the rains, and emigrating on the approach of the hot season. To

\* A sort of pea or vetch, on which the horses are fed.

this list may be added two or three kinds of plover ; but these in India are always considered beneath the notice of the sportsman.

After crossing the Godavery, which ranks among the sacred streams of the Hindoos, we got into a more fertile and diversified country, and inhabited by a different genus of game. Our eyes now rested with pleasure on the green expanse of barley-fields, interspersed with the prickly oil plant or the graceful cholum ; whilst the morning call of the painted partridge was to us music of the sweetest description. This fine bird as much exceeds the common brown one in beauty of plumage as it does in delicacy of flavour, and afforded us some capital sport. It is worthy of remark, that the “ painter ” not unfrequently roosts in the branches of trees, and thus often puzzles the novice, who, attracted by its call, is

assiduously prosecuting his search on *terra firma*, whilst his bird is comfortably perched aloft.

The cholum fields we generally found the resort of a remarkably fine sort of quail, nearly the size of the partridge, and the only one of the quail species on which we condescended to bestow a charge of shot, three other smaller kinds being more frequently found in the grass districts.

This cultivated part of the country was much intersected by wooded ravines, and, if a stream wended its devious way through them, was almost a sure find for pea-fowl; but the difficulty was to put up the rascals, as we would see them often emerging from one covert, and making across the open towards another with all the speed of a pursued ostrich, at the same time dazzling the eye with the brilliancy of their plumage. We at last learnt how to *sarcumvent* them. Return-

ing one evening about twilight, along the banks of a stream, after a long and unsuccessful pursuit, we were tempted by the clearness of the water to lave therein our weary limbs. The whirling eddies had worn out a deep pool under the overhanging bank, which was thickly overshadowed by the tall and flowery oleander, and in this delicious bath we were luxuriously cooling our fevered frames, over which *fixxingly* flowed the cool waters of the brook, when we were suddenly startled by a whirring sound over head, and a whole covey of pea-fowl passed above us and settled in some trees on the opposite bank of the rivulet. Favoured by the twilight, fast verging into darkness, we seized our guns, and wading across, sent a volley into their roosting-place, which proved so well directed, that, "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa's shades," the ground was strewed with

killed and wounded, amongst whom we immediately rushed, and in spite of the thorny nature of the jungle, and being ourselves *in puris naturalibus*, we succeeded in capturing two or three of the latter, to say nothing of those who had been "kilt dead" on the spot. In any place frequented by pea-fowl it is easy to discover their nightly place of resort, and, if a sporting conscience will admit of the expedient, to "pot" a few in the manner described.

I think I have mentioned most of the game which comes under the head of "dry shooting," except hares, (rabbits I never met with in India;) they are numerous, vary little from the English species, and frequently added to our bill of fare in the shape of stews and curries.

During the whole march, we depended much on our guns for the supply of the table, nor had we generally reason to



complain of our fare, nor of the contents of our bags, when sunset warned us to "cease firing," and we would halt near some village "bowrie" to cool our parched lips, and take an account of the slain. The "bowrie" had, moreover, other attractions besides the cool and refreshing draughts with which it supplied us. We read in the Scriptures of the women daily going to the well at the evening hour to fill their pitchers: to this day the old patriarchal custom is followed in all the East, and often, after a grilling day's shooting, have I at sunset sat on the steps of a tank, and enjoyed the cooling influence of the hour, till the golden hues of heaven melted into the sober grey of twilight, in admiring, not the fair, but *fairy* and graceful forms of the dusky village nymphs employed in this domestic vocation. Many of the Hindoo women (colour excepted) present the *beau ideal* of

female beauty—the long flowing hair, the large and melting eye, the well-formed nose and mouth, the graceful neck, and a bust . . . but here we must stop, and throwing the waving snow-white “dou-puttah” over the left shoulder, to conceal charms which it half discovers, we wind it round her slender waist and well-rounded hips, and allowing it to descend half way down the leg, the simple toilet of the “Hindoo girl” is complete, who, in point of grace and loveliness, might vie with the gorgeous jewelled and more artificial beauties of a European saloon.

About a month’s easy marching, with occasional halts wherever we found game plentiful, brought us to the Field Cantonment of Jaulnah, a good specimen of an Indian out-station. The force was composed of three regiments of Native Infantry, the Second Light Cavalry, and a troop of Horse Artillery, who, as they drew field batta, were always required to

have their full equipment of tents, baggage bullocks and camels, and to be ready to march at a moment's notice. In fact, the force is supposed to be in camp, and to live in their tents ; and though these have been gradually superseded by more substantial edifices, the form and construction of the latter still bear evidence to their original purpose—viz., that of covering in a tent during the rainy season. In time, the primitive habitation of canvass falling to pieces, or being packed up, what was at first intended as a mere shell, finishes by doing duty as a permanent habitation, and, improved and embellished by each occupant, is at last metamorphosed into a very respectable “ bungalow.” From such a humble origin sprung the flourishing Cantonments of Jaulnah,\* Bolarum, and Secunderabad,

\* Since the period here alluded to, Jaulnah has, I understand, been abandoned, and the houses at present are heaps of ruins.

the latter of which is to this day designated by the natives as the “ lushkur,” or camp.

Jaulnah being on the borders of the Bheel country, some precautions were requisite to guard against the depredations of these professional robbers, who frequently made the most daring attempts both on public and private property. Some time before our arrival, they had both robbed and murdered a very fine young man, Lieutenant D——, of the Company's Service. This officer, in order to relieve the wants of his family at home, had sold off everything, even to his house, and was living in his tent. One night he was aroused from his sleep, and saw some Bheels making very free with his little remaining property: he was a powerful man, and, jumping up, endeavoured to secure one of the offenders, who, although perfectly naked, and, as is their custom

on such occasions, well smeared with grease or oil, he had secured, overpowered, and held on the ground ; but before his servants could come to his assistance, the wretch repeatedly plunged his khunjur (dagger) into poor D——'s body, whom he left weltering in his blood, and who expired during the night. Such is the dexterity of these rascals in the *art* of robbery, that they have been known to steal the very sheets from under the person sleeping on them. This feat is said to be performed' by gently tickling their victim with a feather, and gradually withdrawing a portion of the sheet every time he moves from the effect of this titillation.

The cantonment, or, as it is commonly called, the camp of Jaulnah, is the headquarters of the Light Field Division of the Hyderabad Subsidiary Force, which consists of a troop of Horse Artillery, a corps

of Light Cavalry, and three Native Infantry regiments. The lines are at a short distance from the old town and fort of Jaulnah, from which they are separated by a small river. This place, together with the district of Jaulnapoor, was ceded by the Mahrattas to the British government in 1803, and has subsequently been made over to the Nizam.

Indian hospitality is proverbial, and we experienced it to its full extent during our stay at Jaulnah. Invitations poured in upon us from the different messes, and even from private families with whom we had been previously unacquainted, and who appeared to vie with each other as to who should be most attentive to us strangers. We took up our quarters with Lieutenant, now Captain D——, of the twenty-eighth regiment of Native Infantry, from whom we experienced the greatest kindness ; and glad am I to have this op-

portunity of expressing that even the universal obliteration “Time” has not been able to efface from my recollection the remembrance of his hospitable attentions.

Fancying, probably, that we would be completely spoilt during our stay at Jaulnah, Colonel G——, the commandant, with the charitable idea, no doubt, of averting so dreadful a calamity, took the opportunity of humbling our pride by a severe *wigging*, which originated in the following circumstance:—Whilst we were in the Cantonment, the Second Light Cavalry was reviewed: as we wished to see the fun, we went on the ground, but, as travellers, unprovided with our traps, we appeared there in shell jackets. Colonel G——, with all the pomp and splendour of majesty, (he was, God knows why, surnamed the “*King of Prussia*,”) surrounded by his brilliant staff, was com-

plimenting the officer commanding the Second on the performances of his corps, when, prompted by the demon Curiosity, we unfortunate knights of the shell jackets, most unadvisedly thrusting ourselves forward to catch a few grains of his majesty's eloquence, attracted the royal attention, and drew down his wrath on our devoted heads.

In vain would it be for me to endeavour to recal all that his majesty said to us unhappy delinquents ; suffice it to remark, that the current of his angry wrath not only overwhelmed us with confusion, but even struck dismay into the listening audience. Though we might certainly have deserved this mark of attention, I beg at the same time to add, that had his Prussic acid been rather more universally distributed, Frederick the Great would not have incurred the reproach of making an invidious distinction between King's and



Company's officers, two of the latter being present in the same obnoxious dress, and one of them under the very same circumstances with our more favoured selves, to whom he shewed the most flattering partiality, in making us the exclusive objects of his marked attention.

But I am beginning to range rather wide of my subject, which I have no doubt the patient reader begins to find rather *dry*: I shall therefore bring to an end my lucubrations on "Dry Shooting," and, gentle, affable, and courteous reader, wish thee good night and pleasant dreams!





## CHAPTER V.

THE CAMP — SPORTING CLUB — THE MARCH AND  
COUNTERMARCH — COMFORTS UNDER CANVASS —  
“WET SHOOTING” — INDIAN METHOD OF TAKING  
WATER-FOWL ALIVE — EVENING BEFORE THE  
BATTLE — THE INFERNAL BEVERAGE — THE  
STORM — GOLCONDAH — THE EUROPEAN HUS-  
BAND-HUNTER’S CAREER IN INDIA — THE SPORT-  
ING CLUB.

“ The tent of Alp was on the shore ;  
The sound was hush’d, the prayer was o’er,  
The watch was set, the night-round made,  
All mandates issued and obey’d.”  
SIEGE OF CORINTH.

It would be difficult for any one who has not visited the gorgeous East to form an idea of an Indian encampment—I mean, that of a large body of troops, with all their concomitants of camp followers, bazars, elephants and camels, bullocks and horses. Here war appears in all her

“pomp and circumstance :” she conceals her bloody hand under an embroidered mantle, and advances to the field of carnage like a bride decked for the altar.

In April, 1830, the large subsidiary force occupying the territories of the Mahomedan sovereign of Hyderabad was suddenly, though not unexpectedly, called into the field. Nasir-al-Dowlah, the successor of the old Soubadars of the Deccan, had not without opposition ascended the musnud\* on the death of the old Nizam. His brother, Moubaras-al-Dowlah, was to him a constant source of trouble and uneasiness : ambitious, enterprising, and popular with the oumrahs, or nobles, he secretly encouraged every faction, and promoted every sedition which so frequently disturbed the city of Hyderabad.

The views of Moubaras were evident, and in the then disturbed state of things,

\* Throne.

and in a country where might so often supersedes right, he had every prospect of elbowing his brother off the throne. The latter, however reluctantly, (for the native jealousy of European interference is excessive,) was at last obliged to apply to the British resident for assistance against his rebellious brother, who had already entrenched and fortified himself in one part of the city, whence he hurled defiance at his liege lord.

It was on a beautiful night, at the close of a burning day in the month of April, that some half dozen of us were, after mess, enjoying the cooling breeze, *blowing a cloud* and sipping our *brandy-pawnee*, under some fine old tamarind trees which still retained their verdure in spite of the scorching land winds. There had been a pause in the conversation ; each appeared silently engaged with his own thoughts, either intently contemplating and mo-

ralizing on the burning end of his cheroot, the twinkling stars as they shone through the leaves overhead in all their tropical splendour, or on the numerous fire-flies which with scarce less brilliancy shot wildly through ether, like blazing meteors. All was hushed and quiet, save the subdued hum of voices from the distant bazars, when we were suddenly startled by the heavy tread of an European footstep on the gravel walk, and the rising moon presently shone on the erect figure of a soldier, who hastily approached with an orderly book.

“What’s the matter now, Corporal?” at once burst from every mouth.

“Orders, Sir,” replied he, gracefully bringing up the extended hand to the peak of his cap, at the same time tendering the orderly book.

“Here! you boy, Moushkil! Bring a lanthorn, you rascal, jeldée laon!”

A lantern was speedily brought ; and orders they were, and no mistake. The force was to assemble in a mass of columns on the Grand Parade at two A.M ; and the regimental orders further directed that we were to be formed in the barrack square an hour before that time. Three cheers immediately followed this intelligence : sleep was out of the question ; it was already ten o'clock ; therefore, after giving the requisite directions to the servants concerning tents, baggage, &c., it was voted *nem. con.* to continue our present campaign of cheroots and brandy-pawnee until it should be time to “ strike our tents and march away.”

The appointed hour at last arrived, and a full moon shone brilliantly on the assembled troops, who were in consequence enabled to occupy their respective places in the column with as much steadiness and precision as on a brigade field-day.



We mustered a regiment of light cavalry, one battalion of foot, and one troop of horse artillery, one European king's regiment, and four native corps; and were, moreover, to be strengthened by the Nizam's regular troops, and by the Madras European regiment, which happened at that time to be passing near the scene of action.

Some short time elapsed before we got "under weigh," and day just began to dawn as we forded the Moussa; during the rains, a deep and rapid torrent, furiously lashing the walls of Hyderabad, but at present scarcely more than a brook, and barely reaching the knees. Thinking we would of course encamp somewhere near the walls of the town, we were laying to our souls the flattering unction of escaping a hot march, having an early breakfast, and getting under cover before the setting in of the land winds, which generally commence about nine in the

morning. Our astonishment may therefore be imagined when, after crossing the river, our long, snake-like body slowly crawled along the walls, which it soon left behind, and gradually emerged into the open country to the eastward of the city. This was a puzzler! What *could* be the meaning of this extraordinary movement! but of course generals in command of armies do not make known by the town-crier their intended operations, and we were all lost in conjecture. We were passing over a plain, every inch of which I knew right well in my sporting capacity, and on which I had floored many a fine buck antelope and laid into many a fox. It therefore appeared to me rather novel to be travelling over my old haunts in such warlike trim: still we proceeded, till, leaving Aurungzebe's mosque in the rear, we got in sight of the ruins of Surroo-Nuggur, which I have described

on a former occasion. The column was winding along the narrow bund of a large tank ; on our right extended a fine sheet of water, on which were idly floating numerous water-fowl ; whilst on the left lay a vast extent of rice-fields, which derived their verdure from the noble reservoir above them, and promised from their appearance to be, even at this late season, the resort of lots of snipe.

“ Should not mind being encamped near this tank,” said one of my sporting chums, edging up to me.

“ I reckon we’d soon have a touch at the long bills, Sib ; and, youngster, you should wade in with your long legs after yonder teal, and supply the camp with water-fowl.”

This is the famous Bāgh-Nuggur tank, where Sib, C—, and myself, have had such rare sport. As we were idly chatting thus, a halt was sounded ; a bustle

seemed to take place amongst the staff, where they were evidently holding a consultation, which shortly broke up. The word was passed to countermarch by ranks, and then left in front; we trudged “back again” the way we had come—a *slight* mistake in the quarter-master-general’s department having caused us to overshoot the mark, and go about five miles further than there was any occasion.

On these occasions grumbling is of little avail; therefore, putting the best face on the matter and the best foot forward, we bravely retraced our steps. The heat was becoming excessive, and ever and anon a sultry blast as from the mouth of a furnace would sweep over us, dry up the very moisture on our foreheads, and cheat us as it were of the credit of labouring by the *sweat* of our brow. To the *sportsmen* of the party—and in that gallant force there were many who could

boast of the name—an hour more or less in the sun was of little moment ; he only gave us the *warm* reception of an old friend, to which our bronzed countenances bore ample testimony, and our mahogany faces could laugh to scorn his most powerful rays. But it was far otherwise with the poor soldiers — I mean, the Europeans.

Shut up all day in their barracks, they were little accustomed to this sort of work ; and the perspiration in many cases not only appeared to have saturated the coat, but also their thick belts and appointments. Still their *pluck* never failed them.

“ Bad luck to their sows, Pat, to have brought us this thramp to bring us back again ! ” I overheard a young grenadier say, as he was pouring forth his lamentations into the ear of a grizzly old soldier, his front-rank man.

“ Och ! sure, Tim, ye’ll be ne’er the

worse for it, for maybe it's not of wax ye're made ; and I'll engage, boy, 'tis not of sugar," said Pat, at the same time laying hold of his proboscis between his finger and thumb.

But all in this world must have an end ; and so, Inshah Allah ! by the grace of God, had our grilling hot march. We at last arrived at our encampment-ground, which we had passed four long hours before : arms were piled, the tents were unloaded from the elephants and camels, and before an hour had elapsed a canvas city had arisen under the walls of Hyderabad ; the bazaars were established, the mess-tent pitched, and, with a capital breakfast provided by our Parsee messman, we commenced our life in " camp."

When the fire-side traveller reads of the enormous masses of people put in motion on the march of an Indian army, he is apt to open the eyes of incredulity,

and, putting down the paper, to exclaim, “How these Anglo-Indians are addicted to——” we will not say what. But if in his sagacity he for a moment reflects that every officer is attended by at least a dozen servants, who in their turn are followed by their wives and children ; that the sepoy is accompanied by their families ; that a well-furnished bazaar is always attached to the camp, the grain and different articles with which it is supplied being carried by innumerable coolies,\* bullocks, and waggon ; if to this list be added the immense number of beasts of burthen for the carriage of tents, baggage, &c., the natives requisite to look after these, the Lascars, water-carriers, and dooly-bearers,\* besides crowds of idlers and adventurers of every description,

\* Porters.

† The dooly is a sort of covered litter, carried by four or six men, for the transport of the sick.

he will not overshoot the mark if to every ten thousand fighting men he puts down one hundred thousand camp followers.

Living under canvass is in India so common an occurrence, that a man's tent generally presents all the comforts of a Bungalow ; the double walls keep off the glare of the sun, the ground, covered with a blue-and-red striped carpet, the camp-table and arm-chair, the bullock trunk bed, the fowling-piece and hog-spear lashed to the tent pole, your dogs lazily extended on the bed rug, give a *tout ensemble* of home and snugness which can scarcely be conceived. All these luxuries it may easily be imagined were not diminished by being so near head-quarters ; and to guard against the excessive heat of the weather at this time of the year, most of us had taken the precaution to put in marching order our *taunty-catches*, with



their whole apparatus of cuscus-tatties and water-jars.

But to the uninitiated it may perhaps be necessary to explain these hard names. Know then, gentle reader, that during certain months in India it is literally *infernally* hot ; to counteract which heat it was discovered that mats kept constantly moist were most effectual ; the burning blast passing through these tatties of sweet-scented cuscus grass becomes a perfumed and cooling zephyr ; and the dark *naiads* who perform the grateful office of sprinkling them with water, and who, by-the-bye, are often very pretty creatures in their way, are yclept, I know not wherefore, tauny-catches.

But even with the assistance of tatties and tauny-catches we found the heat far from agreeable : 110° may do very well for a Salamander, but is rather too much for mere man of mortal clay. We there-

fore held a consultation, at which it was decided that the tent of a rum chap, called Zoicles, should be made the general head-quarters, where all the water nymphs were to bring their supplies, and keep us from morning to night deluged with genial showers. This plan answered capitally, and never was time more pleasantly passed than in those dripping and bedrenched canvass walls. Immediately after breakfast it became the resort of every idler, and the scene of every sort of fun.

Cards, chess, eating and drinking, fluting and singing, in short, noise of every description, was the constant order of the day ; and the Zoicles' hotel was so much in request, that not a corner remained unoccupied. A party would be frequently seen playing at some game *on* the table, whilst another set were similarly engaged *underneath*. Our host generally took possession of the camp-bed, whence he used to deafen us with his

## THE VALUE OF EQUIVALENTS.

And I found the ground floor under  
our tent with the assistance of a few gunny-  
bags\* made a capital berth, and by far  
the sweetest corner in the shop.

Thus we used to pass our days till we  
slept out in the cool of the evening;  
and whilst the higher powers were engaged  
in negotiations with Monbaras, or in me-  
diating between him and his brother, we  
were discussing the probable chances of  
an attack on the town, the consequent  
number with our respective chances or  
wishes, either of securing a good addition  
to our stock in the shape of a Kattywar  
dancer, or a Circassian damsel from the  
seraglio of his highness. We had even  
proceeded to a mathematical calculation  
of the value of the different inmates of  
that seraglio; as, for instance, how many  
Etiopians were equal to a Cachemerian;  
how many of the latter equivalent to a

\* Large canvass bags in which the tent is packed  
on a march.

maid of Iran, a Circassian, or a Georgian. All these particulars being satisfactorily arranged, naught remained to be done save to follow Mrs. Glass's prescription of "first catch your hare, and then cook it."

Time, meanwhile, wore on apace ; and as no immediate warlike demonstrations appeared to demand our presence, a party was formed for a day's shooting at the Bāgh-Nuggur tank. This gives me an opportunity of describing the general system of *wet-shooting* in the Deccan, which the reader may remember came in a former chapter under one of the heads of "Field Sports."

As this part of the country is, generally speaking, of a broken and undulating nature, an opportunity is thereby offered of forming tanks or reservoirs of water, which, being filled during the rainy season, contain a sufficient supply for irrigating

the neighbouring fields during the rest of the year. An artificial embankment or *bund* being thrown up across a valley, the water accumulates behind this, and thus are formed the tanks, which in extent sometimes rival small lakes. The lesser ones are formed of a common embankment of earth ; but the bunds of the larger ones, and which are frequently as much as a mile in length, are generally of very ancient and solid construction, large blocks of granite being cut to fit into each other, in what is called in Greece the Cyclopiian style of architecture. This faces the water, whilst a shelving bank gradually extends towards the rice-fields, which are invariably on the other side. Of this nature was the bund of the tank of Bāgh-Nuggur.

On arriving there our party separated, some intending to wage war on the water-fowl, whilst the rest extended over the

rice-fields in quest of snipe. The former placing themselves at intervals in ambush along the several sides of the bund, a number of natives were sent round the tank with instructions to make as much noise as possible, throwing stones, firing off pistols, &c., in order to make the birds rise. We had not been long at our posts when, with the assistance of our noisy *black guards*, a fine flock of teal came whirring over our heads. Bang! bang! went at once from three or four barrels, and the killed and wounded fell thickly around, some into the adjacent rice-fields, others into the tank, where the main body at last settled, was again disturbed as before, and a new slaughter ensued. This went through two or three editions, till at last the survivors, finding the place too hot for them, made a clear start for some other sheet of water.

And now came the cream of the fun—

that of securing the wounded birds which had fallen into the water, and which, by diving as soon as they saw the flash of the pan, often avoided the effects of a second shot. At first, as is generally the case, we did not like to wet our feet, and kept up a desultory fire from the shore; however, in less than half-an-hour, not one of us but what was in the water, which, in the present state of the weather, made a capital tepid bath, and which at this season, not being very deep, enabled us to follow the fugitives in all directions. Still an unfortunate wight would sometimes flounder into a muddy hole, where, after being immersed over head and shoulders, he would reappear much in the guise of a drowned rat, and to the great amusement of the rest of the party.

The natives have rather an ingenious way of taking water-fowl alive. In the tanks frequented by them they throw

large earthen vessels, which, floating about in the water, the birds become accustomed to their appearance, and swim about them without apprehension. When the shekaree finds that they venture near them with confidence, he places one on his head, which is, thereby completely concealed, holes having been bored for him to breathe and see through. With this novel head-dress he gets up to his neck in the water, gradually approaches the spot where is cruising the fleet of duck or teal, who, accustomed to the sight of the earthen jars, do not take the alarm even when it is in the midst of them. Now is the time for the shekaree, who seizes his unsuspecting victims by the legs, drags them under water, till one by one they disappear, their remaining companions being perfectly ignorant of their fate and of their own approaching destiny.

In India the tribe of water-fowl is very



extensive, and affords great scope to the sportsman. In the more unfrequented parts of the country the tanks are often literally covered with birds, and it is no uncommon circumstance to bring down at a single shot from one to two dozen. The teal and widgeon are in great varieties, more so than the duck ; but of the latter are some with the most beautiful plumage. The largest is the Braminee duck : it is of a dark yellow-ochre colour, generally found in the sandy beds of rivers, extremely shy, and difficult to get within shot of ; and when you have brought him down he is not worth having, tough as leather and fishy as a gull.

The marshes and sedgy banks of the tanks abound with cranes and herons of every description, the grey-and-white curlew, the lotus bird,\* water-hens, and divers innumerable, complete the list ; but

\* This beautiful bird has been described in a former chapter.

they are all beneath the notice of the sportsman, and only sought after by the bird-fancier, to whose collection they make brilliant additions.

Now cast we a glance at what is allowed to be the best and one of the most exciting sports of the East—I mean, snipe shooting. In its effects it is also the most fatal to the British sportsman. A burning sun over head, whilst for hours immersed above the ankles in water, together with being exposed to the noxious marshy exhalations, have, alas! proved fatal to many, and have probably added more greatly to the numerous cases of fever, liver complaint, and dysentery, than anything else in the treacherous climate of India. Still with this hand-post of “high road to the other world” full in view, such are the attractions of this pursuit, that few who are fairly engaged in it can ever leave it off, until brought suddenly

up by one of the above stumbling-blocks. It becomes a sort of infatuation. With his brandy-flask by his side, and his well-filled bag, the sniper still wanders through his old haunts, the well-known Paddy-fields,\* until at last brought down himself by the unerring aim of the grim Azrael—the angel of death.

I am well aware that in advocating these opinions, in stating the fatal effects of snipe-shooting, I expose myself to the serious charge of apostasy, and of becoming a renegade to the sport, by many a grim, mahogany-faced old brother sportsman, who may indignantly exclaim, “Be-gone! go handle thy goose-quill, break the stock of the old double barrel; thou art no longer one of *us*!” Still, old varmint, facts are facts, and will speak for themselves; and though thy tough leathern

\* The swampy fields where rice is cultivated are so called.

carcass has hitherto been impervious to heat or damp, liver or fever, thou must remember how many a boon companion we have seen put under the sod !

The only time when this amusement can be pursued with tolerable safety is early in the morning. The birds are then wild, and difficult to bring down ; but as the heat increases they lie closer, and when the sun darts down his rays with their full power, they become so lazy that they may almost be kicked up. Any one who has ever drawn a trigger may therefore easily imagine, that whatever good resolutions may be formed at starting by a keen sportsman are easily broken through when he finds his sport augment with the thermometer, in the same ratio that the size of his game-bag swells with the increased power of the sun's rays. The moment of striking work is from time to time put off, until the shades of even-

ing see him return laden with 30 or 40 couple of birds, and he probably barely arrives in time for dinner, when he had ordered breakfast at nine o'clock. Such is too frequently the manner in which good resolutions are kept.

We have three different sorts of snipe ; the common brown one, about the size of the English snipe ; the little Jack snipe, rather a difficult shot ; and the painted snipe. This is a lazy, sluggish bird, rises heavily, and generally settles within a few yards, amidst the tall sedge grass and reeds, which they frequent in marshy places. There is nothing *game* either in their flavour or appearance, but their plumage is handsomely variegated, and thence they derive their name.

Frequently the slaughter committed by a sniping party is so great, that when too far from any station to which the birds might be sent in, nothing but the brains

and trail are eaten, the rest being cast away. This is often made a matter of boast, but I must confess I rather look on it as an act of wanton destruction.

Such was not, however, the fate of the game of our Bagh-Nuggur party, for although we brought in our quantum, it was soon distributed amongst our numerous friends, who crowded to Zoicle's tent, where we had all assembled—the shooting party to get some grub, our visitors to inspect the bags, and to disburthen themselves of the news of the day.

We first satisfied the cravings of appetite, and then had leisure to listen and descant on what was communicated to us, which amounted to the fact that Moubaras, finding he could gain no more time by negotiation, had peremptorily refused to accede to the terms offered to him by the high mediating powers, who had resolved to give him until the following day

for consideration, and if he still proved refractory, to breach the walls, and take the place by storm. The signal to be a gun fired at 1 P.M. next day.

To a party of jolly sportsmen, after a hard day's fag in the hot winds, few persuasions are required to pay every devotion to the rosy god, and the present occasion afforded additional inducements to fill the "brimming bowl." Amongst the numbers present were many whose post on the following day would be with the leading column of attack; their success and escape was deeply drank to, and as bravely answered. Life has few such exhilarating moments as these, and whilst it lasted we were determined to make the most of it, on the principle of "eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." This doctrine may be heterodox, but we left this to churchmen to decide, nor troubled our heads about such nice points.

It is at such moments as these that the true character of man shews itself in its real colours, and all his nobler points are brought to light. Poor old Radford ! never shall I forget on that eventful evening the gripe of thy iron fist, as thou madest the promise to stick by me on the ensuing day, with thy old double-barrel gun. Radford was our assistant-surgeon, a stanch sportsman, always foremost in a spree of this kind. He had been employed in the Nizam's service. On one occasion a refractory Kelladar (governor of a fort) was to be reduced to obedience ; there was no other European officer on the spot ; in spite of his medical capacity, he put himself at the head of fifty souwarees, (horsemen,) galloped up to the gate of the fort, blew it open with a petard, and put the garrison to the sword. Innumerable were the exploits related of him in the destruction of tigers, and *sa-*



being (not spearing) of wild hog—for Radford was too modest ever to mention his own performances. In health, a boon companion; in sickness, attention and kindness personified; he was the prince of good fellows, the king of *leeches*. But, alas! he is now no more.

The evening thus passed, as the papers say, with the greatest conviviality—i. e., most of us were three sheets in the wind. At last, Jones, our lieutenant of Grenadiers, stood up, or rather attempted to stand, and to make a speech, the purport of which was, that this being an extraordinary occasion, deserved to be drank in an extraordinary manner, and in some unusual beverage. The motion was carried *sem. con.*, and the proposer was put in the chair, with full powers to concoct any brew he thought proper, which we pledged ourselves to drain, provided he shewed the example.

He immediately set to work, and never did human invention produce such a mixture. A large bowl was filled with madeira, port, claret, beer, brandy, and arrack, spiced with kyan and black pepper, sent to be boiled, and brought in steaming hot. The most copper-throated were appalled, but there was no drawing back ; bumpers were filled—not puny wine-glasses, but thundering big rummers ; our only hope was that the worthy president would not come to the scratch. Alas ! vain, delusive hope.

“ Here’s to success for to-morrow !” cried he, and at one long pull down went a whole pint of “ infernal,” as we had already christened this Circean draught. It would have been high treason to have fought shy : but this was the end of the feast ; many were completely floored, and others had just sense enough left to make a timely retreat. The Doctor, young

Smithwaite, and myself were among the latter; they shared my tent, to which we managed to steer our course. On emerging into the open air, we were struck by the unusual appearance of the atmosphere; there was not a breath of wind; a mass of heavy black clouds seemed to rest like a leaden mantle on the very tents, which were brought out in strong relief on the dark background of murky vapour. A few heavy drops of rain, at long intervals between them, was all that disturbed the unnatural stillness which reigned around; when

“ From camp to camp, through the foul womb of  
night,  
The hum of either army stilly sounds,  
That the fixed sentinels almost receive  
The secret whispers of each other's watch.”

In short, everything seemed to prognosticate one of those violent and sudden storms which, though seldom, *do*

sometimes visit these regions during the hot season.

We roused our people, and with directions to secure the tent as well as possible, turned in to await the event ; nor were we long kept in suspense ; the rain came down in torrents, and after having saturated the ground, and loosened the tent pegs, was followed by a whirlwind which soon laid in the mud half the tents of the encampment. The ground we occupied happened to be some dried up rice fields, which in the course of half an hour became a complete swamp, and presented a scene of inexplicable confusion. Thanks to the precautions we had taken, the tent occupied by us still held its own ; but how long it might continue to do so was uncertain. We were, besides, in utter darkness ; for a single instant a vivid flash of lightning lit up the scene, and made everything visible as broad noon-day. Never

shall I forget what that single flash disclosed. On a mattress in one corner lay young Smithwaite ; with his clothes on, and rolled up in his boat cloak, reposed the Doctor ; whilst coolies, servants, and tauny-catches, who had by degrees crept in for shelter, were huddled together in every variety of attitude and costume.

“ Nice work this, Radford ! ” cried I.

“ Ah ! my dear fellow, these things will happen in the best regulated families ; let us try to sleep whilst the tent stands.”

Thanks to the dose of *infernal*, I for one was able to follow his advice ; and on awaking in the morning, our tent was found standing unscathed amidst a multitude of wrecks.

But to cut short a long story, our redoubted opponent, thinking discretion the better part of valour, refused next day to come to the scratch, struck his colours, quietly went off to the fortress of Golcon-

dah, we as quietly marched back to cantonment, and thus terminated a most pleasant and bloodless campaign of ten days, which served to initiate the youngsters to a few of the mysteries of " life in camp."

The fortress of Golcondah\* lies about five miles to the north-west of the city of Hyderabad, and is the place of safety where the treasures of the Nizam are commonly deposited. Though having no particular claims to be considered a place of any great strength, it is so jealously guarded, that an European is, under no pretext, ever suffered to enter its precincts ; and instances have occurred of parties of officers who had come to spend the day amongst the neighbouring tombs having been fired at from the walls of the fort,

\* This place is by some considered as the locale of the famous diamond mines, so much celebrated of old. They were, however, situated somewhere on the coast to the north of Masulipatam.

for having presumed to approach them too nearly. "*A la distance*," we had, however, often an opportunity of beholding this hermetically-sealed abode of wealth and power, as a favourite resort of our sporting parties during the hot weather was the neighbouring "tombs," whose massive vaulted domes, whilst they gave us abundance of shelter from the burning rays of the sun, served as a retreat for the numerous flocks of blue pigeons, amongst which we used to make great havoc, and which afforded capital practice to keep our hands "in."

The reader may wonder at our taking up even a temporary abode amongst "tombs," and may, perchance, connect with such a place of residence many gloomy associations; but in the East, and more particularly in the Mahomedan portion of it, whilst the living inhabit hovels, the most magnificent abodes are







erected for the resting-places of the departed, on which no expense is spared; and the beautiful Arabesque style of architecture, with its light and fantastic ornaments, exhausts its most elaborate efforts on the “khubbers” and “musjeds,” the mausoleums of the departed, and the hospitals for the soul. In short, the places of sepulchre and the mosques outshine, in point of beauty and grandeur, every other Eastern architectural edifice, and vie with each other in point of magnificence.

Amongst the most beautiful of the former may be reckoned the tombs of Beder and those at Golcondah; the first have already been described, and the latter are even on a greater scale of magnificence. Flights of broad granite steps lead to an elevated platform, on which stands the body of the building, surrounded by an open verandah, entered by

arches of the Moorish or Saracenic shape, and supported by massive square pillars, whose surmounting architecture is crowned by the most highly-finished Arabesque work, executed, generally, in the beautiful Chunam, or fine preparation of shell-lime, which, in polish, hardness, and purity of colour, can almost vie with the whitest Parian marble.

Crossing this verandah, you penetrate into the sanctum itself; and here, under a black marble slab, in the centre of the edifice, reposes some scion of the Kootub Shahee dynasty, whose many virtues are duly placed on record in the Arabic language, and beautifully executed characters, raised in basso relievo, and intermixed with appropriate sentences from the Koran; over-head is a reverberating dome, of great height, which returns, with deafening loudness, every sound uttered within the sacred precincts, and

whose exterior, formerly covered with those beautifully-coloured glazed tiles for which the Mahomedans were always famed, still exhibits a few remaining ones, which, glittering in the sun-beams, are striking evidences of former grandeur and present decay.

The above description will, I should think, answer, with little variation, for the seventeen or eighteen of these magnificent abodes which now constitute all that remains of a fallen dynasty.

During the hot weather, as has been said, these were the favourite resorts of our sporting characters; and when the land-winds were baking the very ground beneath our feet,—for the minor vegetation, under its scorching influence, speedily disappears,—we would, with our double-barrels on our shoulders, and equipped in our broad straw hats, shirts,

light silk or muslin “piejāmāhs,”\* and turned-up Moorish slippers, stroll from tomb to tomb, disturb the large “khubouters” (pigeons) which snugly nestled in their sheltered recesses, and bang away at them as they winged their arrowy flight through the Moorish arches of the building. Many is the bag of “blue coats” we have thus filled, and many the dish of “pigeon curry” have we dispatched whilst seated around the tombstone of the great Abdallah-Kootub-Shah—may his soul be revelling amidst black-eyed Houries in the seventh paradise!

\* The Hindostanee appellation for very light and loose drawers, much worn both by day and night, particularly in the hot weather, in India. So much had I become accustomed to these appendages to sleep in, that after my return home I continued the use of them until my whole Indian stock was exhausted, and then, for a considerable time, felt very uncomfortable without them.

With the assistance of the tombs of Golcondah, the ruins of Surroo-Nugger, an occasional run for a little hog-hunting to the neighbourhood of Beder, lots of cuscus tatties and tauny-catches, the hot weather was usually passed pleasantly enough at Hyderabad; particularly as the coolness of the nights enabled you (by sleeping under canvass) to obtain, generally, a good night's rest, a luxury only appreciated when not to be attained, and the value of which is most fully known by those whose ill-fortune has condemned them to a protracted residence on the Coromandel side of India.

But the slowest and heaviest part in bright Phœbus's race-course was the commencement of the rains, which prevented any out-of-door work; whilst the usual excessive sultriness attending them effectually put a stop to our later resources, of masquerades, public balls, and

parties, which were ushered in as soon as the cool weather restored a faint blush of health to the fair (not to say *pale* creatures) who gloried in the name of daughters of Britain, and who appeared merely to endure a sort of passive existence in these sun-burnt regions.

There are of course exceptions to every rule ; but, generally speaking, the land of “Ind,” which has so often proved the cradle of the most renowned heroes, statesmen, and capitalists, to say nothing of first-rate “sportsmen,” is certainly not favourable to those delicate flowers, the fairest, and I believe the *best* of the creation — “Albion’s lovely blue-eyed maids.”

Transplanted into this foreign soil, the blooming blossom soon fades, loses its roseate hue of health, and from the beautiful bud, whose delicate though healthy tints could vie with those of Iris, it as-

sumes a pale, wan, and sickly appearance, with scarce remaining energy to raise its languid and drooping head.

The plant (mind, reader, we are only alluding to a plant, though perhaps rather a sensitive one,) suffers in “morale” as well as “physique.” Its professed object in visiting this far clime is paternal or sisterly affection, whilst the never-failing *imputed* motive, for which the good-natured world invariably gives credit, is—“matrimony.”

This may be a libel ; however, for a moment we will suppose it to be true that the fair young creature, (we will drop our metaphor) just from school, and full of health, hope, and animal spirits, is brought out by her friends on *spec.* She crosses the surf at Madras—she launches at once into the vortex of gaiety, is universally admired, overwhelmed with attention by



young and old, by soldiers and civilians, by titled and untitled, from the bilious-looking old parchment-faced, shrivelled atomy of a general, or civil contractor, to the gay young writer, and ruddy-cheeked, beardless *griff* of an ensign.

From having flattery constantly dinned in her ears, the poor girl's head (naturally none of the strongest) is at last completely addled ; she begins to believe she must really possess all the perfections attributed to her ; and from being so often told that she is an angel, verily thinks herself a little goddess, a complete pocket Venus.

She is now the toast at Madras ; no party is endurable without the fascinating Miss —— ; but she now begins to look rather high in the way of *establishment*, and though the poor young devil would no doubt rather be having a game at romps with yon chubby-faced griffin,

whose admiration alone, unaided by any other exertion than that of the eyes, is making the big drops trickle down his smooth rosy face, "Ma" says, she must not stand up to dance with any one under the grade of a field officer or a civilian of rank, who may be able to give her the three Indian requisites for married life—"a silver tea-pot, a bandy,\* and a set of palankeen bearers;" and the yet unsophisticated creature is dancing her hair out of curls and herself out of breath with some spindle-shanked, nankeen-breeched old fellow, who does not nor cannot shew a particle of warmth either in manner or person, his mind having for the last twenty years been wholly engrossed by rupees, his shrivelled carcass, during nearly the same period, being denied the benefit of even (to use a delicate

\* Anglice, a two-wheeled vehicle, called a *gig*.

expression) a common perspiration,\* and whose sole recommendations are his brass spurs and starred epaulettes.

This state of things continues two or three years ; after which she begins to find that these dried-up old stock fish are out of their griffinage, that they can nibble the bait without swallowing the hook. The sweet Matilda looks every day more pale, bilious, and interesting—she has lately had one or two twitches in the side, (query, the right or left ?) sure

\* Sir Thomas Munro, the late Governor of Madras, and who was rather “rude in speech,” said, in reply to a pert young griffin, who, whilst busily swabbing up the big drops from off his dripping forehead, and remarking to his Excellency on the extreme heat of the weather: Yes, young man, but after you have been a few years in the country, you will think yourself devilish lucky if you have so much as a *sweat* left in you ; so now you had just better keep your breath to cool your *sougee*, (a sort of porridge frequently put down for breakfast.)

symptoms of liver ; and her affectionate friends, ever regardful of her health, recommend an immediate change of air up the country, the real object of which is to try for a fresh and better market. She languidly stretches herself in her palan-keen, and in due time reaches, we will say, (to give a local habitation to our story,) the gay station of Hyderabad.

But *big wigs* are more scarce here than at the Presidency, all the field officers are horrid married men, and she is fain to stand up in the mazes of the quadrille with some respectable-looking, portly old captain. But even captains are not catchable every day ; she bobs away at them for a couple of years without success ; then, in despair, tries *another* change of air higher inland ; and here, at last, as a forlorn hope, takes unto herself some red-nosed Sub, who, tired of brandy-pawnee, is determined to try an antidote to drink

in the shape of a wife ; to reform and *live honest*.

Time silently wings on his never-halting course ; a few years have passed over the fair Matilda, and we behold her surrounded by squeaking little *red-noses* and screeching ayahs ;\* the once admired “ toast ” of the Presidency, now a care-worn mother, slip-shod and badly dressed, with sorrow and want marked on her pallid brow, and an unhappy and discontented husband at her elbow.

This may be a gloomy picture, but it is, alas ! too often a true one, of many a girl’s fate in these *Heastern Hingies*.

But we have shot wide of our mark ; commencing with the amusements and *pleasures* of this world, and finding ourselves at last entangled in the meshes of matrimony ! — “ *Où en étions nous ?* ”

\* Native nursery-maids.

Oh ! at our occupations during the rains. At this period, the idler found a great resource in the billiard-table, of which there were two or three attached to the different messes ; but the one most frequented was a public one, kept by an old Parsee of the name of Bomanjee, and of whom honourable mention has already been made.

Old Bomanjee possessed one of the few up-stairs houses in the cantonment, in the lower part of which he had his shop, containing an assortment of the most medley description, and comprising every different article from every different quarter of the globe. But where old Bomanjee shined, was in the upper regions of his mansion—in his holy of holies—the billiard room. Here the old fellow would be ever ready to make either a bet, a joke, or a match with any one ; and as he had a long head and a sharp

eye, a ready wit, and knew, moreover, every cushion of his table, few had a chance with him in either of these competitions. He always here threw off his official character of a shopkeeper ; to his particular friends he would often produce some capital brandy or liqueurs, which he pronounced a sovereign remedy for all diseases, even including liver ; and those from whom the longest bills was due were perfectly safe from a "dun" on entering the precincts of his sanctum.

Sometimes he would surprise delinquents at their own quarters, and his usual time was their breakfast hour, and the day on which pay was issued ; but his importunities were always so good-humoured, and his jokes and bills always flew so well in company, that if there *was* a rupee in the house he was sure to get it ; and if such a thing were not forthcoming, he would utter some witticism, which ap-

parently consoled him for his want of success.

One of my friends was very often deep in Bomanjee's books, and I believe frequently remained so intentionally, in order to have an opportunity of receiving a "dunning" visit from the old man. On one of these occasions, after many good things had been mutually said, and old Bomanjee, with his long bill in his hand, had quietly taken up his position on the couch, my friend took up his pen and wrote, impromptu, the following parody :—

PAY DAY.

I.

" 'Tis sweet the 'Dun's' approach to hear,  
 As slow and stately, drawing near the door,  
 Chiming sweet music on the ear  
 Of him in *bills* most rich—in 'abstract' poor,  
 When comes 'the day,' the awful day,  
 Big with the fate of duns and pay.



## II.

“ 'Tis sweet to hear his voice's music sound,  
Demand if ' Shahib ghur me hy !'  
'Tis sweet to see him, with salam profound,  
Enter the room ; but sometimes a sigh  
Will 'scape you, that the servant did not say,  
' Master's not at home to day.'

## III.

“ But sweeter still than this, than all,  
Is the exquisite sensation,  
When, having come within the hall,  
You see him, without hesitation,  
Forth withdraw from out his pocket-book  
The bill long due, on which you dare not look.

## IV.

“ Presenting it to your unwilling hand,  
Saying, ' Master, here's one bill  
Long due by you ; but you must understand  
Wait for payment I no longer will.  
Pay me now, or else I shall be fain  
To go to Captain Whistler's\* to complain.

\* The head of the police at Secunderabad ; sporting mention has already been made of him in these pages.

V.

“ Upon my word, I am extremely sorry  
 That I’ve not paid it long ago.  
 But why and wherefore all this hurry ?  
 Why not a little patience shew ?  
 You must, in fact ; at least, I pray  
 That you’ll wait till next pay day.

VI.

“ Same *tìng*. always Master say,  
 The money when I want to get.  
 Must come next month ; or ‘ Pisā nay ;’  
 Or that you the bill forget.  
 Two or three days or weeks to wait,  
 Or when I come, I come too late.”\*

\* These lines were composed by my talented friend, alas ! no more, poor George de Blaquiere, of the 8th Regiment, N. I., of which he was at the time adjutant. He succeeded shortly after to his company, and during some troubles which occurred to the north of Vizagapatam, was put in charge of a hill fort. He here contracted jungle fever, and died on his post, which he was resolved not to quit, though by so doing he might, in all probability, have saved his life. By his death the service lost a capital officer, and a young man of the most brilliant talents.

The Parsees are the descendants of the ancient followers of Zoroaster, the fire-worshipping Persians of the time of Cyrus ; and if it be true that by

“ *Tre, vor, and Pen,*  
You may know the Cornish men,”

it is no less so that

“ By the termination *jee,*  
You may know the Parsee,”

and the appellations of Bomanjee, Housenjee, and Dousetjee, speak at once for themselves. They are altogether a strange people, preserving many of the old customs of their forefathers, which they have brought with them to the land of their adoption, after having been expelled from Persia by the Mahomedans. They still worship the orb of day, and in fire reverence its symbol ; they continue, as in days of yore, to expose their dead on the tops of high towers, where they are al-

lowed to remain until devoured by the birds of the air. They are in general an industrious, hard-working set, and many have attained, particularly at Bombay, to considerable eminence, and acquired immense riches ; generally, at the latter place, as merchants or shipbuilders.

Another great resource at all times, but particularly during the rainy season, and which always killed one day in the week, was the public breakfasts every Monday morning at the Residency ; it was a sort of levee held by the Resident, at which every one desirous of paying his respects to him used to attend.

On these occasions, vehicles of every description were put into requisition, from the four-in-hand break, and dashing tandem, to the " Nibbs" dog-cart and humble " bandy." For my part, I had a *drag* quite original of its kind, the idea of which I had borrowed from the " Black Joke,"

which we navigated on the Perkhal Lake. This consisted of a wicker-work case covered with waterproof leather, and surmounted by a canvass awning, which, placed on wheels, and put behind a fast trotting hack, made a very *varmint*, not to say respectable turn out ; and by merely backing it into the water, setting it afloat, unshipping the top, which was converted into a sail, and the bamboos which supported it into oars, made a capital boat, able to carry two, and well adapted for duck shooting on the numerous large tanks which abounded in the neighbourhood of the cantonment.

On this “ unique ” conveyance I used often to rattle over to the “ Burrā Sahib’s hazree,” where during Mr. Martin’s time we always met a kind reception, and after the magnificent dejeuner, used to wile away the day with all manner of fun, at Byam’s quarters, in beating up Dr. V——,

or in visiting the C——'s or M——'s, two remarkably pleasant families attached to the Residency.

On Mr. Martin's departure, the same hospitality was exercised by his successor, Major Stewart, with the additional attractions always imparted by female society, for Mrs. S——, or, as she was commonly called, the "Queen," was a delightful woman ; her daughter quite a Dudu in manners and appearance,

" Not very lively, but extremely winning,"

a nice unaffected person, and had generally stopping with her Miss K——, who to the charms of a very pretty person added those of a well-stored mind ; so that, with all these inducements, it is not to be wondered at if the " boat" very frequently navigated the road leading to Chudderghaut, as the site of the Residency was termed by the natives.

Then, as soon as the rains abated somewhat of their violence, towards the month of October, between the intervals of preparing for the inspections, "the Sporting Club" at least once a week held its reunions. We took it turn and turn to send out a tent to some favourite shooting spot, which was left to the choice of the man providing habitation and grub for the time being, everyone carrying his own liquor. Here we would receive our sporting and non-sporting acquaintances, finding abundance of sport for the former, and making plenty of the latter. Amongst this class we often used to inveigle out Joe D——, and played him all manner of tricks, which he invariably bore with good humour.

On one occasion, being encamped at Burrasapett, some miles from the cantonment, Joe rode out in the morning to spend the day with us. He arrived very

hungry after his long ride, and the smile on his grim countenance betokened the greatest inward satisfaction as we sat down at breakfast to a well-garnished table. The numerous covered dishes betokened a sumptuous feast. Joe's eyes glistened, particularly the larboard one, as, rubbing his hands, he exclaimed, "Indeed I'm very glad I came out; a ride in the morning gives one such an appetite. Yes, indeed!"

"Come, Joe," cried one of the party, "let's see what you've got before you, and stop your jaw with a little grub."

Joe drew towards him the dish, lifted the cover, when out leapt on his plate a huge bull-frog of the size of a lobster. He started up not a little alarmed, amidst shouts of laughter, which he, however, joined at last in himself. He called for another plate, heaped it well with rice, uncovered a second dish, which he con-



cluded held the curry, when, to his now unqualified horror, and amidst our screeches of delight, forth into the very centre of the snowy pile before him crawled the hideous form of a large green eye-snake.\*

Joe could stand this no longer; he dashed snake, rice, and plate on the ground, rushed out of the tent, and we saw no more of him till tiffin, which, as our cotton house had been packed up to send home, was spread under the shade of a thick mangoe tree.

The loss of breakfast had nowise impaired Joe's appetite; and although he

\* Sometimes known as the *tree-snake*. So-called from the propensity it is said to possess of darting from the branch of a tree, where it usually lies coiled up, and fastening on the eye of the passer by. It is of a bright green colour, generally between three or four feet in length, and said to be venemous, though on one occasion I was bitten by one without feeling any bad effects, having, however, taken the precaution to suck the wound.

displayed great caution in removing the covers of the several dishes, this operation once effected, he did wonderful execution amongst them ; and after eating enough for half-a-dozen, was, in the anticipation of an hour's uninterrupted repose ere we mounted our horses, stretched luxuriously on the green sward, leaning against the trunk of the tree, with his cheroot in his cheek and glass of grog by his side.

In this attitude Joe was the very personification of comfort and content ; but, alas ! how transitory is all happiness in this world of woe ! and how often does the sword of misfortune hang unawares over our devoted heads ! and Joe little imagined that it was *then* suspended over *his* head by a mere horse-hair. He fancied, poor fellow ! that as a guest we had given him the place of honour, the most comfortable at our sylvan board. Little did he suspect that a young imp of the name

of B——, who was always the promoter of mischief in the club, had secretly concealed amidst the leafy branches overhead an enormous chatty\* full of water, which was craftily suspended by a rope; and as nearly as possible under this the unfortunate victim of persecution had been seated.

On a preconcerted signal, and whilst he was in the very acme of his quiet enjoyment, the rope was severed, down came the chatty, which, fortunately for him, fell a little on one side, but deluged him with water, whilst the unhappy wight was further astounded by the demon-like yells which were set up around him. He, however, was seriously displeased; but as he could not fix on any particular one of the party, he merely expressed his fixed determination not to honour us any more

\* A large earthen pitcher, used for carrying water.

with his company, and retired to wring his dripping garments.

But B—— was not satisfied : the young demon of mischief vowed he had got off *too cheap*, as the chatty had not fallen on him ; and said he *must* have another rise out of him, as it might be the last we would ever get, since he had expressed his determination to cut the Sporting Club.

As it was getting late, we soon mounted our horses ; Joe was on a wild and nearly unbroken three-year-old colt. It was now dark ; but on entering a narrow part of the road I observed B—— to ride quietly up behind the colt, and hit him two or three sharp cuts with the whip. The next moment both colt and Joe disappeared in the increasing darkness, whilst young “ Puck,” nearly falling off his horse from convulsions of laughter, exclaimed, “ I told you I’d serve the old fellow out !

There he goes, and the devil catch him !”

The young ruffian had before we mounted unbuckled his reins, and now, like a second Mazeppa, on the wings of speed, and under the mantle of darkness, was poor Joe, on his wild steed, scouring across country at a fearful pace.

God knows how he was stopped in his headlong career ; we never dared to question him on the subject : it was the last time he trusted himself to the tender mercies of the “ Sporting Club.”

## CHAPTER VI.

THE WHIRLWIND — TRAVELLING IN A PALANKEEN—  
THE LAST SHOT — CELEBRATED TIGER SLAYERS  
— A PERILOUS SITUATION — RUNJEET SING'S  
OFFICER — MADRAS HAWKERS — SNAKES AND  
SNAKE CATCHERS.

“ The Psylli were an Afric clan,  
Of wond'rous power possest ;  
Fierce snakes, of enmity to man  
They could with ease divest.”

HAYLEY.

THE month of March had set in with its fiery concomitants in the Deccan, the burning land-winds and a scorching sun ; clouds of dust were impetuously swept along the level roads of the cantonment of Secunderabad, which ever and anon appearing to be suddenly checked in their

headlong course by some mysterious and invisible power, would concentrate their fury on some devoted spot, and revolving with astonishing rapidity on their own centres, formed the most appalling "*Pishashes*," or whirlwinds, which, sucking up within their vortices all lighter substances, carried them upwards to a great height, and then dispersed them to the winds of heaven. Woe to the unfortunate traveller who allowed himself to be surprised by one of these children, as their name implies, of the Prince of the Air, the offspring of the desert, and produce of the torrid zone.

The unhappy wight, after having his clothes nearly torn off his back, scorched by the burning blast, blinded and choked by the heated particles of sand and dust, dries up every drop of moisture on his rivelled skin, would, on the sudden vision of the enemy, be glad to effect

his escape in a state bordering on suffocation.

Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at if the "highways" of the cantonment were, on the occasion alluded to, completely deserted, and the sun shed his fiery glances, and the hot winds breathed their furnace breath, on nought save the heated roofs of the bungalows, or the (even at this red-hot season) green rows of the milk hedges, surrounding them, and bordering the white line of road, which was dimly seen through the dancing mirage, caused by the excessive glare and intolerable heat. The place might have been taken for the "city of the dead;" and save where the fierce-looking little "blood-sucker" protruded his crimsoned and swelling neck along the branch of some thorny bhur, or the smooth bark of the mindoe tree, no living creature was to be seen abroad.



The hour was about three in the afternoon, when to a palankeen, placed at the door of my bungalow, the numerous bearers were busily employed in conveying sundry small parcels, which betokened the preparations for a long voyage ; and when, supported by a servant, I slowly approached and stowed myself into the vehicle, a spectator might have guessed the destination of the traveller to have been beyond the limits of *this* world. In short, I was regularly done up—floored, horse, foot, and dragoons. Snipe shooting, imprudence, and exposure, had done their work, and I was bidding adieu, perhaps for ever, to the friends of my youth, and to scenes where so many days had been joyously passed. Still I had had my fun ; I regretted not the past, and consoled myself with the idea that we cannot *have*, and at the same time *eat*, our cake.

I *had* eaten it, with all its sweets, had lived every day of my life ; and though my summer appeared “ passed in May,” I was determined not to cry “ die,” but keeping up my pluck, see what might be effected by an attempt to reach Europe, and breathe once more my native air.

I was soon snugly established in my new abode, and, in the well stored palankeen, uplifted on the shoulders of six stout bearers, who kept step to the slow monotonous tune to which they pitch their voices, and invariably drone forth when carrying their burthen, was soon carried clear of the good cantonment of Secunderabad, though not of the numerous recollections associated with it.

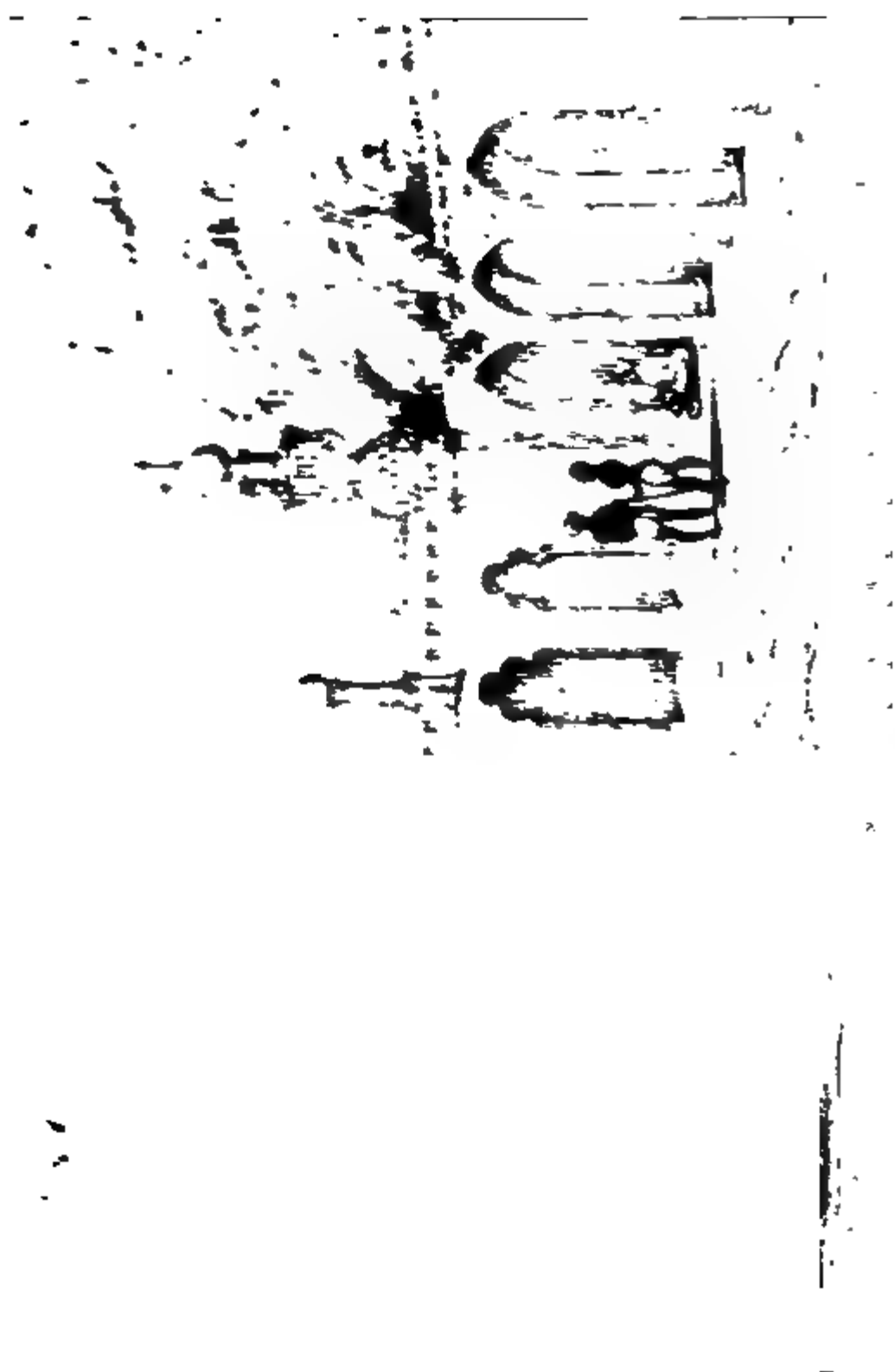
Nothing can exceed the comfort of travelling in a palankeen, particularly to an invalid, and by easy stages, as I went to Madras on this occasion. You recline luxuriously on soft cushions, with your

books, writing apparatus, and every requisite at hand, and even my trusty old double-barrel was still here my constant companion, extended at length by my side.

The palankeen is at once house, bed, and carriage, whilst you are borne rapidly over the ground with so imperceptible a motion as not to interrupt even the lightest slumbers.

I generally travelled at the rate of 15 or 20 miles a-day, and chose the season of night for the period of my migrations. I used, shortly after dark, to undress, go regularly to bed, give the head bearer the name of the place I intended to halt at on the succeeding day ; I was carried thither during the night, and on awaking next morning found myself, without exertion, at my destination, and a comfortable breakfast spread out on the camp table, either under the shady boughs of a thick tamarind tree, the recesses of a serai, or





the airy rooms of one of the neat little travellers' bungalows which from stage to stage line the Madras road as soon as, passing the Kishnah, you enter the Company's territories. Whilst in the Nizam's dominions, the traveller who is unprovided with a tent is obliged to have recourse to one of the former expedients for obtaining shelter. There are several serais\* between Hyderabad and the *river*, as the Kishnah is called *par excellence*; but at

\* These houses of public entertainment, or rather shelter, are common over the whole East, and where Mahomedanism exists, are to be found for the reception of travellers. In India they consist of an oblong enclosure, entered by a gateway, in which generally resides some poor person, who for the gratuity he occasionally receives, sweeps out the cells which are found in the thickness of the wall of the enclosure. Opposite the gate is a small mosque, with its graceful minarets, where the pious Mussulman may spread the carpet of devotion, and perform one of the numerous orisons daily required by the rites of his religion. On their death-bed it is a

this season of the year the shade of a mangoe or tamarind tope is far preferable, both on account of the superior coolness as well as cleanliness there enjoyed.

After crossing the Moussah at Oopul, we skirted the precincts of the Rumnah, or antelope preserve of the Nizam, and I here unexpectedly fell in with a party of sportsmen of my acquaintance, who were eagerly pursuing that amusement to which I had myself been so devoted, and which

common thing for the rich old sinner to bequeath large sums of money for the erection of these useful edifices, in the same way as the dying Hindoo, in hopes of being recompensed by a swim in the sea of melted butter, or *ghee*, renders a benefit to the living by causing the large reservoirs of water to be dug, which are so frequently met with, and prove such a blessing in this burning clime. Meer Alum, the predecessor of the (then) present minister, Mounier-ul-Mulk, is said to have been the person by means of whose bequests the serais on the road between Hyderabad and the Kishnah were erected.

was the main cause of my being *then* shut up, like an old bed-ridden woman, in a box, instead of enjoying the free use of my limbs, and roving uncontrolled, as in happier times, over the wide meidan.\*

This rencontre aroused the most bitter feelings and reflections at my then crippled and helpless state; however, with a hearty shake of the hand from the boon companions of many a past jovial hour, and with the best wishes on their part for my speedy recovery, we parted; *they*, to enjoy the exciting pleasures of the chase, *I* to pursue my cheerless and solitary road. Never at any period of my life did I feel myself more completely "*flambé*," to use an expressive French term. Never had my usually buoyant spirits been so completely prostrated as at that moment, when, leaning back in what now assumed all the gloomy appearance of my coffin, I

\* The plain, the open country.



gave myself up to the darkest forebodings.

I was, however, aroused from this brown study by the palkee being suddenly put on the ground, and looking out to see what was the cause of this unexpected halt, one of the bearers eagerly exclaimed, "Dekho, Sahib! bhot hurunan hy!" "See, Sir, how many antelopes!" I was out in a minute, the old double-barrel was, by the force of instinct, at my shoulder, and a fine black buck, bounding across the road about seventy yards in front, was the next second, after one convulsive spring, stopped in mid career, and lay quivering in the dust.

A chance shot may hit the devil, and it was the last time I ever drew trigger on an antelope. The bearers were delighted; it was to them a good supper, a more substantial one than their accustomed meal of rice. I freely bequeathed it to them, on

condition that they would preserve the horns for me, and leaving two of their number to bring in the slain, the rest *chulled* cherrily along at a brisker pace, and to a more lively tune than heretofore, until they safely deposited me at the little and well-known village of Umrappett, where my baggage, servants, and a small bichovah,\* were awaiting my arrival.

For endurance and capability of supporting fatigue, the Indian palankeen bearers are equalled by few and surpassed by no race of men. Under a burning sun, in the hottest weather, they can, on a pinch, make a run, without halting, of twenty-five or thirty miles, carrying on their shoulders the heavy weight of the palanquin and that of the often bulky person it contains. For short distances, and when in quarters, six or seven is the

\* A small tent carried on one bullock, and usually sent on to have breakfast provided in during a march.

usual number of a set of "buyan," or "boys," as they are commonly called by Europeans; one of these is the directing man, and generally a trust-worthy servant; the others often make themselves useful in families, (for a set of bearers was not the usual appendage to a bachelor's establishment,) by looking after the children, or any little jobs, whilst their leisure hours are passed either in making their fishing-nets, in playing at cards, or more frequently in the enjoyment of "black man's fun," vulgarly known by the name of "sleep."

On short trips, unless carrying very much ballast, four "boys" at a time are generally sufficient for the palkee; these are occasionally relieved by the spare ones, who then very dexterously slip under the shaft and take the weight off their comrade's shoulders. On a march, the set is increased to thirteen and a

torch-bearer, whilst six at a time carry the burden of the now heavily-laden machine, which, besides its occupant, is obliged to be loaded with sundry other articles of necessity or comfort.

By having bearers posted at stated distances, which is called travelling “dawk,” long journeys are made in a comparatively brief space of time; on an average, including stoppages, about four miles per hour may be reckoned as the usual rate of going “dawk,” or about one hundred miles in the twenty-four hours, at which rate a person generally takes, posting in this manner, about four days to run from Hyderabad to Madras; but to one in a weak state of health, the fatigue of such an undertaking would be too great; however, journeys of upwards of a thousand miles are frequently performed in this manner.

About five days brought us to the large

Mahometan village of Nelcondah, the most considerable place on this line of march, after Ongole and Nellore. This was the scene of the daring exploit of Captain Whistler, as described before; and now the traveller could pass in safety and unmolested between those hills which heretofore were never approached without fear and trembling. From the sentiment of more than gratitude which I have always observed to exist, particularly in the remoter districts, towards any European who may have rid their simple inhabitants of the scourge of a ferocious wild beast, the reflection has often arisen in my mind that the ancient heroes of old, such as Jason, Hercules, and Theseus, must have earned their immortality and laurels at a very cheap rate; so prone are we all to reward immediate benefits much more highly than others which, though of infinitely greater importance,

may not be felt at the very moment on which they are conferred.

To this day, the names of Whistler, of Johnson, and of *Tiger Davies*,\* are as well known and as much revered in the Deccan as those of the above-mentioned worthies were in the more classic land of Greece, where, principally by the destruction of wild beasts, then abounding in its primeval forests, they based their renown on such broad and solid foundations. But though they may each and severally have destroyed wild boars and wild bulls,

\* Of the latter it is related, that armed with a brace of pistols, he on one occasion crept into a tiger's den, which ran to a considerable distance under a ledge of rocks. The aperture was so small that he was obliged to crawl along on his belly; he had taken the precaution to have a rope fastened round his body, by which, on a given signal, he was to be drawn out backwards by those stationed at the entrance of the den. The attendant to whom he had made the preconcerted signal, drew him out before the time, and with such violence, that his

serpents and dragons, history makes no mention of their ever having bearded the "royal tiger" in his den, and sent a rifle-bullet through his heart in the very citadel of his stronghold.

Danger (though not fear) is never so completely felt as when under its immediate influence ; nor is its absence ever so much appreciated as when on the very spot where, having *once* felt that influence, you may now repose in safety. This was very strongly impressed on my mind as, during the cool of the evening, I slowly

clothes were not only torn off, but his body severely lacerated. Davies was not, however, to be thus balked ; he crept in again, approached the crouching monster, and, guided by the lustre of his eyes, fired a pistol close to his head, and extended him dead on the spot. This gallant fellow was, a short time afterwards, shot by a trooper of his Russalah ; he having imprudently ordered, by way of punishment, that his men, who were all Mussulmans, should cut off their beards, which so exasperated them as to give rise to the above tragical occurrence.

strolled from my tent towards the hill, which had once been the abode of the far-famed "man-eater." The last time I had gone over this identical ground, some six or seven years before, was under the influence of very different feelings. I was marching up the country with a large detachment of recruits, who, like myself, all in their griffinage, had but lately landed at Madras. In the evening, S——, the assistant surgeon doing duty with the detachment, and myself, not aware of having anything to apprehend, resolved to explore the old tower, which, perched, like an eagle's nest, on the very summit of the hill, was a conspicuous object from our tents.

Unaware of the difficulty generally attendant on reaching one of these hill-forts, we were long in toiling up the steep and painful ascent, broken by ledges of rock, and covered with low and thorny



jungle shrubs. The sun was just setting in all its splendour as we reached our goal, and after wasting the short twilight\* of a tropical evening in exploring the ruins, we were nearly enveloped in darkness ere we thought of retracing our steps.

At this moment, a distant though fearful noise was heard: we had neither of us ever before listened to the voice of the "lord of the wilderness" whilst freely roving in his own domains. But instinct

\* Every one is aware of the little twilight of a tropical evening, when darkness immediately follows the glare of day. The reader may perhaps not be equally well acquainted with a circumstance attending the rising of the orb of day: about an hour before this takes place, a faint streak of light is visible in the East, which is called the "false dawn;" this is again succeeded by darkness ere the "true dawn" precedes the rising of the glorious sun. This has given rise to many pretty conceits, expressed in all the flowery language of the East, in some of the Hindee and Persian poems.

at once told us that this appalling sound could proceed from nothing but the "royal tiger." A second and a nearer peal reverberated through the ruined walls. Here was a pretty predicament for two raw "griffins" to be placed in! Without a single weapon, or had we possessed such a thing, lacking the experience to use it, darkness and uncertainty before us, and a deadly and dreadful foe momentarily drawing nearer, were circumstances in themselves sufficient to have appalled older stagers than ourselves; and, to be candid, I for one felt in a most confounded funk.

However, no time was to be lost; we remembered the old adage of—"He who fights, and runs away," and dispensing with the first part of the ceremony, we started down the hill as if old Nick had been behind us. In those days, I was active as a deer; and, with the exception

of one or two falls, owing to the increasing darkness, I managed to bound from one ledge of rock to the other, in our downward descent, with a velocity which is only to be acquired under similar circumstances. My companion kept pace with me, but his progress was on a different principle ;—he was built on the model of Falstaff, and his spherical shape, meeting with little atmospherical resistance—which was, besides, partly overcome by the oily nature of the substance opposed to it—shot down the side of the hill with wonderful swiftness.

At the very first spring he made, I observed he had lost his footing, and feared it would be *all up* with him, being in too great a hurry myself to offer him any assistance. I was, however, mistaken ; for although he did not alight on his legs, he nevertheless continued his course, acquiring a fresh impetus by every suc-

ceeding bound. It now became a race between specific gravity and lightness, between weight and activity, between the flight of an arrow and that of a sixty-four pounder. The latter in the long run must have carried the day; however, as we neared the bottom of the hill, we were cheered by the appearance of numerous torches, which, together with the loud shouts which proceeded from their direction, proclaimed assistance to be at hand, and in a short time we found ourselves surrounded by friends and out of danger, through the provident care of our commanding officer, Major C——, who, on hearing of our protracted absence, had sent a large party of the camp followers with lights in search of us.

My poor friend was too much done up, bruised, and lacerated, after his comet-like course, to be able to get a second time “under-weigh;” we, however, soon pro-

vided a dooly\* for his conveyance, in which he was safely carried to his tent, and deposited on his camp-bed. Poor S——! never shall I forget the object he then appeared, nor his excessive wrath at my inhuman and unreasonable mirth on the occasion, when, after recovering breath, I laughed at his unhappy plight till the tears trickled down my cheeks; and verily it would have made even a stoic split his sides. The corpulent little

\* The dooly is a palankeen of a coarse construction, being a frame-work covered with painted, water-proof canvass; to every detachment of troops a certain number of these are attached to transport the sick. An anecdote is related of a Member of Parliament, who appears not to have made himself perfectly acquainted beforehand with the subject of his oration, and whilst expatiating on the hardships endured by the troops in India, stated, “that after an engagement, the ‘*ferocious* doolies’ rushed down from the hills and carried away the sick and wounded. The patriotic statesman had little idea of the nature of the beast he was alluding to!

**fellow** had during his rapid descent been, by rocks and brambles, divested of nearly every garment—he was entirely so of the nether ones,—whilst his scratched and bleeding phiz, still more distorted with rage, presented altogether a scene which was quite “impayable.”

A few days more carried me to the boundary of the Nizam's territories, the river Kishnah. I had a capital set of bearers, and got on without any “baubery.”\* An occasional present of a sheep, which was always to be had for the moderate sum of one rupee, (about 2s. 4d.) enabled them to have a feast, which for days furnished them with strength and good-will. It is astonishing what work these people go through, more especially when the poorness of their diet is taken into consideration. On arriving at the

\* Anglice, “trouble,” disturbance of any kind.

halting-ground, the first thing the palankeen-bearer does is to perform his ablutions at a neighbouring tank, or "bowrie;" he there washes his clothes; some are afterwards employed in cooking rice, whilst others, with nets of their own manufacture, drag the tank for fish; if successful, they serve to season the dish of boiled rice, which, except when the present of a sheep enables them to vary their meal, always constitutes the simple repast of these hard-working, honest fellows.

As we approached the Kishnah, the ground became so rocky that within a few miles of its banks it was nearly impassable; however, my trusty bearers got me in safety over these "dry and stony places," and I was not sorry on finding myself deposited, with *my box*, in one of the large wicker-work baskets, which, covered with bullocks' hides, are em-

ployed to ferry people across this (during the rains) deep and rapid stream. At the time we crossed, the river was fordable ; but from the extremely rocky nature of its bed, a false step of one of the bearers was to be apprehended, and would have sent me, *box* and baggage, into the stream, where, besides the chance of drowning in a ready-made coffin—should I even have succeeded in extricating myself from it—there were such things as alligators to pick up a stray passenger.

Of this we had a proof at the time we crossed over. A party of natives, wishing to evade the expense of the ferry, resolved on fording, when, during their progress across, a small Brahminee bullock, which constituted one of the caravan, was suddenly dragged under water and carried off by an enormous alligator.

On reaching the southern bank, I entered the Company's territories, and



was not sorry at being deposited in the nice clean chunam-floored verandah of the travellers' bungalow.

I found it already occupied ; but as there was abundant room and accommodation for two, and my new acquaintance seemed an agreeable fellow, I believe that neither of us regretted falling in with a white face after being so long amongst the "niggers."

Colonel Mœvius was a German by birth, but spoke fluently both the English and French languages. He had been engaged in Runjeet Sing's military service for upwards of ten years ; during the above period, he had amassed a considerable fortune, with which he intended to return to his "father-land," and, till he left the East for good, was making a tour through the Indian Archipelago, when he suddenly learnt the prostration of all his schemes and air-built castles, by the

failure of the house at Calcutta, in which the whole of his property was invested. Reduced thus to the necessity of beginning the world afresh, he applied to be reinstated in his old appointment. Runjeet was too glad to avail himself once more of his military talents ; and, via Hyderabad and Bombay, he was now proceeding to Lahore to resume the command of his brigade.

He was a particularly agreeable fellow. I spent a pleasant day with him, during which he gave me much information as to the state of Runjeet Sing's territories. Amongst other things, I remember him to have mentioned the manner in which he was paid by the Maharajah ; which was, by having a certain district allotted to him, from which he was to make the most he could. " But," said I, " don't you find this rather an uncertain source of revenue, and have not you some difficulty in collecting your rents ?"

He replied, that nothing of the kind ever occurred ; for that, whenever a Zemindar proved refractory, and objected to disgorge the required amount, it was always forthcoming by having recourse to “ de tumb-schrew ” system ; which I found out to be neither more nor less than torturing the poor devil by the application of the instruments anciently known by the name of “ angels.”

His pecuniary loss had neither destroyed the Colonel’s appetite or joviality. During dinner, besides several sundries, he demolished a whole hare, of his own shooting ; a bottle of port and a half ditto of sherry, with which I supplied him, speedily disappeared, besides making a considerable hole, over his cheroot, in a bottle of Cognac brandy. Before I turned in for the night we had become great allies ; I gave him a letter to the officer commanding at Secunderabad, lent him my tent, which I had now no further

occasion for ; and he testified his gratitude and friendly feeling by an iron grasp which brought the tears into my eyes.

On crossing the Kishnah, and approaching the Coromandel coast, it is astonishing what a change of climate is immediately experienced. This is caused by the more elevated situation of the table land composing the Deccan, but principally owing to the ranges of hills, which cause such a difference in the effect of the monsoons. To the north of the Kishnah the rainy season begins about June, and lasts till the middle of October ; after which, fine, dry, cold, and bracing weather sets in till the end of February. It now commences to be rather hot, but the *grilling* does not regularly begin for a month later. At Hyderabad we had during the year three months of *very* hot weather, three months of *very* wet ditto, and the remainder, particularly December and January, was cool and pleasant.

Behold, now, the difference on the Coromandel coast : here, in consequence of the south-west monsoon not being felt, the broiling weather continues till the middle of October, when, as a signal of the approaching north-east monsoon, and a warning for vessels to keep off the coast, the flag-staff at Madras is struck ; shortly after this the rain comes down in torrents, and lasts till the beginning of January, which is *bonâ fide* the only cool month in this part of India.

After passing the considerable towns of Ongole and Nellore, about one month's marching, or rather *palankeening*, brought me to Madras ; passing through which, I took up my abode at the pretty village of Milapore,\* on the coast, about three miles to the south of Fort St. George.

I was well aware of the innumerable

\* Known better as St. Thomé, and where many of the Madras civilians have delightful country seats.

delays and difficulties an officer going home on sick certificate experiences ere he is able to leave the Presidency, and knew that, ere I could possibly embark, at least a month must elapse to follow all the ridiculous forms observed on these occasions;\* and during this time, conceiving I should be much better employed inhaling the sea breezes at St. Thomé than stewed within the walls of the fort, I had written to engage a small bungalow at the former place, to which I immediately proceeded.

\* Were government at home aware of all the vexatious delays to which the often dying invalid is exposed, and the numerous difficulties thrown in the way of his speedy embarkation, they would, I am convinced, make some reform, at least in the case of queen's officers. The number of public offices at which the poor exhausted wretch is obliged to attend in person, during the hottest hours of the day, would be, even to a person in perfect health, extremely distressing, and subjects John Company

During my residence here, I used, during the cooler hours of even and morn, to wander solitarily along the beach, and gaze on the "world of waters," so many years a stranger to my sight ; or in the thickly-planted cocoa-nut groves, to saunter about under the shade of their large wavering and feathery foliage, bidding a silent adieu to the *tropical* associations they conveyed.

During the sultry time of noon, my solitude was frequently enlivened by the loquacious "hawker," who came to offer

to the imputation of endeavouring to get rid of the men who have lost their health, and maybe destroyed their constitution, whilst serving them, to save the expense of their passage-money. I take this opportunity of returning my best thanks to Mr. Cator, of the Civil Service, for all the attention I experienced at his hands whilst at St. Thomé ; and to Lieutenant Leonard Smith, of H.M. 57th, for the trouble he took in getting me through the ordeals I had to pass ere I could "cross the surf."

his numerous wares for sale, and who, as the cooly, who was the bearer of the large box containing his precious relics, squatted down pensively and in silence near his burthen, would for an hour at a time exhaust his eloquence in descanting on the merits of his various wares.\*

But my principal pastime was derived from the visits of a remarkable set of people, and of whom I have not yet made mention in these pages—I allude to the “ samp-wallahs,” or snake-catchers, who, whether by trickery or not, certainly perform the most wonderful feats with these

\* The Madras hawkers are proverbially rascals : they generally buy inferior articles at sales, or, as they are called, “ outcrys ;” these they retail at immense profit, and spare no trouble in laying out for display their goods and chattels, which they always extol to the skies. “ Look, Sar, plenty fine ting got ; Punjum cloth—Isseree cloth—Nalkeen ! Very cheap ; give ’em master favour for !” is the common address of one of these gentry.



dangerous reptiles, who, ever since the temptation of mother Eve, appear to have inherited the universal horror and detestation of mankind.

Although, comparatively speaking, few of the tribe are endowed with that subtle venom which causes certain, nay, almost instantaneous death, the very possibility of the existence of the poison, and the uncertainty of which do and which do not possess this dreadful means of defence, have rendered the whole race obnoxious to man.

They may be divided into three separate classes — first, those which, from their superior size and power, are dangerous when instigated by the cravings of hunger, and which they satisfy with everything breathing the breath of life. At the head of this class may be placed the boa constrictor, which has occasionally attained such a stupendous size

as to be able, it is *said*, to destroy, and afterwards swallow, a buffalo;\* and instances are on record of a boa having swallowed the body of a stag, whose antlers, from the inability of the gullet to receive them, continued for a length of time to protrude out of the animal's mouth.

This may, perhaps, be a *stretcher*; but, however, it is certain that the jaws of all

\* Buffon, vol. xv. p. 73, has the following:—  
“ In a letter printed in the German Ephemerides we have an account of a combat between an enormous serpent and a buffalo, by a person who assures us that he was himself a spectator. The serpent had for some time been waiting near the bank of a pool in expectation of its prey, when a buffalo was the first that offered. Having darted upon the affrighted animal, it instantly began to wrap it round with its voluminous twistings; and at every twist the bones of the buffalo were heard to crack almost as loud as the report of a cannon. It was in vain that the poor animal struggled and bellowed, its enormous enemy was entwined round it too closely to get free; till at length, all its bones being

## SNAKE CATCHERS.

pents are liable to a great extension, much so as to enable them to swallow body much thicker than their own, and which arises from their peculiar conformation. They do not open, like those of other animals, on the principle of hinges, but are held together at the roots by an elastic muscular skin, which enables the animal to stretch them to nearly any extent.

When a serpent is cut up into pieces, like those of a malefactor at the gallows, the whole body reduced to one uniform size, the serpent untwined its folds to swallow its prey at leisure. To prepare for this, and in order to make the body slip down the throat more glibly, it is first seen to lick the whole body over, and thus to cover it with its mucus. It then began to swallow the prey at that end that offered least resistance, while its length of body was dilated to receive its prey, and it took in at once a morsel that was three times its own thickness. We are also assured by travellers that these animals are often found with the head of a stag in their gullet, while the horns, which they are unable to swallow, keep sticking out of their mouths."

In the good old times when Hercules was such a keen sportsman, these animals attained such a size as to be able to devastate whole provinces. However, even the seven-headed Hydra of Lerna proved no match for the hero, who, as an infant in the cradle, had strangled the two large serpents sent by the implacable Juno for his destruction. More recently we read in Pliny of an enormous serpent disputing the passage of a river in the deserts of Africa against the Roman legions under Regulus, who only ensured its destruction, after losing many soldiers, by bringing against it the battering engines which followed the army. The skin of this monster, which Pliny avers to have himself seen, and which measured one hundred and twenty feet, was sent to Rome, and the General was decreed an *ovation* for his success.

No doubt but that the accounts given

by the ancients were greatly exaggerated ; still it is probable that snakes were in their time found of a size far exceeding those of the present day, owing to the then almost uninhabited state of the countries which they frequented ; and this conclusion is the more feasible from the great size which even in our times they often attain in some parts of Asia and Africa.

Under the second class may be ranked the snakes which, with less physical powers than the former, possess the dreadful protection of their venom ; we say *protection*, because against man it is never used except in self-defence. At the approach of the lords of the creation, the first impulse of this tribe is instantaneous flight or concealment. Should they be thwarted in this, they have immediate recourse to those means which nature has implanted in them, and but too frequently

with fatal effects. Foremost in this class stand the rattle-snake and cobra-capello, or hooded serpent ; the former peculiar to America, the latter confined, I believe, to Asia. Against the bite of either I know of no certain remedy, except instant amputation of the whole wounded part. Some recommend eau de Luce ; others say that olive oil, when rubbed into the part, held over burning coals or charcoal, and also taken internally, is an efficacious cure ; and I believe that in the bite of the viper there is no doubt of its being so. The continued use for forty days of the leaves of the *Aristolochia semper-virens* were formerly recommended to those who wished to protect themselves against the bite of these animals.

The poison, though so deadly when infused into the blood, is said, when taken internally, to be perfectly innocuous ; and I have somewhere read of its having at

one time been a common practice in Egypt to eat both serpents and scorpions.

The last, and by far the most numerous, of this tribe are those which, from their smallness and want of venom, are perfectly harmless, though they seldom enjoy the benefit of their innocence, being generally confounded in the list for condemnation with their more dangerous brethren, in whose guilt they are supposed to participate.

As mankind became more civilized and spread wider over the face of the earth, the larger monsters which formerly infested its deserts and impervious forests began to disappear ; and in the destruction of the lesser obnoxious animals, craft and subtlety supplied the place of brute force. It was then that the profession of the " snake-charmer " had its rise, which, however, is undoubtedly of great antiquity.

It is often mentioned in scripture ; in the fifty-eighth Psalm we hear of “ the deaf *adder* that stoppeth her ear, which will not listen to the voice of *charmers*, charming never so wisely.” Again, in Ecclesiastes, chap. x.—“ Surely the serpent will bite without *enchantment*,” &c. The charmer, however, was not always free from injury ; for once more, in Ecclesiastes, we find—“ Who will pity a charmer that is bitten by a serpent ?”

In profane history mention is made of an ancient African race called the Psylli, who were famed for their power over the most deadly of these animals ; and snake-charmers are to this day common in Egypt. We read in Dr. Hume’s Journal the following account of these people :—“ There is a tribe of civilized Arabs in Egypt who pretend that they are respected by serpents, and that no sort of snake can hurt them. As a proof of this, there is an



annual procession of the tribe through the streets of Rosetta, of which I was a witness : one of their number is obliged to eat a living snake in public, or so much of it as to occasion its death. Probably the snake may have been rendered harmless by some means ; the people, however, suppose that for some act of piety performed by the ancestors of this tribe or family (which is by no means numerous) the prophet protects the descendants from any injury the snakes might occasion. The ophiophagus, who is to keep up this ridiculous farce, being no doubt well paid, begins to eat the living reptile ; a pretty large snake is held in his hands, which writhes its folds round his naked arm as he bites at the head and body. Horror and fury are depicted on the man's countenance, and in a strong convulsive manner he puts the animal to death by eating and swallowing part of it alive. This

disgusting and horrible spectacle, however, is but seldom exhibited at present.

“ In the house in which I lived at Alexandria there was a room containing a large quantity of rubbish and lumber, which had not been removed for some years ; a small snake was one day discovered in it, on which account I resolved to have the room examined, and the supposed nest of snakes destroyed. My interpreter persuaded me to send for one of the family already mentioned. The snake-charmer was an old man, by trade a carpenter : he prayed fervently at the door for a quarter of an hour, and at length, pale and trembling, ventured into the room, while an English sailor, who was at that time my servant, proceeded to clear away the rubbish with perfect unconcern. Two small snakes were found, and these were killed by the shovel of my servant. There are many kinds of snakes and reptiles

about the ruins in the neighbourhood of Alexandria ; among them some have fancied they have discovered the asp. I have seen here the black scorpion, whose sting is reputed mortal ; but this is a vulgar prejudice.

“ A mixture of meal, wine, and honey was the food given, as we are informed by *Ælian*, (N.A., lib. xxvii.,) to a species of serpent by the ancient Egyptians. The snake is esteemed sacred by the present Arab inhabitants of Egypt ; and I have been told that they frequently place milk and roots for their subsistence when it is known that any snakes frequent the ruins of their dwellings. These house-snakes grow to a large size, and are said to be quite harmless, and even tame.”

In India, the “ samp-wallah ” is less blood-thirsty in his operations against the crawling race, contenting himself with making them his captives, instead of de-





سید حسن مارگیر

SNAKE CHARMER

St Thome near Madras

vouring them. When a snake has been traced on the premises, it is a common custom to send for the "snake-catcher," who arrives with his numerous baskets, containing live snakes of various descriptions, and the uncouth musical instruments with which he enacteth the part of the "charmer," to whom the cobra-cappello in this case seldom "turneth a deaf ear;" and by whatever means he effects his object, in a short time, after being lured from its hiding-place and deprived of its fangs, is snugly deposited at the bottom of one of the round wicker baskets which he carries about with him, and which, when not called on in his *professional* capacity, are displayed for the amusement of the spectator.

The snake-catcher seats himself on the ground, surrounded by these little baskets, and begins to drone forth a melancholy monotonous tune on a sort of bag-pipe.

After a short time, the covers of the baskets are removed, and display in each the scaly folds of a cobra-capello compactly coiled up in the bottom, and apparently intently listening to the music, if such it can be called. By degrees, they appear to grow animated; they gradually raise their heads, expand their hoods, and, by a sort of nodding motion, seem to keep time to the music; and it is fearful to behold the "charmer," surrounded on all sides by these terrific-looking animals, and, although in their present state perfectly harmless, from being divested of their fangs, a thrill of horror involuntarily creeps through the veins of the spectator.

A dreadful commotion now takes place if a mongoos\* be quietly slipped into the

\* This animal is of the same species as the famed ichneumon of the Egyptians, the destroyer of the crocodile. In India it manifests the greatest

room ; the little animal instantly flies at its nearest enemy, a terrible combat ensues, the baskets are upset, the cobras get adrift, and the agonized " samp-wallah " is flying about in every direction to secure his captives.

These people generally have for sale numbers of " snake-stones," which are said to be equally an antidote against the bite of the serpent and the sting of the scorpion. For the former I have never seen it tried ; and to prove its efficacy with the latter, the samp-wallah generally

antipathy towards all the serpent tribe, which, no matter of what size or how venomous, it invariably attacks. The most obstinate combats frequently take place between the cobra-capello and this little animal, which always endeavours to seize its adversary by the back of the head : in doing so, it is often exposed to its poisonous fangs, whose deadly effects it has, however, the power to avert, by immediately eating of some herb which acts as an antidote. What this is, has never yet been found out.



carries about in small earthen vessels a number of these animals, one of which he allows to wound him with his sting. The snake-stone, which is a dark, shining, smooth pebble, about the size and shape of a French bean, on being applied to the wound, instantly adheres to it, and by a power of suction appears to draw out the poison, which is supposed to be contained in the small bubbles which, on the immersion of the stone into a glass of water, are seen in great numbers to rise to the surface.

My first idea on beholding the "samp-wallah" allow himself to be stung by the scorpion was that the latter had by some means been rendered harmless. However, not wishing voluntarily to put this to the test by personal experience, I purchased some of the stones, resolved on the very first opportunity to try their efficacy. Shortly after this, happening to be march-

ing up the country with a detachment, we pitched our camp on some very stony ground, in clearing which one of the English soldiers happened to be bit in the hand by a large scorpion. As soon as I heard of the circumstance, I sent for the sufferer, who appeared to be in great pain, which he described as a burning sensation running all the way up his arm to the very shoulder.

I applied one of the snake stones to the puncture; it adhered immediately, and during about eight minutes it remained on the patient he by degrees became easier; the pain diminished, gradually coming down from the shoulder, until it appeared entirely confined to the immediate vicinity of the wound. I now removed the stone; on putting it into a cup of water, numbers of small air bubbles rose to the surface, and in a short time the man ceased to suffer any inconvenience from the accident.

One of my snake-catching friends at Milapoor could produce, besides the usual assortment of *dancing* cobras, every other delicacy of the season in the serpent department. His "carpet snakes"\* were in good condition; he had some fine, fierce-looking, bright green "eye-snakes;" and some charming young boas, which, although he assured me were mere "pups," measured about fifteen feet in length, and were as thick as the arm of the stoutest man. For a couple of rupees I was tempted to purchase one of these monsters, which to the most brilliant colours added a perfectly docile and amiable dis-

\* So called from being often found concealed under the matting of the bungalows. This little animal is said to be extremely venomous. The eye-snake has already been mentioned; it is of a bright green colour, with a head formed like that of the hawk's-bill turtle, and when irritated has a most formidable appearance, but I believe is in reality harmless, having been bitten once, as before described, by one, without experiencing any evil effects.

position, and coiling its knotty folds round my neck and body, frequently, to the astonishment of the beholder, enabled me to enact a very good fac-simile of Laocoon. It was, however, never so warm in its embrace but that I could always remove it at will, and place it in its basket, where for days and weeks it would lie rolled up, unmolested and unmolested. I generally fed it about once a fortnight with a few pounds of raw meat, which however it would never take of its own accord; I was obliged to keep open the mouth with a transverse stick, whilst I forced the victuals down its gullet, from whence they gradually passed into the stomach. This pet monster I kept for several months, until at last it died of cold at the Cape of Good Hope.

Altogether in India, at least in that part I have visited, the number of snakes is by no means so great as is generally sup-

posed. On putting his foot ashore in a tropical region, the new comer expects at every step he takes to tread on some venomous creature ; but although the life I for many years led in the Deccan, and which, from constantly being in the jungles, would have tended to bring me into contact with these, as well as other inhabitants of the wilderness, in the course of my peregrinations I did not often meet them, and though I have on one or two occasions had rather narrow escapes, I never either suffered myself, nor did I ever hear of an accident occurring to others.

I remember, on one occasion, whilst seated in my verandah, a corporal was approaching with the orderly book. The man's attention was occupied by turning over the leaves as he advanced, to find out the orders of the day. Happening to glance my eyes towards him, I with hor-

ror beheld a large cobra-capello issuing from some grass, and slowly crossing the soldier's path. Another unconscious step would have placed the reptile under his feet. I roared out a thundering "*halt.*" It had the desired effect: the corporal stood bolt upright at the position of "attention," nor till I pointed to the ground was he aware of the danger he had escaped. The cobra was pursued, and, as usual, easily destroyed; as, when pressed, he invariably coils himself up, and expanding his hood throws himself into an attitude of defence by raising his head about eighteen inches above the ground, and in this position, awaiting his adversary, presents a fair mark either to a stout stick or sharp sword, with which I have before now sent the head flying from the writhing folds of its tortuous body.

It is generally after heavy rains that they are mostly to be met with, being

driven out of their recesses by the water.

I remember one evening riding out with a friend during the monsoon, when we were attracted to a spot amongst some rocks by the continued and violent barking of a favourite little spaniel belonging to my companion, and, on approaching, found it to be caused by a cobra-capello, who, with elevated neck, distended hood, and uttering a fearful hissing noise, was every now and then darting his head, open-mouthed, towards the dog, who continued often approaching fearfully near, to bay his deadly opponent. We lost no time, as may be imagined, in rescuing my friend's favourite from his threatened danger ; a horse-keeper was at hand with a loaded fowling-piece, with which the cowed monster was in an instant despatched.

But a truce to my adventures by " flood

and field.” The time of embarkation at length arrived, and as the Massulah boat bore me on high over the mountain surf, I felt a pang of sincere regret on leaving the sunny shores and stanch friends, the theatre and companions of most of the “ Scenes and Sports in Foreign Lands.”





# APPENDIX:

BEING

A FEW HINTS FOR THE CONDUCT AND GUIDANCE  
OF A "YOUNG HAND" FIRST ENTERING ON  
"SCENES AND SPORTS IN FOREIGN LANDS."

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MANY will, no doubt, be found to reprobate the tendency which the perusal of the foregoing pages *may* have in turning the ideas and pursuits of the "young Indian" into a sporting channel, and, as has been alleged of "Jack Sheppard" and "Tom and Jerry," causing the young idea to "shoot" off at a tangent from more useful occupations.

That such may be found I will not attempt to deny, or that the too eager pursuits of field sports under a tropical sun

has often caused illness and shortened the career of numbers of its votaries. Still I maintain that this pursuit, with all its inconveniences, has many redeeming points and counterbalancing advantages.

In the first place it puts a stop to that indolence and listless apathy a young man is so apt to give way to on his first arrival in the country, a state from which he often only finds relief by having recourse to the brandy-bottle, the dice-box, or billiard-table ; that is, always supposing him to possess few internal resources of his own. And, alas ! how many are there who, at the early age in which they often visit these burning climes, are sadly devoid of these qualifications ; or, if perchance gifted with a classical education, are so overjoyed at being freed from the thralldom of school, that they at once plunge into every excess,—eating and drinking immoderately being amongst the number.

Against *these* vices, the *real* and true sportsman will carefully be on his guard, and he is too well aware of the necessity of sobriety to ensure the steady hand and eagle glance on which his safety and very existence in many a perilous encounter so often depend ; and of moderation in diet, to ensure the possession of the light, sinewy, and muscular form, capable of enduring the utmost fatigue, to give way to either excess, and thus strike at the very fountain-heads of his capability of following up his favourite pursuits.

Ye votaries of Diana and followers of Nimrod in the wide plains of Hindostan, if ye wish for the glory of meeting face to face and on foot the grim tenants of its jungly wilds, when one untimely pulsation of the wrist may, by causing the muzzle of your rifle to swerve from its true direction, place you within the jaws of destruction and the spring of death,

avoid the brandy-flask, deep potations of the potent Hodgson, or repeated libations to the rosy god !

If ye wish your hardened bodies to stand under the lengthened fatigues of a broiling mid-day sun ; the sinewy leg to bear ye up the steep and uneven face of rocks and crags, over the broad surface of the open meidan, or through the dense and thorny jungle ; the muscular arm, to carry without drooping the heavy rifle or ponderous boar-spear, from the rising of the sun to the down-setting of the same, avoid, as ye would pestilence, death, or famine—eschew, I say, the luscious tiffin, the *heavy* dinner, and the devilled supper.\*

\* There cannot be a more mistaken idea than that large quantities of animal food are requisite in order to enable the support of great fatigue. The author, in some of the severest fagging he ever went through during his excursions into the “deep jungle,” lived principally on a rice diet. He has always found the best beverage for hard work to be *very*

Let your fare be simple and wholesome, and, above all, let *moderation* be the ruler of every appetite.

We have thus shewn *moderation* to be a vital requisite of the Indian sportsman, whose vocation is also attended by many other desirable qualifications. His pursuits lead him to a constant intercourse with the Natives, whose different dialects he will therefore endeavour to cultivate; and during the still and burning hours of noon, whilst his tent is pitched in some

*weak* brandy-and-water. A grateful drink, after enduring great fatigue, and one which is not generally known, may be made with a mixture of milk and water, in which has been thrown about half a teaspoonful of salt. When actually at work in the sun, an indulgence in drink only promotes a greater wish for more liquor; and the parched sensation of the throat and mouth may often be kept away by retaining a piece of grass or a straw in the latter, which promotes the action of the saliva, and renders an application to the brandy-pawnee flask unnecessary.

shady and romantic spot, if possessed of a turn for drawing, he will attempt to delineate roughly the often interesting and picturesque scenes around him, thereby affording subjects for occupation on his return to head-quarters. His horses and dogs, the nature of the wild animals he has been in the habit of meeting with in the jungles, together with the trees and plants peculiar to the wilderness, will also supply him with materials for study and observation, which he may embody in the shape of notes and memoranda. All this will greatly tend to remove those indolent habits, the bane of an Indian life, and the precursors of every kind of dissipation.

With all these advantages attending a sportsman's career, it cannot be denied that he will have sometimes to look on the dark side of the question, particularly when an immoderate fondness of these

pursuits urges the thoughtless youth to attempt what is far beyond his strength and powers of endurance. By the exposure of his *unseasoned* person alternately to night damps and the burning rays of the sun, to the opposites of heat and cold, he frequently entails on himself diseases which, if not immediately fatal, often leave their marks for life.

*Moderation* again comes into play. Moderation—moderation—moderation, to the end of the verse and chapter.

On first arriving in the country, great caution ought to be observed by a youngster, not only in engaging in the sports of the field, but in his general mode of life, as, after the confinement consequent on a long voyage, during which he has probably lived freely, he lands with a full habit of body, and is therefore very liable to be attacked by fever of the most virulent description. Let him, therefore, keep as



much as possible out of the sun, take horse exercise in the cool of the morning and evening, and, above all things, avoid the excesses of the table.

Dysentery is another scourge to which the new comer is liable. Exposure to the sun will often bring on this ; eating fruit, being out in the night dews, or remaining any length of time with wet feet ; and no one who has not felt its baneful effects can sufficiently dread this afflicting malady. Fever and dysentery are therefore the two demons the “griff” has principally to guard against—the gouls which most frequently prey on the young and inexperienced.\*

\* I remember, in the beginning of 1827, starting from Poonamallee for Hyderabad, a distance of four hundred miles, with a hundred young recruits just arrived in the country. With the usual “prevoyance” displayed by the authorities in India, we were ordered to march before the end of the north-east monsoon, and were, consequently, for days exposed

The approaches of liver complaint are slower, more insidious, and generally the result of a long residence in a tropical climate.

The first year in the country is undoubtedly the most trying to the European constitution, and if it stands this *seasoning*, its possessor may hope, with prudence, to enjoy a long period of health. But, alas ! how many constitutions succumb under this probationary twelvemonth ?

Even after this critical period has elapsed, and in fact always during a resi-

to the rain. Every old campaigner is aware of the inconvenience suffered by a soldier, even in a healthy climate, during a march under these circumstances ; but here they were attended with rather more serious consequences than mere inconvenience. Dysentery made its appearance in its most frightful shape ; we buried several men on the line of march ; and shortly after our arrival at head-quarters, as fine a detachment as ever left the shores of England, and which had reached Madras without the loss of a man, was thinned by the death of between twenty and thirty promising

lence in India, I would stick as nearly as possible to the above rules, which at times must however be necessarily broken through, particularly by the thoughtless impetuosity of youth, and this not always with impunity.

What greatly operates against my favourite precept of "moderation" is the pernicious habit introduced at many of the military messes, particularly in the Company's service, of dining in the middle of the day.

The officers' bungalows are generally at young soldiers, whose untimely fate might probably have been averted by allowing them (there being no perceptible cause for hurry) to await for a fortnight longer in barracks the return of the dry season. Such is, however, the case; and it will be admitted by all who have campaigned in India, that troops are marched about at the most unseasonable times, without any regard to the inconveniences they are thereby frequently exposed to, and the often consequent waste of human life—thus wantonly sacrificed.

some distance from the mess-house, where they arrive at this ungodly, not to say *infernally* hot hour, steaming with heat and perspiration. This pleasant state of things is not diminished by the fumes of the hot dishes smoking on the table, as if ashamed not to be in keeping and character with the general temperature of the scene. When a man suffers from an unusual state of caloric, he generally feels a proportionate degree of thirst, to alleviate which is requisite a due quantum of liquid. Beer, or rather strong ale, (Hodgson's all potent "pale,") is on such occasions eagerly imbibed, followed, maybe, by powerful potations of Madeira or claret; and the partakers of these mid-day feasts often rise, at the conclusion of their meal, with steps evidently unsteady, and countenance markedly flushed — a state of things bad enough when only an evening ride is in contemplation, but, to say the

least, highly reprehensible when an afternoon parade exposes an officer thus circumstanced to the critical remarks of his men ; and no class of people possess a keener sense of observation than soldiers.

We will, however, suppose that our three o'clock man has terminated his ride or parade without either killing a native or clubbing his company. How is he now to spend his evening ? It will be answered, let reading occupy the intervening hours till bed-time. But, alas ! how few, after the excitement they have recently gone through, can retire to the solitude of their own chamber, and thus rationally occupy themselves. No ! the usual system is to have a general rendezvous at the quarters of a brother officer. Cards, cheroots, and "brandy-pawnee" are introduced ; and the dawn of day frequently discloses a scene of gambling and

debauchery, a long list of heavy losses or severe head-aches.

So much for three o'clock dinners ; turn we now to the more rational hour of seven. After the *gun-fire*\* morning ride or parade, bath, and breakfast, the occupations of the day may be said to commence, and can always be varied by reading, drawing, writing, or the study of the native languages. About two o'clock, a glass of wine and a sandwich or biscuit serve merely to stop the opening chinks of hunger, without destroying the appetite for dinner. Should you feel sufficiently refreshed, your studies may be resumed ; or, if the weather be unusually hot, or a feeling of languor oppress you, a " siesta "

\* In all military cantonments a gun is fired at the first dawn of day, and this within the tropics is the signal for a general " turn out," when advantage is taken of the coolness of the " young morn " either for exercise or business.

of a couple of hours might be advisable ; from which you rise, dress, and, mounting your little Arab, take a pleasant ride in the freshness of the evening.

The first bugle for dinner sounds at half-past six : you dismount, take a bath, and go cool and comfortable to the mess-house, where, after a *moderate* repast, with agreeable conversation, the perfumed aroma of the hookah, and a few glasses of cold saltpetred claret, you pleasantly and rationally spend the time until the hour of ten warns you to early repose, ready to rise fresh and invigorated with the dawn of the following day.

Another excess, more difficult to be resisted by the keen sportsman than any of the former, is that constant exposure to the sun which, sooner or later, undermines the most iron frames ; and this more particularly in that (after hog-hunting) most fascinating of Indian sports, snipe-shoot-

ing. Here fire and water both combine to wear away the constitution ; for whilst the upper man is exposed to the powerful rays of an often vertical sun, the nether parts are immersed in mud and water ; and the most provoking circumstance is, that the hotter the day the more chance there is of a heavy bag, as the birds, during the excessive heat of noon, will almost allow themselves to be kicked up by the sportsman ; and when they do rise, lob heavily along, affording an easy shot even to the most unpractised hand ; whereas, in the cool of the morning, they are wild, rise at long distances, and are exceedingly baffling by their rapid flight. We have ere now often started off to the snipe-ground in the morning with the laudable determination of returning by breakfast-time, when, as the heat increased, the strong inducement of additional sport has often detained us, until



we had to press hard our stanch little Mahratta pony, in order to return in time for a seven o'clock dinner.

One of the best snipe shots I ever met with, and, in fact, a first-rate shot of every description, was our old commandant, Colonel C——, and he was the only one I ever saw possessed of sufficient resolution to leave his sport, mount his horse, and return home, ere the sun's rays had become injurious; and many is the lecture we have received from him on our imprudence and want of self-denial.

The old gentleman used always to go out provided with a dry change of shoes, worsted stockings, and flannel drawers; when, after finishing his morning's work he would hastily remove his wet things, and, mounting his horse, gallop back to his tent or quarters. Many were the arguments he made use of to induce us to follow his example, and ridicule was

amongst the number of weapons so employed. “Any man,” he would say, “with the slightest pretension to the name of a sportsman, ought to be ashamed to fire at birds it is impossible to miss. I would as soon think of knocking over cocks and hens in a barn yard, or of taking a shot at an antelope standing still—’tis most unsportsmanlike.” And he used to make good his words, for seldom lived either the snipe or antelope to tell the tale that the Colonel had pulled trigger on them. But from his youth, in his native highlands, he had been accustomed to stalk the red deer, and to every other sport of those mountain regions, and ’tis not to be wondered at if he was one of the best shots I ever beheld. His nephew, who was also a brother sportsman and officer, equalled him with the rifle. I have seen him, as a flock of antelopes were bounding past us, as if on the wings of

the wind, coolly select the finest buck in the herd, the trigger was pulled, one upward bound was perceived, and the victim was left behind by his flying mates, weltering in gore, from the unerring shot either in the head or shoulder.

J. C—— was my constant companion in the chase. He was, however, promoted at last out of the regiment. On putting together for publication the foregoing leaves, I wrote, requesting he would supply me with any stray reminiscences he might have of our common adventures in days by-gone. In reply to my communication, I received the following mems., which, with many thanks to the author, I sub-join.

*Letter to Captain C——, —th regiment.*

MY DEAR C.—In reply to your queries touching the history of the “boat,” I believe, as far as I can recollect, it to be as follows:—The idea of the vehicle, vessel, or whatever you please to denominate it, so yclept “par excellence,” took its rise from Morland’s “Black Joke,” in which we had been buffeted about by the waves on the bosom of the Perkhal Lake. The thought came, I remember, very *apropos*. I was, as we all often were, very hard up; duns were troublesome; even old Bomanjee began to look grave at my repeated delays of promised payment. At last, I believe, more than anything else, to restore the wonted smile to the old sinner’s jolly countenance, I offered to let him have my “bang up” new buggy in a bargain, a *swop*, if I remember right, of a rifle, the

sum I was in his debt, and something to boot. Old B——, as you know, was always wide awake; he jumped at my offer, and we concluded the bargain, on condition that he would throw into the scale the shafts, frame-work, and wheels, the remains of an old bandy which had long decorated his variously assorted compound. “Done and done” was the word, but old Bomanjee could not imagine what I wanted with this primitive ground-work of his Homeric car.

I immediately set to work: a blacksmith and carpenter soon made the rickety old shafts and wheels fit for any work. A basket maker was sent for, and with flat slips of bamboo constructed a square machine, with sides about two feet high, and of the breadth and length of the old frame, which you must know was one of those fitted with springs to the axle-tree. Now came the turn of the chuckler and

moochee man ; the former securely fastened over the bamboo shell, tough bullock hides, which the latter duly anointing with a mixture of tar and paint, rendered impervious to the watery element. So much for the hull of the ark. My attention was now directed to the rigging ; four upright poles of bamboo supported a canvass awning ; two of the former being provided with a rounded piece of board fastened to one end, served in their nautical capacity as paddles ; the two remaining ones being joined together made a capital mast, to which the above-mentioned awning was to serve as a mainsail.

My whole naval architecture was completed in a much shorter time than anything Symonds ever sent off the slips. I think it might be three or four days on the outside, when, impatient of further delay, I strapped on "the boat," and with another harum-scarum fellow proudly

drove down to the spot near the Houssain Sangur tank where the bands frequently met in the evening, and which was therefore the resort of all the gay and fashionable world of Secunderabad and the Residency, to say nothing occasionally of that of Bolarum and Boampilly.

With far less exultation did Ulysses and Diomed conduct the car of the Thracian prince back to the camp, than I, with every bit of steam on my fast trotting nag "Spitfire," rattled down the road, and drew up in the circle of fashionables.

But, ye gods! how they did stare! The unexpected apparition for sometime deprived them of utterance, but at last burst forth one universal roar, and I was overwhelmed with questions as to the use and end of this wonderful looking machine. "I'll shew you all," said I, "if you'll come to the 'tank,'" which you may remember was close by. It was no

easy job to keep alongside of Spitfire when once he got his full swing in the shafts ; with the present light weight behind him he “ ate space by the furlong ;” we soon distanced the numerous cavalcade, or rather “ buggade,” which followed in our wake, backed into the tank, cast our moorings adrift, hoisted our sail, and were soon running before a fine northerly breeze (which, fortunately for our square-rigged and square-built craft, was right aft) over the slightly troubled waters of the noble Houssain Sangur.

Our horse and wheels we had on embarkation sent to the further end of the “ bund,” about a mile and a half distant, there to await our arrival ; and, running along parallel to that magnificent embankment, on the road at the summit of which followed a number of spectators, we were safely landed beneath the guard-house at the opposite side, almost at the



same moment that Chennoo conducted thither his charge.

The success of the undertaking had been complete, and Spitfire carried us back in triumph, with many "bloody" anticipations floating on our minds of future havoc, through the medium of "the boat," amongst every flock of teal, widgeon, or water-fowl of all kinds, sorts, or descriptions, within fifty miles of the cantonment.

On a subsequent attempt to navigate the Houssain Sangur, in company with G——, I nearly made a mull of the business. By some untoward accident we sprung a leak ; baling was no go ; we were in a deep part of the tank, and about half a mile from the shore, the water fast gaining on us ; and poor G—— could not swim. He, of course, under these circumstances, was in rather an unpleasant state of nervous excitement ; at last, rest-

ing on his oar, and looking in a most doleful manner at the increase of water in the “hold,” he exclaimed, in tones of the deepest dejection, “We can’t float much longer; but Nap, don’t you think you can save me?” “Save *you*! no, not I, man! I shall have the greatest difficulty in getting myself to the shore, supposing always that an alligator does not lay hold of me on the way! But pull away, man! your only chance is to pull for your life.” And accordingly we *did* pull—ay, like dray horses—and just succeeded, much to G——’s satisfaction and my own also, in running our craft into shoal water as she was settling down with Cæsar and his fortunes.

But the most adventurous expedition in which I was ever engaged in the boat was with Lacy, during the monsoon of 183—, on the then swollen and angry waters of the Moussa, which, from the mere brook

it was in the dry season, now roared furiously past the walls of the city, brimful from bank to bank, and nearly a quarter of a mile across. It was whilst the river was in this state, the only one, by the bye, in which its waters were at all navigable, that we determined on exploring its course between Hyderabad and Oopul. We started on a Monday morning, attended one of the public breakfasts at the Residency, where the Lady Resident, Mrs. S——, or, as we used to call her, “the Queen,” and her amiable daughter “the Princess,” always made themselves so agreeable, beat up Dr. V——’s quarters, in whose stables I remember seeing a strange medley of wounded men of five or six different nations,\* the result of one of

\* On this occasion we remember seeing amongst the sufferers, an Arab, a Seik, a couple of Ethiopians, and a Turk, rather a strange medley of different ingredients for an hospital.

the frequent conflicts in the city ; and afterwards driving down to Chuderghaut, launched our frail bark on the turbid waters, and rapidly shot down the stream, along the centre of which we at first smoothly glided, much pleased with so favourable an onset.

Our navigation for a considerable time continued prosperous ; the day, cool and cloudy, rendered the trip at first delightful. We had sent our guns and refreshments on to Oopul, and anticipated a little rock-pigeon shooting at the end of our voyage of discovery. Things, however, soon took another turn ; the increasing number of eddies, and the rapidity with which we were now carried along, warned us to “ look out for squalls ;” but it was too late. “ Breakers” were discovered ahead, in the shape of a regular waterfall, towards which we were now rapidly and unavoidably drawing near, as we perceived, to our dis-

may, that we had fairly got into the eddying rapids, which were evidently carrying us along with them in their mad career towards the dreaded cataract. A council of war was instantly held, which was considerably shortened by the increasing din of the falling waters. We were both expert swimmers, and at first the thought struck us of abandoning our already unmanageable skiff, jumping overboard, and endeavouring to stem the rapid current. We, however, were convinced that this would be a useless endeavour, and only lead to certain destruction. We determined therefore, "*coute qui coute*," to stick to the last by the "ship," which was now careering furiously along amidst the boiling waters. We appeared on the verge of destruction, when, on the very edge of the cataract we perceived a large rock, on which we managed to steer, and, thanks to the elastic nature of our canoe,

were driven high and dry up its shelving side. We were here in temporary safety, but our situation was far from pleasant, as the question was how we were to reach *terra firma*. From this dilemma we were removed by finding that a sand-bank ran from the foot of the rock on which we poor shipwrecked mariners disconsolately stood, and continued to some extent up the river; we therefore took our vessel in tow, and, wading breast high for a considerable way on the shoal, at last arrived at such a distance from the fall, that, with a clear offing, we made a start for the nearest bank, which we reached very much in the state of a couple of drowned rats, and had to walk from our landing place, which was somewhere above the Tiger Rock, in this dripping state, back to the cantonment, a distance of about five miles.

*Apropos* of the "Tiger Rock;" are you

aware whence it derived its imposing nomenclature? Of course you remember the spot, so often the scene of our joint shooting rambles. Methinks I see at this moment its black and bare surface abruptly rising out of the sea of the waving custard-apple bushes, and of the long grass which in the cool season surrounded its base. Then ascending amidst the huge fragments of granite of which it was composed, how frequently have we been startled by the large bats, or yellow hooded owl, flitting in alarm from amidst the deep fissures, from whence often arose the rank and unpleasant smell which you must remember, so peculiar to those localities frequented by beasts of prey. How often have we been induced, by coming on their recent traces, and falling in with numerous porcupine quills scattered over those arid and broken rocks, to watch through the fine moonlight nights of the

hot season, (but, if I remember right, always here without success,) in hopes of getting a shot at some animal or other, and as often have turned away at the dawn of day, sickened and disgusted by our failure. That there was "sheekar" on that rock I am certain, and the only reason of our never having been able to stumble on them must have been owing to the numerous and deep fissures, which afforded such secure places of retreat. Although I have often killed antelope in the large mangoe tope, near the little serai in its vicinity, I think my sporting exploits on the rock were limited, during all my numerous visits to it, to the destruction of a single jungle cat, a "big one," 'tis true, which I suddenly came across as I was shooting quail up its sides, and knocked over with a charge of dust shot.

But to the tiger story, which happened



when you were absent, I think, at Masulipatam, and which at the time caused a good deal of talk. W——, with three or four other fellows, happened to ride out early one morning with their greyhounds for the chance of a brush, when, on turning a large ledge of rock, rather an appalling sight presented itself, in the shape of a noble royal tiger in the act of tearing a freshly killed antelope. It is rather dangerous to interrupt royalty at an early breakfast ; there was, besides, not a “bundoock” in the whole party, and there they stood for some seconds eyeing each other, at the distance of some forty or fifty yards, when the tiger sulkily left his prey, and retired slowly into one of the large fissures which happened to be near. To follow him thither without arms would have been madness ; a horse-keeper was therefore perched in one of the neighbouring mangoe trees to watch the movements of the

beast, and the party galloped into cantonments for their rifles, with the wonderful intelligence, which speedily brought out every sportsman in the place. The rock was regularly invested, and explored day and night in every direction, but still no tiger was to be seen, or has ever since been forthcoming; and to this day his disappearance and escape from this isolated rock, and across the open plain which for miles surrounds it, has never been accounted for.

I quite forget how I got the "boat" home from the edge of the river where we stranded it. It afterwards passed into the possession of that mad fellow R——, of the —th N. I., who used to drive across country with it sometimes tandem, sometimes unicorn, and generally with some unbroken runaway devil of a horse, and frequently returned in it from his poaching excursions to the Rumnah, with

the additional freight of three or four slain antelopes.

I have nearly concluded my "Scenes and Sports." How do you like what you have seen of them? Though rough, they are correct accounts of our adventures, as far as recollection serves me, which, by the bye, you might give a lift to, by letting me have, to refresh my memory, any stray reminiscences which may occur to you of those pleasant by-gone times. I know that in this you will oblige yours most truly,

E. N.

DEAR N——, many thanks for your notices about the “boat;” and in compliance with the latter part of your communication, I send you the following “mems.” of sporting reminiscences. I have written them down without method or arrangement, and you have them as they occurred to me in their present rude and undigested state.

Ever truly yours,

J. C.

*Winchester,*

*8th August, 1840.*

## SPORTING MEMORANDA.

WE had made an arrangement for going out to shoot at the Oopul river ; you were prevented from coming that morning, as had been agreed on. My tent had not been long pitched when Coolendur (you must surely remember the bandy-legged horse-keeper) came running in to say that there was a large snake in a hole near the horses' heads. I took my gun, which was loaded with small shot, and followed him. He pointed into a hole close to old Jerry's head-ropes, and on looking in I observed two coils of a very large snake. The den selected by the animal appeared to have been hollowed out by white ants. I put the gun close up, and fired : we could not get the dead snake out until we had turned up a good deal of earth ; and on your

arrival in the evening, I had him twisted round one of the sloping ropes of the tent near the entrance. He was a grey snake, and I think about my own length.

Snakes constantly make use of the deserted nest of the white ant as a retreat: you must have frequently seen them enter these holes. The one I have mentioned had coiled himself round, so that two portions of his body were visible at once. You can scarcely have forgotten the cool *glassy* look a snake always has, let the weather be ever so dry and hot.

I recollect on this occasion having suspended, all round the tent, snipes, partridges, &c., as a sort of bravado to make you regret that you had not come out in the morning, and to punish you for making me pass my day in solitude. You remember the dead stillness of an Indian day—not a leaf moving nor a sound heard, except the melancholy cooing of the dove,

and the peculiar call of the fellows who are perched in trees to watch the goats and cattle.

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Do you remember a cheetah at Mowlh-Ali one morning looking out for Bumper, the colonel's old liver-and-white pointer, when you went up the rock to shoot it, but it had got into its den before you could get to it? This will prove the important fact, that tigers have a predilection for breakfasting on liver-and-white pointers, and abominate the sight of hair-brained subs and double-barrels.

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I recollect once at Surroo-Nuggur firing at a very fine black buck. I could see that I had hit him too far back, judging from his pace after I had fired. When a deer is hit, if close to you, you can always perceive a sort of shivering tremour and uncertainty in his pace, quite different

from the decided firm and measured bound of a sound one. The one I fired at gave all the signs which, to a practised deer-stalker, are conclusive of a hit long before the black spot is seen, which is only after the blood has had time to stain the hair about the place; and before *that* is the case a deer sometimes gets over a good deal of ground. I was resolved to secure him, if possible, with the second barrel, and applied the necessary pressure to the trigger, when I perceived the head of a man (almost in the direct line, and about eighty yards beyond my object) protruded over one of those large stones you have often seen about the ruins, surrounded by custard-apple bushes. I saw this in time enough to make my shot a bad one, but not to prevent its going off. I saw the dust fly from the stone, the head vanished, and the antelope passed on, not more alarmed, I am sure, than I was at that



moment. I ran up, pretty certain that I had killed some *native*, and was much relieved on getting to the spot to find a fellow shrivelled up into as small a space as his dimensions would admit of, with his knees up to his chin, and sitting on his heels. You recollect the attitude. He looked as if he was mentally ejaculating, "There may be more where that came from!" and when he saw me, I really think my excited look made him conjecture that, having missed his head, I had come up to give him the finishing stroke with the butt-end: he must have thought it was *all but*. He had occasioned me so much alarm, that I really felt for the moment quite angry, and very likely told him my mind in pure Billingsgate, which I daresay did not hurt his feelings materially. I left *him* to follow up the antelope, which soon fell; and I daresay, if he is now alive, he sometimes congratu-

lates himself on his escape from the *Feringee* madman, as there was no time for explanations by signs, and no interpreter nearer than Joe Edmonds' bungalow.

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I never shot more than five hares in a day, and that was at the place you mention, beyond Mowhl-Ali. I came upon them accidentally whilst following a wounded snipe. I never in India saw a hare on her form as you so often do in this country. This may have been owing to the sort of ground we found them in. They always frequented parts of the jungle where the soil was sandy and almost the colour of their fur, without grass, and here and there patches of a kind of stunted black-thorn. They were covered generally with vermin, which was probably the cause of thus selecting the bare ground as a bed, in preference to places where there

was much herbage to harbour insects. Most game birds, as well as hares, are fond of black-thorn, which protects them from hawks and other birds of prey. The hare in India has saved the life of many people. I have read, in accounts of the Thugs, of these miscreants abandoning one of their bloody enterprises, in consequence of a hare passing them on the side which, by their superstition, was considered unpropitious. I do not know whether they are mingled in any way with the superstitious observances of the other natives of India. In Scotland, witches are supposed constantly to assume the form of hares when about to execute any of their devil's work. Walter Scott frequently mentions this. I recollect, when going down to Madras with G—— and H——, at a place two marches on the Secunderabad side of the Kishna, a hare that was disturbed by some husbandmen

making a dash into our little camp, and occasioning quite an uproar. The poor animal became perfectly confused with the novelty of her situation, and ran the gauntlet amidst showers of tent-pegs, momties, &c. H——— was a great proficient in pistol-shooting; he used to keep a pair always loaded, with which we demolished the empty bottles after their contents had made our hands steady. I recollect his pointing out one of them with a cracked stock as that which F——— of the —— had in his hand at the time he was shot by \* \* \* \* \* of the —— . On the present occasion he run out with one in each hand, and as poor puss passed our tent the ball went so near her that I saw the sand dashed up close under her legs. When she had escaped this danger she was nearly on the outskirts of the camp; but, as if ambitious of becoming a curry, she made direct for

some fellows who were cooking under a tree, and one of them seized a piece of fire-wood, which he aimed so well that we saw the poor hare bundled over, and carried off to be dressed for tiffin. The Indian does not run near so swiftly as our own hare, and scarcely ever makes her escape even from the inferior description of greyhound there.

I remember having a very narrow escape\* from one of the largest snakes of the cobra kind I ever met with, whilst shooting hares with poor old Radford. We were moving parallel through some low brush-

\* This recalls to mind a still more narrow escape of Lieutenant O——, of the 19th Regiment of Native Infantry. He was having some repairs done to his bungalow, and was lying, only dressed in his long drawers and shirt, reading on a mattress in his verandah. He went to sleep, and was awakened by a cold and chilly sensation about his breast; he opened his eyes, when, to his horror, he perceived, coiled round in a circle, and “nestling in his bosom,” a large cobra capello. To have moved or even

wood ; a hare started near Radford, and I was running on in hopes of finding an open space to get a shot, when he fired and knocked him over. I halted, and perceived on the ground, a few feet in front, the snake with its hood up, and quite prepared for a dart. I shot it ; but if the hare had not been killed at the moment she was, I certainly must have put my foot on it. I lived in the next house to the 52nd mess at Secunderabad. I heard one afternoon a good deal of talking, and a little afterwards a gun was discharged. I ran out to see what it was all

spoke would have been death ; he retained his presence of mind sufficiently to remain perfectly still, with his downcast eyes fixed on the glossy surface of the reptile. In this unpleasant position he stopped a considerable time, until the snake, disturbed by the approach of one of the workmen, left its snug berth, and was gliding off, when the servants, alarmed by the cries of the man who had first seen it, approached and put it to death.—*Note by the Author.*

about, and found that some of the servants had seen a large rock-snake in the milk-hedge ; that Bower had sent for his gun, and shot it ; and on its being dragged out it was found to have a mongoose half-down its throat, with the tail part and hind legs sticking out at its mouth, (a case of the biter bit.) I fancy you must have often seen the snake ; it was stuffed at Bower's house, with the mongoose in the same position in which it was killed.

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If you have described one day's snipe shooting in India, you have related all, I think, that can be said on the subject. It is a sport where there is no variety, except in the number of birds killed. I never had what was considered a really good day. The nearest approach I ever made to it was at a place in the direction of the horse artillery lines, about seven-

teen miles from Secunderabad, and a long way beyond the Houssain Sangur tank. I kept a Lascar constantly in my employ, who had directions to explore the country within thirty miles of the cantonment, and whenever he fell in with an extraordinary number of snipes or other game, he had instructions to return at once with his information, by following which I seldom failed in having a tolerable day's shooting. (I should recommend this plan to all snipe shooters.) Before I commenced it, how often have I been disappointed, on getting to a place where I had seen numbers of snipe, to find all the water drained off, and not a bird to be found.

The Lascar came to me one afternoon, to say that in the morning early he had seen *plenty snipe*. I asked how many; he said *one thousand*. This exactness as to the numbers would have appeared to a



person unacquainted with the figurative style of blackey, as something very closely resembling a lie. I knew that Mr. Lushinur only meant there were snipe enough to keep me firing until the barrels were red-hot, if I could have loaded fast enough. I therefore took down his directions about the road, and ordered him to start very early on the following morning with my gun, and a cowry coolee to carry spare powder, shot, brandy, dry stockings, &c., and to wait for me at the place appointed. I sent on a horse half way, and after breakfasting at home to deceive the old Colonel (who was always much against exposure to the sun,) I started, and got on very well for the first stage. On changing my horse and mounting a fresh one, I lost my way, and it was not until after a good deal of twisting and countermarching in low jungle, that I found my nigger friends, reclining luxuriously in the shade of a ta-

marind tree. My first question was about the snipe ground, which the Lascar answered by pointing to an extensive grass marshy bottom near us. I soon had my gun charged, and strode off to the scene of action, in the expectation of a hot and bloody day, with Lushinur as rear guard. The cowrie cooly\* had remained behind to defend the camp, and to keep wet cloths on the goglets and bottles. I entered the marsh at a tremendous pace, making the water fly up at every step. I felt a pull at my coat tails, which said, as plain as pull could do, that Mr. Lascar thought we were going too fast, and that the noise would put up more snipe at one time than was

\* A cooly is employed to carry large bamboo baskets covered with leather, called "cowrie baskets," in which are generally stowed the crockery, &c., on a march or excursion. The "goglet" is a porous earthen jug for containing water, which, from evaporation, remains in the warmest weather delightfully cool.

at all necessary for a right and left shot. I then cocked both barrels, (a practice I have always followed, though not, I believe, strictly according to rule,) and stole along very quietly, all eyes and expectation ; but not a snipe sprung. We then increased to quick time ; still not a snipe ; and when we had gone over nearly a mile of ground without seeing one, I halted, uncocked, faced to the right about, looked daggers at the Lascar, and ordered him to produce his *tousand* snipes immediately, or I would turn him off next day. He insisted that he had seen them there the preceding morning, and appeared so confident that I was induced to toil on ; but all in vain. I returned to our tree, tired and disgusted. The cooly was sound asleep, and had allowed the cloths on the bottles to dry. I had just energy enough remaining to reward his diligence by a kick on the posteriors, and when he

jumped up, rubbing his eyes with one hand, and his nether parts with the other, (as I could not express my wishes in Hindostanee) I merely pointed to the goglet with one hand, and turned up the little finger of the other, with the thumb touching the lower lip, and the palm full to the front, as the manual and platoon book would say. The hint was understood, and in a second I was at full length on the grass, with a large tumbler of brandy and water in my hand. You must recollect, and so must every old Indian, the first glass of liquid after an exciting walk in a broiling sun. It is not gulped down as Englishmen drink a pot of porter. The enjoyment is too great to get over so rapidly; you allow it to trickle down the burning and parched throat in small quantities at once, and drain it to the last drop. It was after this approved manner that I disposed of the glass of grog I have mentioned, and

was brooding over my disappointment, when I observed the Lascar (who had taken himself off when the slumbers of the cooly were disturbed,) approaching with a broad grin on his countenance. He gave me to understand in his broken English, that the heat of the weather (it was the beginning of the hot season) had drawn all the snipe from the low ground to the shade of a few trees in some paddy fields near us. The brandy and water had done wonders for me ; I felt as fresh as ever at the welcome intelligence. From the first tree we came to, up rose a regular cloud of snipe. I fired both barrels, and I suppose the direction was not very true, for only three birds fell. In this way we went from tree to tree ; and when the snipe had dispersed, we found them in such numbers that I could not load fast enough, and was several times obliged to put water on my gun, which be-

came too hot for the hand. If we had found them earlier, I might have shot any quantity, but as it was getting late I was obliged to cease firing, having bagged twenty-seven couple and a half, which was the greatest number I ever shot at one time in India. I never saw the snipe under trees on any other occasion.\* I once beheld a hawk stoop on a wounded snipe, and carry it off before it had touched the ground.

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On another occasion I recollect firing at a Brahminee kite flying past with a bird in his talons, brought him down stone

\* The author has, however, invariably observed that towards the end of the snipe season, at the commencement of the hot winds, snipe are more frequently met with on the borders of the surrounding jungle than in the swampy ground which at other periods is their general place of resort, and under these circumstances they are generally in capital condition—frequently almost *lumps* of fat.

dead, and the bird flew off unhurt : it was one of the sandpiper tribe.

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I remember once firing at an antelope, at about eighty yards off ; the ball entered his shoulder and went out at the opposite flank. He ran up to the spot where I was standing, and fell dead at my feet. That was the only occasion on which I ever saw a deer do so. You recollect old J——, when he was half screwed, firing at a flock of antelope at an immense distance, and by chance killing one. I think you were of the party ; it was returning from Surroo-Nuggur. You also recollect Langworth shooting a whole charge of quail shot into C——, who swore him to secrecy on the spot, whilst he was employed in picking out the grains with a pin. Langworth told it all the very first time they dined at mess together. You

might take the anecdote of Child and Joe as amusing. They went out to shoot for the pot: Joe saw a hen partridge and her young ones enjoying themselves in the dust, at the roots of a milk hedge. After a long consultation, it was agreed that Child was to be the executioner; he stole up close to the birds, and when they were huddled together he discharged the contents of a long single barrel into the bosom of this united family, from a distance of ten yards. He and Joe rushed in to secure the spoil, when they found the old hen dreadfully disfigured, and the young ones so completely shattered, that only a few bills and toes were forthcoming to mark the spot where this cruel murder took place. Joe always afterwards, in talking of shooting, used to say, "Indeed, Child is a splendid shot—very—indeed."



Lacy and Edmonds borrowed a pointer bitch of mine when they went to Masulipatam. On their return, one morning very early, before it was quite light, some animal crossed the road; the bitch gave chase, but never returned. They heard a squeak, and they suppose it must have been a dumulgundy (the large hyena) that carried her off.

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If a painted partridge does not see you, you may fire away without causing him alarm. I recollect seeing one crowing on a stone; I fired, and missed three times with a rifle, and it was only when one ball out of three which I had put in for the fourth shot, struck the stone near it, that it flew away.

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You doubtless remember the fagging work we used often to have in search of

those confounded porcupines, who, although we constantly came on their quills scattered amongst the rocks, never would shew their own “fretful” persons. The only instance I ever heard of one of these gentry being shot, was the one I myself “floored” at Goolencondah, when lying one moonlight night in wait for a bear. I dare say you recollect the circumstance of our having him dressed for dinner, and how palatable we found this bristly “quill driver.”

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Shortly after succeeding to the adjutantcy, the circumstance is still fresh in my memory of having one night taken up a post amidst that chaotic chain of rocks which runs behind the church at Secunderabad. I had during the day seen such numerous proofs of the place being much frequented by porcupines, that I laid to my soul the flattering unction of

being able to get a shot at one. My position was judiciously taken behind a large mass of granite, which commanded an open space, surrounded by an amphitheatre of rocks, and on which the moon was brightly shedding her silver beams.

It might have been midnight, when, after having been about a couple of hours in ambush, I heard a rustling sound amongst the dry grass, which caused me to crouch down still closer in my ambush. I was thus anxiously, and in breathless silence, awaiting my expected quarry, when, to my surprise, three soldiers of the regiment, abruptly turning a bluff rock, appeared full in view, bearing between them a large chatty, which, placing on the ground, in the open space above alluded to, they commenced emptying of its contents, that from the effects produced was evidently toddy. Whilst they were cracking their drunken jokes, I had some diffi-

culty to repress an inclination to rush from my place of concealment, and seize on the offenders, whom, by the light of the bright moon, I recognised as three of the greatest blackguards in the regiment. But considering discretion as the better part of valour, I remained quiet, when, having had their fill, they kicked the chatty to pieces, and took their departure amidst roars of laughter.

My evening vigils on this occasion were attended with their usual want of success, and next morning, on going to the orderly room in my official capacity, I recognised my three friends of the preceding night, who had been confined in the guard room, and brought up for being absent from their barracks. One of them, a plausible rogue, commenced trumping up a well concocted tale, which the commanding officer appeared disposed to believe, when I completely disconcerted the narrator

and his associates, by distinctly relating the "toddy scene" amongst the rocks. They were so confounded that they had not a word to say in reply, received the punishment they deserved, and are probably to this day ignorant of the manner in which I obtained such accurate information of their deeds of "darkness."

THE END.











